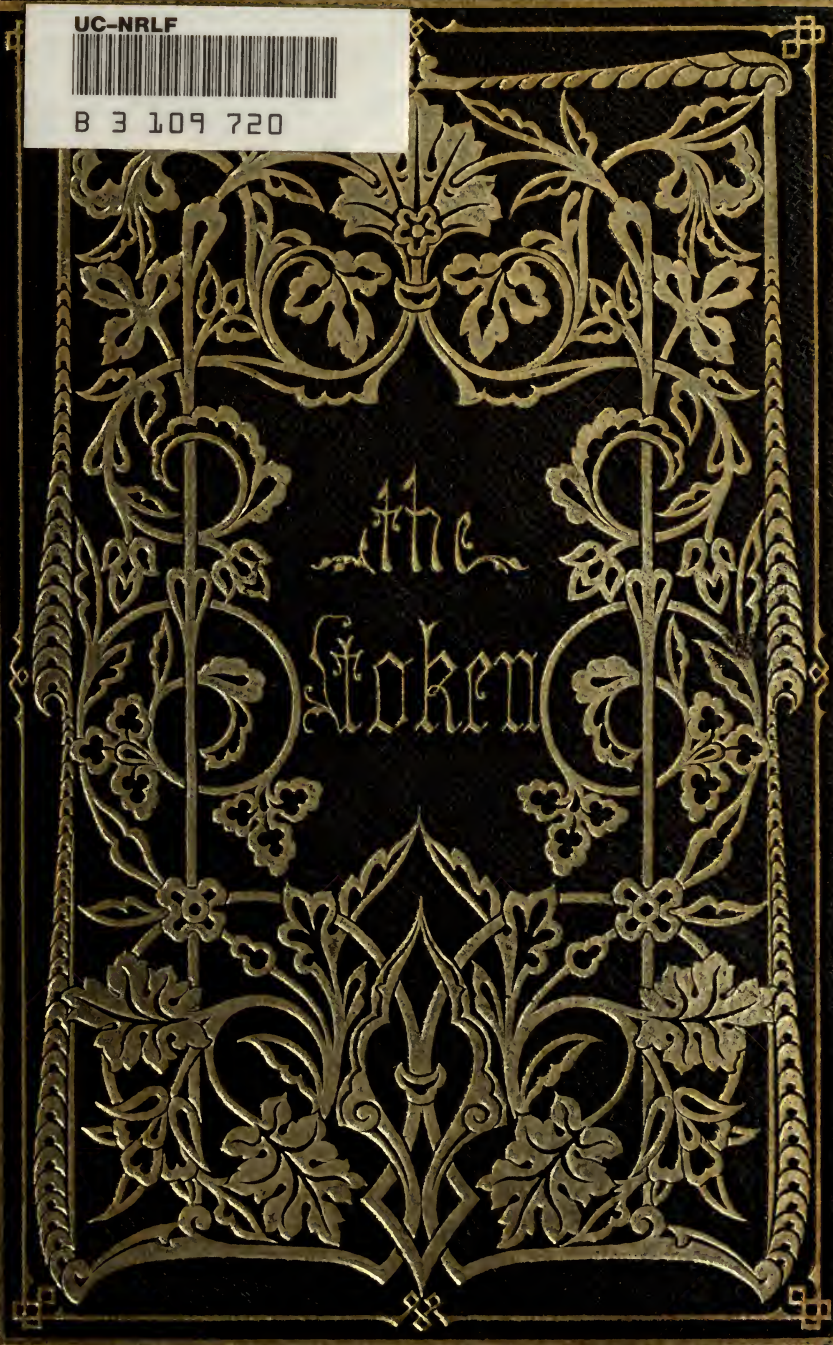


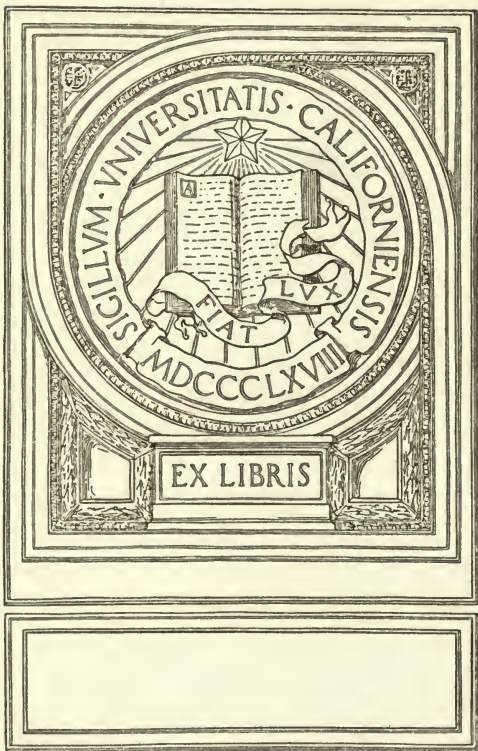
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The  
Token



















G. Barrett, junr.

W. Hill, sculp.



# The Token;

THE  
GOLDEN  
GIFT

A GIFT

FOR ALL SEASONS.

NEW YORK:

D. APPLETON & COMPANY,

346 & 348 BROADWAY.

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## P R E F A C E .

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IN the compilation of this volume the Editor claims but one merit—that of having made a good and judicious selection. It was not his aim to make an Annual, composed entirely, or in part, of original matter; but to collect and bring together, some of the most charming stories which have appeared, from time to time, as bright scintillations of genius, in the præeminently beautiful literature of Germany. To avoid, however, the probable danger of giving it an exclusively German tone, recourse has been had to the literature of England, and such selections made therefrom as are likely to be new or interesting, from old associations, to American readers. But that the major part of the work is composed of translations from the German, will be the occasion, it is hoped, of *no* regret; since the history of Literature presents but few names worthy of being ranked with JEAN PAUL, LUDWIG, TIECK, HAUFF, HOFFMANN, etc., etc.! When the Germans write, they seek to combine instruction with amusement; they look into the recesses of the human heart, where they find the key to our passions;

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and, consequently, their literary productions, though often fantastic, are ever certain to bear the impress of psychological truth and profundity. Their writings are, indeed, free from all kinds of supranatural cant; and raised to that throne of beauty, truth, and wisdom, accorded in English literature to the "Rasselas" of DR. JOHNSON, and to poor GOLDSMITH'S "Vicar of Wakefield." In short, whatever exterior, fantastical or picturesque, the ideas of a great German author may assume; concealed beneath such a garb, the attentive reader will be certain to find inculcated, noble lessons of Life and Art! And hence it is, perhaps, that it has been said of the following stories, "that in point of instruction and amusement, they have those characteristics, which, like the 'Arabian Nights,' transport Youth and Old Age to a common ground of interest."

M. A. C.

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# THE TOKEN.

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## THE MOON.

BY JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER.

WHEN, O Eugenius and Rosamond !—you, whom I may no longer designate by your right names—I was first about to tell your short history, my friends and I walked into an English garden.\* We went by a new-painted coffin, on the foot-board of which was written : “ I pass away.” Above the verdant garden rose a white obelisk, with which two sister-princesses had marked the spot where they now met and embraced, and the inscription on which was : “ Here we have found each other again.” The point of the obelisk was glittering in the full moon, and here I told my simple story. But do thou, gentle reader, draw—which is as much as coffin and obelisk—draw,

\* Or, perhaps, “ angelic garden,” meaning a churchyard. The reading given above is most probably correct.

I say, the inscription on the coffin into the ashes of oblivion, and write the letters of the obelisk with pure human heart's blood in thy inmost self.

Many souls drop from heaven like flowers ; but, with their white buds, they are trodden down into the mud, and lie soiled and crushed in the print of a hoof. You also were crushed, Eugenius and Rosamond. Tender souls like yours are attacked by three robbers of their joys—the mob, whose rough gripe gives to such soft hearts nothing but scars ; destiny, which does not wipe away the tear from a fair soul full of brilliancy, but the lustre should perish also, as we do not wipe a wet diamond, lest it should grow dim ; your own hearts, which rejoice too much, and enjoy too little, have too much hope, and too little power of endurance. Rosamond was a bright pearl, pierced by anguish—parted from all that belonged to her, she only quivered in her sorrows like a detached twig of the sensitive plant at the approach of night—her life was a quiet warm rain, and that of her husband was a bright lost sunshine. In his presence she averted her eyes, when they had just been fixed on her sick child, that was only two years old, and was in this life a wavering thin-winged butterfly, beneath a pelting shower. The imagination of Eugenius, with its too large wings snattered his slight, delicate frame ; the lily bell of his tender body could not contain his mighty soul ; the place whence sighs originate, his breast,

was destroyed like his happiness. He had nothing left in the world but his affectionate heart, and for that heart there were but two human beings.

These persons wished, in the spring-time, to quit the whirlpool of mankind, which beat so hardly and so coldly against their hearts. They had a quiet cottage prepared for them on one of the high Alps opposite to the silver chain of the Staubbach. On the first fine spring morning they went the long road to the high mountain. There is a holiness which sorrow alone can give in its purity; the stream of life becomes white as snow when it is dashed against rocks. There is an elevation where little thoughts no more intrude between sublime ones, as when upon a mountain one sees the summits close to each other without their connection in the depth below. Thou hadst that holiness, Rosamond, and thou that elevation, Eugenius.

A morning mist was gathered round the foot of the mountain, and in that three fluttering forms were suspended. These were the reflections of the three travellers, and the timid Rosamond started, thinking she saw herself. Eugenius thought, "That which the immortal spirit hath around it is, after all, but a denser mist." And the child snatched at the cloud, and wished to play with its little misty brother. One single invisible angel of the future accompanied them through life and up this moun-



tain. They were so good and like each other that *one* angel was all they needed.

As they ascended the angel opened the book of fate, one leaf of which contained the sketch of a three-fold life—every line was a day—and when the angel had read the line that belonged to this day, he wept and closed the book for ever.

The travellers, in their delicate condition, required nearly a day to arrive at the desired spot. The earth crept back into the valleys, the sky rested itself on the mountains. The waving, glimmering sun seemed to our Eugenius a mirror of the moon, and he said to his beloved, when the icy summits had already cast their flames upon the earth: “I feel so weary, and yet so well. Will it not be as if we left two dreams—the dream of life and the dream of death—if we enter the cloudless moon as the first shore beyond the hurricanes of life?”

“It will be still better,” replied Rosamond, “for in the moon, as thou hast taught me, dwell the little children of this earth, and their parents remain with them till they themselves become as mild and tranquil as children.” Then they proceed further.

“Ay, from heaven to heaven—from world to world!” said Eugenius, ecstatically.

They ascended as the sun declined; when they climbed more slowly, the mountain summits like rising, loosened branches, concealed them from the

luminary. They hastened on into the evening glimmer, which was already advancing, but when they had reached the mountain where their cottage stood, the eternal mountains stepped before the sun ;—the earth then veiled her graces and her cities, adoring heaven, before it looked upon her with all its star-eyes, while the waterfalls laid aside their rainbows,—and the earth spread higher for heaven, which was bending over her with out-stretched cloud-arms, a gauze of golden exhalations, and hung it from one mountain to another, and the icebergs were set on fire, so that they glared even to midnight, while opposite to them on the grave of the sun was raised a towering funeral pile of clouds, forming the evening glow and the evening ashes. But through the glimmering veil kind heaven let its evening tears fall deep into the earth, even upon the humblest grass and the smallest flower.

Oh, Eugenius, how great then did thy soul become ! The life of earth lay at a distance and far below thee, free from all the distortions which we see in it, because we stand too near it, as the decorations of shorter scenes change from landscapes to mis-shapen strokes when we look at them closely.

The two living ones embraced each other with a long and gentle embrace, as they stood before the cottage, and Eugenius said : “ Oh, thou quiet, eternal heaven, take nothing more from us ! ” But his pale child with its snapped lily-head was before

him ; he looked at the mother, and she lay with her moistened eye reaching into heaven, and said softly ; “ O take us all at once ! ”

The angel of futurity, whom I will call the angel of rest, wept as he smiled, and his wings swept away the sighs of the parents with an evening breeze, that they might not sadden each other.

The transparent evening flowed round the red mountain like a bright lake, and washed it with the circles of cool evening waves. The more the evening and earth grew, still the more did the two souls feel that they were in the right place. They had no tears too many, none too few, and their bliss needed no other increase than its repetition. Eugenius sent the first harmonious tones floating like swans through the pure Alpine sky. The weary child, twined in a flowery wreath, leaned against a sun-dial, and played with the flowers which it drew around it, to entwine them in its circle. The mother at last awoke from her harmonious transport ; her eye fell on the large eyes of her child, which opened wide upon her ; singing and smiling, and, with overflowing motherly love, she stepped to the little angel, which was cold and dead. For its life, which had descended from heaven, had, like other tones, been dissipated in the atmosphere of earth ; death had breathed upon the butterfly, and it had ascended from the rushing streams of air to the ever-

refining ether ; from the flowers of earth to the flowers of paradise.

Oh, ever flutter away, ye blessed children ! The angel of rest wakes you in the morning-hour of life with cradle songs, two arms bear you and your little coffin, and your body, with the two red cheeks, the forehead free from the print of grief, and the white hands, glide down by a chain of flowers to the second cradle, and you have only exchanged one paradise for another. But we—oh, we are crushed by the storm-winds of life ; our heart is weary, our face is deeply marked with earthly care, and our soul stiffened, still clings to the earthly clod.

Turn away thine eye from Rosamond's piercing shriek, fixed glance, and petrifying features, if thou art a mother, and hast already felt this pain ! look not upon the mother, who, with senseless hand, squeezes against her the corpse which she now cannot stifle ; but look at the father, who, with his breast, silently covers his struggling heart, although black grief has twined around it with an adder's folds, and poisoned it with an adder's teeth. Ah, when he at last had conquered the pain, his heart was envenomed and riven. A man bears the pain of the wound, but sinks under the scar : a woman seldom combats her grief, but yet she survives it. "Remain here," he said, with a suppressed voice, "I will lay it to rest before the moon rises." She said nothing, kissed the child in silence, broke up

its wreath of flowers, sunk down upon the sun-dial, and laid her cold face upon her arm, that she might not see it carried away.

On the way the dawning light of the moon shone upon the shaking body of the infant, and the father said: "Burst forth, oh, moon! that I may see the land wherein He dwells. Rise, oh, Elysium! that I may think the soul of the corse is within thee. Oh, child, child, dost thou know me—dost thou hear me? Hast thou above so fair a face as this one, so sweet a mouth? Oh, thou heavenly mouth, thou heavenly eye, no more spirit visits thee!" He laid the child beneath flowers which supplied the place of all that we are generally laid upon for the last time; but his heart was breaking when he covered the pale lips, the open eyes, with flowers and earth, and streams of tears fell first into the grave. When with the verdant coating of the clods he had built a little mound, he felt that he was weary of his journey and of life; that his weakly chest could not endure the thin mountain air, and that the ice of death had settled in his heart. He cast a longing glance at the bereaved mother, who had long stood trembling behind him, and they fell silent into each other's arms, and their eyes could scarcely weep more.

At last, from behind a glacier that was glimmering out, the glorious moon flowed forth in loveliness on the two silent unhappy ones, and showed them its white peaceful meadows, and the gentle light



with which it softens man. "Mother, look up," said Eugenius ; "yonder is thy son ! See there, the white flowery groves in which our child will play, are passing over the moon." Now a burning fire filled his inmost self with consuming power,—the moon made his eye blind to all that was not light ; sublime forms rolled before him in the light stream, and he heard in his soul, new thoughts which are not indigenious in man, and are too great for memory ; just as in a dream small melodies may come to the man who can make none when awake. Death and pleasure press upon his heavy tongue. "Rosamond, why sayest thou nothing ? Dost thou see thy child ? I look beyond the long earth, even to where the moon begins. There is my son flying between angels. Full flowers cradle him,—the spring of earth waves over him—children lead him—angels instruct him—God loves him. Oh ! thou dear one, thou art smiling ; the silver light of paradise flows with heavenly radiance about thy little mouth, and thou hearest me, and callest thy parents. Rosamond, give me thy hand ; we will go and die !"

The slight corporeal chains grew longer. His advancing spirit fluttered higher on the borders of life. With convulsive power he seized the paralyzed Rosamond, and blind and sinking, stammered forth, "Rosamond, where art thou ? I fly ! I die ! We remain together !"

His heart burst,—his spirit fled ; but Rosamond did not remain with him, for fate snatched her from his dying hand, and cast her back upon earth, living. She felt if his hand had the coldness of death, and since it had, she placed it softly against her heart, sunk slowly upon her failing knees, and raised her face, which had become inexpressibly serene, towards the starry power. Her eyes, from their tearless sockets, pressed forth dry, large, and happy, into the sky, and therein calmly sought a supernatural form, which should descend and bear her up. She almost fancied she was dying then, and prayed thus : “Come, thou angel of rest, come and take my heart, and bear it to my beloved. Angel of rest ! leave me not so long alone among the corses. Oh, God ! is there then nought invisible about me ? Angel of death ! thou must be here, thou hast already snatched away two souls close by me, and hast made them ascend. I, too, am dead, draw forth my glowing soul from its cold kneeling corse.”

With mad disquiet, she looked about in the vacant sky. Suddenly, in that still desert, a star shone forth, and wound its way towards the earth. She spread her arms in transport, and thought the angel of rest was rushing towards her. Alas ! the star passed away, but she did not. “Not yet ? Do I not die yet, All-merciful One ?” sighed poor Rosamond.

In the east a cloud arose,—it passed over the

moon, sailed in loneliness across the clear sky, and stood over the most agonized heart upon earth. She threw back her head, so as to face the cloud, and said to the lightning, "Strike this head, and release my heart !" But the cloud passed darkly over the head that was thrown back for it, and flying down the sky, sunk behind the mountains. Then, with a thousand tears, she cried, "Can I not die ? Can I not die ?"

Poor Rosamond ! How did pain roll itself together, give an angry serpent-spring at thy heart, and fix in it all its poisonous teeth. But a weeping spirit poured the opium of insensibility into thine heart, and the bursts of agony flowed away in a soft convulsion.

She awoke in the morning, but her mind was unsettled. She saw the sun and the dead man, but her eye had lost all tears, and her burst heart had, like a broken bell, lost all tone ; she merely murmured, "Why can I not die ?" She went back cold into her hut, and said nothing but these words. Every night she went half an hour later to the corpse, and every time she met the rising moon which was now broken, and said, while she turned her mourning, tearless eye towards its gleaming meadows, "Why cannot I die ?"

Ay, why canst thou not, good soul ? for the cold earth would have sucked out of all thy wounds the last venom with which the human heart is laid be-

neath its surface, just as the hand when buried in earth recovers from the sting of a bee. But I turn mine eye away from thy pain, and look up at the glimmering moon, where Eugenius opens his eyes among smiling children, and his own child, now with wings, falls upon his heart. How quiet is every thing in the dimly lit portico of the second world, a misty rain of light silvers o'er the bright fields of the first heaven, and beads of light instead of sparkling dew hang upon flowers and summits,—the blue of heaven is darker over the lily plains, all the melodies in the thinner air are but a dispersed echo,—only night-flowers exhale their scents, and dazzle waving around calmer glances—here the waving plains rock as in a cradle the crushed souls, and the lofty billows of life fall gliding apart—then the heart sleeps, the eye becomes dry, the wish becomes silent. Children flutter like the hum of bees around the heart which is sunk in earth, and is still palpitating, and the dream after death represents the earthly life, as a dream here represents childhood here, magically, soothingly, softly, and free from care.

Eugenius looked from the moon towards the earth, which for a long moon-day—equal to two earth-weeks—floated like a thin white cloud across the blue sky ; but he did not recognize his old motherland. At last the sun set to the moon, and our earth rested, large, glimmering, and immovable, on the pure horizon of Elysium, scattering, like a water-

wheel upon a meadow, the flowing beams upon the waving Elysian garden. He then recognized the earth, upon which he had left a heart so troubled, in a breast so beloved ; and his soul, which reposed in pleasure, became full of melancholy, and of an infinite longing after the beloved of his former life, who was suffering below. " Oh, my Rosamond ! why dost thou not leave a sphere, where nothing more loves thee ? " And he cast a supplicating look at the angel of rest, and said : " Beloved one, take me down from the land of quiet, and lead me to the faithful soul, that I may see her, and again feel pain, so that she may not pine alone."

Then his heart began suddenly, as it were, to float without any bounds ; breezes fluttered around him, as though they raised him flying, wafted him away as they swelled, and veiled him in floods ; he sank through the red evening twilights as through roses, and through the night as through bowers, and through a damp atmosphere which filled his eye with drops. Then it seemed as though old dreams of childhood had returned—then there arose a complaint from the distance, which re-opened all his closed wounds ; the complaint, as it drew nearer, became Rosamond's voice—at last she herself was before him, unrecognizable, alone, without solace, without a tear, without color.

And Rosamond dreamed upon the earth, and it was to her as though the sun took wings, and be-



came an angel. This angel, she dreamed, drew down towards her the moon, which became a gentle face. Beneath this face, as it approached her, a heart at last formed itself. It was Eugenius, and his beloved arose to meet him. But as she exclaimed, with transport, "Now I am dead!"—the two dreams, both hers and his, vanished, and the two were again severed.

Eugenius walked above, the glimmering earth still stood in the sky, his heart was oppressed, and his eye beamed with a tear which had not fallen on the moon. Rosamond waked below, and a large warm dew-drop hung in one of the flowers of her bosom. Then did the last mist of her soul shower down in a light rain of tears, her soul became light and sun-clear, and her eye hung gently on the dawning sky; the earth was indeed strange to her, but no longer hateful; and her hands moved as though they were leading those who had died.

The angel of rest looked upon the moon, and looked upon the earth, and he was softened by the sighs from both. On the morning-earth he perceived an eclipse of the sun, and a bereft one; he saw Rosamond during this transient night sink upon the flowers that slept in the darkness, and into the cold evening-dew which fell upon the morning-dew, and stretching forth her hands towards the shaded heaven, which was full of night-birds, look up towards the moon with inexpressible longing, as it floated

trembling in the sun. The angel looked upon the moon, and near him wept the departed one, who saw the earth swimming deep below,—a flood of shade fitted into a ring of fire, and from whom the mourning form that dwelt upon it, took all the happiness of heaven. Then was the heavenly heart of the angel of peace broken—he seized the hand of Eugenius and that of his child—drew both through the second world, and bore them down to the dark earth. Rosamond saw three forms wandering through the obscurity, the gleam from whom reached the starry heaven, and went along hovering over them. Her beloved and her child flew like spring-days to her heart, and said, “Oh, thou dear one, come with us !” Her maternal heart broke with maternal love, the circulation of earth-blood was stopped, her life was ended ; and happily, happily did she stammer forth to the two beloved hearts, “Can I not then die ?” “Thou hast died already,” said the angel of the three fond ones, weeping with joy : “Yonder thou seest the sphere of earth, whence thou comest, still in shade.” And the waves of joy closed on high over the blessed world, and all the happy and all children looked upon our sphere which still trembled in the shade.

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Yea, indeed, is it in shade ! But man is higher than his place. He looks up and spreads the wings of his soul, and when the sixty minutes, which we

call sixty years, have finished striking, he then lifts himself up, and kindles himself as he rises, and the ashes of his plumage fall back, and the unveiled soul rises alone, free from earth, and as pure as a musical tone. But here, in the midst of dark life, he sees the mountains of the future world standing in the morning gold of a sun that does not arise here. Thus, the inhabitant of the North Pole in the long night, when the sun has ceased to rise, discerns at twelve o'clock, a dawn gilding the highest mountains, and he thinks of his long summer, when it will set no more.



## THE WORLD.

A PLEASANT world is this of ours,  
And deem not that my words are vain,  
While sunny fields and shady bowers,  
And swelling hill and flowery plain,  
And arching skies as now I see,  
It is a happy world to me.

You say that men are hard of heart,  
And cold and selfish, and 'tis true !  
Yet, men are but a little part  
Of nature, as I nature view.  
And must she lose her charms for me  
Because of man's deformity ?

O no ! with different eye I see  
What God pronounced was very good ;  
And 'twould, methinks, but ingrate be  
To turn in discontented mood  
From joys he cannot fail to prove,  
Who loveth nature as I love.

## THE MYSTERIOUS WEDDING.

### A DANISH STORY.

BY HENRY STEFFENS.

ON the north-west of Zealand stretches a small fertile peninsula, studded with hamlets, and connected with the mainland by a narrow stripe of waste ground. Beyond the only town which this little peninsula possesses, the land runs out into the stormy Cattegat, and presents an awfully wild and sterile appearance. The living sands have here obliterated every trace of vegetation ; and the hurricanes which blow from all points of the ocean are constantly operating a change on the fluctuating surface of the desert, whose hills of sand rise and fall with a motion as incessant as that of the waves which roar around them. In travelling through this country, I spent upwards of an hour in this district, and never shall I forget the impression which the scene made upon my mind.

\* This story as told by Steffens—a Dane by birth, but now, we believe, a professor at Breslau—forms the subject of two German novels and a Danish poem.

While riding along through the desolate region, a thunder-storm rose over the ocean towards the north,—the waves roared—the clouds scudded along in gloomy masses before the wind,—the sky grew every instant more dark, “menacing earth and sea,”—the sand began to move in increasing volumes under my horse’s feet,—a whirlwind arose and filled the atmosphere with dust,—the traces of the path became invisible,—while air, earth, and ocean seemed mingled and blended together, every object being involved in a cloud of dust and vapor, I could not discern the slightest trace of life or vegetation around this dismal scene,—the storm roared above me,—the waves of the sea lashed mournfully against the shore,—the thunder rolled in the distance,—and scarcely could the lurid lightning-flash pierce the heavy cloud of sand which whirled around me. My danger became evident and extreme ; but a sudden shower of rain laid the sand and enabled me to push my way to the little town. The storm I had just encountered was a horrid mingling of all elements. An earthquake has been described as the sigh which troubled Nature heaves from the depth of her bosom ; perhaps not more fancifully might this chaotic tempest have typified the confusion of a wildly distracted mind, to which pleasure and even hope itself have been long strangers,—the cheerless desert of the past revealing only remorse and grief,—the voice of conscience threatening like the thunder, and her

awful anticipations casting a lurid light over the gloomy spirit,—till at last the long sealed-up sources of tears open a way for their floods, and bury the anguish of the distracted soul beneath their waves.

In this desolate country there existed in former times a village called Roerwig, about a mile distant from the shore. The moving sands have now buried the village; and the descendants of its inhabitants—mostly shepherds and fishermen—have removed their cottages close to the shore. A single solitary building, situated upon a hill, yet rears its head above the cheerless shifting desert. This building—and the village-church—was the scene of the following mysterious transaction.

In an early year of the last century, the venerable curé of Roerwig was one night seated in his study, absorbed in pious meditations. His house lay at the extremity of the village, and the simple manners of the inhabitants were so little tinged with distrust, that bolts and locks were unknown amongst them, and every door remained open and unguarded. The lamp burned gloomily,—and the sullen silence of the midnight hour was only interrupted by the rushing noise of the sea, on whose waves the pale moon shone reflected, when the curé heard the door below opened, and the next moment the sound of men's steps upon the stair. He was

anticipating a call to administer the last offices of religion to some one of his parishioners on the point of death, when two foreigners wrapped up in white cloaks, entered the room. One of them approaching addressed him with politeness : “ Sir, you will have the goodness to follow us instantly. You must perform a marriage-ceremony ; the bride and bridegroom are already waiting your arrival at the church. And this sum,”—here the stranger held out a purse full of gold—“ will sufficiently recompense you for the trouble and alarm our sudden demand has given you.”

The curé stared in mute terror upon the strangers, who seemed to carry something fearful, almost ghastly in their looks, and the demand was repeated in an earnest and authoritative tone. When the old man had recovered from his first surprise, he began mildly to represent that his duty did not allow him to celebrate so solemn a rite without some knowledge of the parties, and the intervention of those formalities required by law. The other stranger hereupon stepped forward in a menacing attitude : “ Sir,” said he, “ you have your choice ; follow us and take the sum we now offer you,—or remain, and this bullet goes through your head.”

Whilst speaking, he levelled his pistol at the forehead of the venerable man, and coolly waited his answer ; whereupon the curé rose, dressed himself and informed his visitants—who had hitherto spoken

Danish, but with a foreign accent—that he was ready to accompany them.

The mysterious strangers now proceeded silently through the village, followed by the clergyman. It was a dark autumn night, the moon having already set ; but when they emerged from the village, the old man perceived with terror and astonishment that the distant church was all illuminated. Meanwhile his companions wrapped up in their white cloaks, strode hastily on before him through the barren sandy plain. On reaching the church they bound up his eyes ; he then heard a side-door open with a well-known creaking noise, and felt himself violently pushed into a crowd of people, whose murmuring he heard all around him, while close beside him some persons carried on a conversation in a language quite unknown to him, but which he thought was Russian. As he stood helpless and blindfolded, he felt himself seized upon by a man's hand, and drawn violently through the crowd. At last the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he found himself standing with one of the two strangers before the altar. A row of large tapers, in magnificent silver candlesticks, adorned the altar, and the church itself was splendidly lighted up by a profusion of candles. The deepest silence now reigned throughout the whole building, though the side-passages and all the seats were crowded to excess ; but the middle passage was quite clear, and he perceived in it a



newly dug grave, with the stone which covered it leaning against a bench. Around him were only male figures, but on one of the distant benches he thought he perceived a female form. The terrible silence lasted for some minutes, during which not a motion could be detected in the vast assembly. Thus when the mind is bent on deeds of darkness, a silent gloomy brooding of soul often precedes the commission of the horrid action.

At last a man, whose magnificent dress distinguished him from all the rest and bespoke his elevated rank, rose and walked hastily up to the altar ; as he passed along, his steps resounded through the building, and every eye was turned upon him,—he appeared to be of middle stature, with broad shoulders and strong limbs,—his gait was commanding, his complexion of a yellowish brown, and his hair raven black,—his features were severe, and his lips compressed as if in wrath,—a bold aquiline nose heightened the haughty appearance of his countenance, and dark shaggy brows lowered over his fiery eyes. He wore a green coat, with broad gold braids, and a brilliant star. The bride, who also approached, and kneeled beside him at the altar, was magnificently dressed. A sky blue robe, richly trimmed with silver, enveloped her slender limbs, and floated in large folds over her graceful form,—a diadem sparkling with diamonds adorned her fair hair,—the utmost loveliness and beauty might be traced in

her features, although despair now expressed itself in them,—her cheeks were pale as those of a corpse,—her features unanimated,—her lips were blanched,—her eyes dimmed,—and her arms hung motionless at her side as she kneeled before the altar ; terror seemed to have wrapped her consciousness as well as her vital powers in deep lethargy.

The curé now discovered near him an old ugly hag, in a party-colored dress, with a blood-red turban upon her head, who stood gazing with an expression of malignant fury on the kneeling bride ; and behind the bridegroom, he noticed a man of gigantic size and a gloomy appearance, whose eyes were fixed immovably on the ground.

Horror-struck by the scene before him, the priest stood mute for some time, till a thrilling look from the bridegroom reminded him of the ceremony he had come thither to perform. But the uncertainty whether the couple he was now about to marry understood his language afforded him a fresh source of uneasiness. He ventured, however, to ask the bridegroom for his name and that of his bride ; “ Neander and Feodora,” was the answer returned in a rough voice.

The priest now began to read the ritual in faltering accents, frequently stopping to repeat the words, without however either the bride or bridegroom appearing to observe his confusion, which confirmed him in the conjecture that his language was



almost unknown to either of them. On putting the question, "Neander, wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife?" he doubted whether he should receive any answer; but to his astonishment, the bridegroom answered in the affirmative with a loud and almost screaming voice, which rung throughout the whole church, while deep sighs were heard from every quarter of the building, and a silent quivering, like the reflection of distant lightning, threw a transitory motion over the death-pale features of the bride. When the priest turned to her with the interrogatory: "Feodora, wilt thou have this man for thy wedded husband?" the lifeless form before him seemed to awake,—a deep convulsive throb of terror trembled on her cheeks,—her pale lips quivered,—a passing gleam of fire shone in her eye,—her breast heaved,—a violent gush of tears flooded the brilliance of her eyes, and the "yes" was pronounced like the scream of anguish uttered by a dying person, and seemed to find a deep echo in the sounds of grief which burst from the surrounding multitude. The bride then sank into the arms of the horrid old hag, and after some minutes had passed in awful silence, the pale, corpse-like female kneeled again, as if in a deep trance, and the ceremony was finished. The bridegroom now rose and led away the trembling bride, followed by the tall man and the old woman; the two strangers then appeared again, and having bound the priest's eyes, drew him with vio-

lence through the crowd, and pushed him out at the door, which they bolted from within.

For some minutes the old man stood endeavoring to recollect himself, and uncertain whether the horrid scene, with all its ghastly attendant circumstances, might not have been a dream ; but when he had torn the bandage from his eyes, and saw the illuminated church before him, and heard the murmuring of the crowd, he was forced to believe its reality. To learn the issue, he hid himself in a corner of the building, and while listening there he heard the murmuring within grow louder and louder,—then it seemed as if a fierce altercation arose, in which he thought he could recognise the rough voice of the bridegroom commanding silence,—a long pause followed,—a shot fell,—the shriek of a female voice was heard, which was succeeded by another pause,—then followed a sound of pickaxes, which lasted about a quarter of an hour, after which the candles were extinguished, the door was flung open, and a multitude of persons rushed out of the church, and ran towards the sea.

The old priest now arose from his hiding-place and hastened back to the village, where he awoke his neighbors and friends, and related to them his incredible and marvellous adventure ; but everything which had hitherto fallen out amongst these simple people, had been so calm and tranquil,—so much measured by the laws of daily routine, that they were

seized with a very different alarm : they believed that some unfortunate accident had deranged the intellects of their beloved pastor, and it was not without difficulty that he prevailed on some of them to follow him to the church, provided with picks and spades.

Meanwhile the morning had dawned, the sun arose, and when the priest and his companions ascended the hill towards the church, they saw a man-of-war standing off from the shore under full sail towards the north. So surprising a sight in this remote district, made his companions already hesitate to reject his story as improbable, and still more were they inclined to listen to him when they saw that the side-door of the church had been violently burst open. They entered, full of expectation, and the priest showed them the grave which he had seen opened in the night-time ; it was evident that the stone had been lifted up and replaced again. They, therefore, put their implements in motion, and soon came to a new and richly adorned coffin, in which lay the murdered bride,—a bullet had pierced her breast right to the heart,—the magnificent diadem which she had worn at the altar no longer adorned her brows, but the distracted expression of deep grief had vanished from her countenance, and a heavenly calm seemed spread over her features. The old man threw himself down on his knees near the coffin, and wept and prayed aloud for the soul of the dead,

while mute astonishment and horror seized his companions.

\* \* \* \* \*

The clergyman found himself obliged to make this event instantly known, with all its circumstances, to his superior, the bishop of Zealand ; meanwhile, until he got further instructions from Copenhagen, he bound all his friends to secrecy by an oath. Shortly afterwards a person of high rank suddenly arrived from the capital ; he inquired into all the circumstances, visited the grave, commended the silence which had been hitherto observed, and stated that the whole event must remain for ever a secret, threatening at the same time with a severe punishment any person who should dare to speak of it.

After the death of the priest, a writing was found in the parochial register narrating this event. Some believed that it might have some secret connection with the violent political changes which occurred in Russia after the death of Catherine and Peter I.; but to resolve the deep riddle of this mysterious affair will ever be a difficult, if not impossible task.





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BRUCE



## BANNOCK BURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led ;  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to glorious victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour ;  
See the front of battle lower ;  
See approach proud Edward's power—  
Edward ! chains ! and slaverie !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?  
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?  
Wha sae base as be a slave ?  
Traitor ! coward ! turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's king and law  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Freeman stand, or freeman fa' ?  
Caledonian ! on wi' me !

By oppression's woes and pains !  
By your sons in servile chains !  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
    But they shall be—shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !  
Tyrants fall in every foe !  
Liberty's in every blow !  
    Forward ! let us do, or die !



## THE KLAUSENBURG.

BY LUDWIG TIECK.

[The following *Gespenster-Geschichte*, or Ghost Story, as Tieck himself has called it, is related to a circle of friends by a gentleman, Baron Blamberg, who was a friend of the unfortunate subject of the story. The ruins of the Klausenburg are, according to the words of the narrator, near the house where they are assembled. The story, in the original, is often interrupted by the company, but their conversation has no connection with it, and it has, therefore, been omitted here.]

It is about fifty years since, that a rich family lived among the mountains a short distance off, in a castle, of which only the ruins are now to be seen, since it was partly destroyed by thunder and lightning, and the remainder was demolished in war. It is now only occasionally visited by huntsmen and travellers who have lost their way, and it is called the ruins of the Klausenburg. Proceeding up the solitary footpath through the pine wood, and then climbing the pathless crag, you stand facing its entrance, which is cut out of the living rock, and secured by an ancient and strongly barred gate. On the outside is an iron rod with a handle apparently com-

municating with a bell on the inside. Having once wandered there while hunting, I pulled this handle, but received no answer to my summons from within. As this spot can only be approached with much difficulty, and it is almost impossible to climb the chasms and rocks on the other side, there are many legends and tales current among the vulgar about this singular Klausenburg, the remains of which present an almost spectral appearance.

Among other stories, it is reported that more than a century ago, there resided within its walls a very wealthy, benevolent, and industrious man, who was much beloved by his friends and tenants. He had early in life retired from the state service, to devote himself to the management of his estates, of which he possessed many, including mines, and glass and iron foundries, which he was able to work to great advantage, having abundant fuel from his extensive forests. Although beloved by his tenants, he was yet hated and envied by many of his equals, the more reasonable of whom disliked him because he avoided them, and they readily perceived that he despised them for their want of industry ; while the more foolish believed, and even openly declared, that Count Moritz was in league with Satan, and was therefore successful beyond expectation in all he undertook.

However absurd the report, it was calculated at this early period to injure the character of this per-

severing man ; as it was not many years after the time when people were burnt at the stake for witchcraft, and for being in league with the evil one. Hence it was that the count in disgust retired from the world to the solitary castle of Klausenburg, and was only happy when conversing on his affairs with intelligent miners, machine makers, and learned men. Knowing the distrust with which he was looked upon by the old priests who held the livings in his different parishes, he but rarely appeared at church, a circumstance which but little contributed to raise his reputation in the neighborhood.

It happened once that a band of gipsies, who at that time roved about in Germany with little molestation, came to these parts. The nobles of the country, as well as the government, were undecided and dilatory in checking this nuisance, and the boundaries of several states meeting here, the tribe could carry on their depredations with impunity, and even unnoticed. Where they did not receive any thing, they robbed ; where they were resisted, they came at night and burnt the barns ; and in this manner the fire on one occasion rapidly spreading, two villages were burnt to the ground. Count Moritz was induced by this circumstance to unite with some resolute neighbors, and to pursue and punish, on his own authority, the lawless tribe. Imprisonment, scourging, flogging, and starvation, were awarded by him without reference to any au-

thority, and only some who were convicted of arson were sent to the town for what was called the gipsy trial, and were then legally condemned to suffer capital punishment.

The count, considering himself the benefactor of his country, could not help feeling mortified when his enviers and calumniators used this very circumstance to accuse him of the blackest crimes, and the most atrocious injustice. To this ingratitude he opposed nothing but calm indignation, and a contempt which was perhaps too magnanimous ; for if a nobleman always preserves silence, calumny and falsehood will be more readily believed by the foolish and those who have no character to lose. If he could not prevail on himself to meet his opponents and to relate the circumstance in detail, he felt himself quite disarmed on discovering how much he was misunderstood in his family, and by the being who was nearest to his heart. He had married late in life, and his wife having a few days before presented him with a son, was still confined to her room. In her present weak state he could not dispute or urge with any force the justice of his proceedings, when she reproached him with the cruelty he had exercised towards these poor innocent men, who rather deserved his compassion than such hard persecution. When on leaving her chamber some old cousins told him the same thing in plainer terms, he could no longer suppress his rage ; and his replies were so wrathful, his

curses so vehement, the gestures of the irritated man so superhuman, that the old prattling women lost their composure and almost swooned. To prevent his sick wife from learning all this, he immediately sent them by main force to another of his estates, and then rode to a solitary part of the mountains, partly to divert his thoughts and strengthen himself by the sublime aspect of nature, and partly to resume the pursuit of the gipsies. But what was his astonishment when he learned from his ranger that those noblemen who in conjunction with him, had undertaken the war against these vagabonds, had dispersed and retired to their seats without giving him notice!

Without being disconcerted at this, he again succeeded in apprehending some of them who were guilty of heavy crimes, and ordered them to be bound and thrown into a secure dungeon. When after having dismissed his attendants, he rode thoughtfully back alone towards the Klausenburg, the aged castellan on his arriving at the gate gave him a packet which had been sent by the government. This he opened with anticipating vexation, and was so surprised by its contents that his anger rose, and he became infuriated almost to madness. The purport of the letters it contained was no less than a penal accusation for murder and high treason in consequence of the count's having, on his own authority, and as leader of an armed troop, seditiously opposed the government. Almost senseless, he



dropped these preposterous letters, and then, recovering by a sudden effort, went to his apartment to read the impeachment more calmly, and to consider how he could defend himself. Passing the countess's chamber, and hearing strange voices within, he hastily opened the door, and beheld—what he certainly did not expect—two dirty old gipsies dressed in rags, sitting by the bedside of the invalid, and foretelling her fate, while they frightfully distorted their hideous countenances. As might be expected, the countess was horror-struck at beholding her husband enter, for what he now did was truly barbarous. In his fury he scarcely knew what he did, and seizing the old prophetesses by their long gray hair, he dragged them out of the room and threw them down the staircase. He then commanded the servants, who came crowding around, to secure them to a stone pillar in the yard, to bare their backs, and chastise them with whips as long as the strength of the ministers of his cruelty would hold out. His orders were executed.

Having locked himself in his room, he was horrified, on becoming calmer, as he reflected on the barbarities he had committed. From these thoughts he was aroused by a loud knocking at the door. He opened it, and a servant in evident terror entered, saying, “Oh ! gracious count, I was afraid you were ill, or perhaps dead, for I have been knocking for a long time, without receiving any answer from

your lordship." "What do you want?" "The eldest of these hideous witches," replied the servant, "insists on speaking to you for a minute before she leaves the castle. She will not be refused, and the most severe threats and curses avail nothing with the old woman." The count ordered the ill-used woman to be led to his room. The appearance of the poor creature was frightful, and the count himself started back with horror, when she presented herself covered with blood, her face and arms lacerated, and a deep wound in her head, which was still uncovered. "I thank you," she said, "kind brother, for the Christian kindness that you have shown me in your palace. You are, indeed, a virtuous man, a persecutor of vice, an impartial judge, and a punisher of crimes; and I suppose you would call yourself an avenging angel in the service of your God. Do you know then, tender-hearted man, why we were sitting by the bedside of your wife? We had, indeed, told her fortune, but the real object of our visit was to speak to you, and you were not in your hospitable house. It was our wish to separate from the gang, and seek a humble and honest living. We know the haunt where the leader conceals himself, that notorious incendiary whom you have so long sought in vain, and intended to deliver him into your hands; but you are worse than the most atrocious of our gang, and as you have shown us to-day so much kindness, a curse for it shall light upon you,



your family and your offspring, to the third and fourth generation."

The count, who had now repented of his hasty wrath, wished to appease the awful woman, by speaking kindly to her, and offering her, by way of reconciliation, his purse well filled with gold. She cast an evil, though covetous look at the gold, and, grinding her teeth, threw the purse at the count's feet. "That mammon," she cried, "would have made me and my poor sister happy, but after the meal you have given us, I would rather gnaw the bark of trees than receive the wealth from your accursed hands." Various and many were the curses she continued heaping on him, and the torments and misfortunes she denounced against him and his house. When she had finished, she tottered down the stone staircase, all the servants fleeing from her as from a spectre.

From this moment the count was a changed man. His energies were crushed. He lived as in a dream, having no wish, and being incapable of forming a single resolution. Those around him could not learn whether he was deeply shocked by the death of his consort, who died the night after that fatal day. Since that time he was scarcely ever heard to speak or to utter a sound, sigh, or complaint. He no longer concerned himself about any thing, and seemed perfectly indifferent when the government confiscated his largest estate to punish him as a rebel and violator of the laws. In his present state

of mind, he abandoned himself to the guidance of those very priests whom previously he had so pointedly avoided ; he frequented the church often, and was fervent in his devotions. He never looked around when people behind him called out, " There sneaks the old sinner, the traitor, the murderer and rebel, back again into God's house." Now likewise some relatives profited by his listlessness, so far as to deprive him by a lawsuit of another large estate, and there was every appearance that of all the large possessions of his ancestors, nothing would be left for his only heir, a beautiful boy, had not a prudent guardian of the child done all in his power for him. From the unconcern of his father, the young count became daily more impoverished, leaving to his offspring but a small portion of the large property to which he had succeeded ; but, notwithstanding these misfortunes, and also the breaking out of war, the next proprietor of the Klausenburg, and his family, maintained their rank, and were respected in the neighborhood. By his industry, his success, and his marriage with a wealthy lady, he partly retrieved his fortune, and succeeded in his endeavors to revive and maintain the former splendor of his castle for some fifty or sixty years, so that his friends and relatives resorted to it as formerly, with delight, and he, at his death, left to his only son his remaining estates in good condition, besides large sums of money. Thus the curse of the gipsies appeared to-

tally removed, the count and his son having completely forgotten former events, or having, perhaps, never heard of the curse.

I was a spirited boy when I made the acquaintance of Francis, the last heir of the Klausenburg. This Francis, who was about a year my senior, was cheerful, amiable, and handsome, and the pride of his father, the persevering man who had partly restored the splendor of his ancestors. My playmate grew up to be, not merely the delight of his father, but of all around. He was manly, witty, and engaging, an accomplished dancer, and expert horseman, and in fencing, had not his equal. After being presented at court, he soon gained the prince's favor, by his natural vivacity, and in a few years was raised to the office of counsellor. Few men on earth had fairer prospects of a happy life. All mothers and aunts in the neighborhood saw, and hoped to find in him, the future husband of their daughters and nieces, and at the assemblies in the capital he was the adored and chosen hero of the ladies, as he was the object of envy and persecution among the young fashionables. No one could conceive why he so long deferred his choice, and, for a long time, people would not credit the rumors that were circulated, that he had formed an engagement with the young princess. It was confidently whispered that the lovers waited only for some favorable chance, or occurrence, to acknowledge publicly their

mutual affection and wishes. However, nothing of the kind happened, and years passed, and with them faded the rumors, and various interpretations of sage politicians.

Suddenly, when the affair seemed forgotten, my youthful friend was banished the court and capital in disgrace. All his former friends forsook him, and what was still worse, an intrigue, countenanced by the government, involved him in a dangerous lawsuit, which threatened the loss of his fortune. Thus then this courted, admired, and universally caressed Francis, saw himself in the very worst position, and was obliged to confess that his career was closed, and that all his splendid prospects were darkened for ever.

About this time I saw him again ; he bore his misfortune manfully. He was still as youthful and handsome as ever, and the serenity of his temper had suffered but little. We were travelling in this neighborhood, and the Klausenburg having gone to ruin, he built a pleasant house not far distant, on the slope of a hill, from whence he enjoyed a beautiful prospect.

He avoided speaking of former circumstances, but one evening he was deeply affected by a letter announcing the decease of the young princess, who had died of a broken heart ; or, as was afterwards said, had voluntarily sought death, because she

could no longer bear the burden of her embittered life.

It was evident to me that a deep-seated melancholy had taken possession of my friend, and often showed itself ; his mind, however, was not so affected as to display any symptoms of weariness of life, which made me hope that his misfortune, and the evil fate that had attended him, would serve to purify his character, and give him that genuine deportment which is essential even to those who are not tried by calamity, and much more to those who have to pass through heavy trials.

There lived in the neighborhood, about that time, a wild old woman, who was half crazy, and who went begging from village to village.

The higher class called her jokingly, the Sibyl, the common people did not hesitate to call her a witch. The place of her residence was not exactly known ; probably she had no certain place of resort, as she was constantly seen on the high-roads, and roaming in every direction in the country. Some old rangers maintained that she was a descendant of that notorious gang of gipsies whom Count Moritz many years before had persecuted and dispersed.

Walking one day in a beautiful beech-wood, and engaged in conversation, which made us forget the world without, we suddenly saw, at a turn of the footpath, the old hideous Sibyl before us. Being both in a cheerful mood, we were rather astonished,



but in no way startled. Having dismissed the impudent beggar by giving her some money, she hastily returned, saying : “ Will not you have your fortunes told for what you have given to me ? ”

“ If it is something good that you can tell me, you may earn a few more pence.”

I held out to her my hand, at which she looked very carefully, and then said, scornfully : “ My good sir, you have a miserable hand, which would puzzle even the best fortune-teller. Such a middling person, neither one thing nor the other, as you, I have never seen in all my life : you are neither wise nor stupid, neither bad nor good, neither fortunate nor unfortunate ; without passions, mind, virtue, or vice ; you are what I call a real A. B. C. scholar of Heaven’s blockheads, and you will not in all your life have the slight merit of ever perceiving your own insignificance. From your paltry hand and unmeaning countenance nothing at all can be prophesied ; a dry fungus, without it is first prepared and macerated, cannot even receive a spark. Therefore, Jack Mean-nothing, your dull nature will never live to see any thing worth telling.”

My friend Francis did not laugh at the old woman’s opinion and description of my character, but being attached to me, his anger rose, and he reproved her in strong terms. She listened very calmly to what he said, and then replied : “ Why are you so angry ? If you will not give me something more



for my trouble and wisdom, let me go quietly. No doubt men do not like to have their innermost heart exposed to the daylight. Is it my fault that there is nothing better in your friend's character? He is neither my son nor disciple." Thus the prophetess meant to justify and atone for her insolence by repeating it anew. My friend was pacified, and gave her a ducat, saying: "Make merry with that, —where do you live?"

"Where do I live?" she replied; "my roof changes so often that I cannot tell or describe it to you; not unfrequently it is open, and my companion is the howling storm; where men have not built houses they usually call it nature. But I thank you, and must requite your kindness." Quickly and forcibly taking the unwilling hand of my friend, she held it firmly between her bony fingers, and considered it for some time; then letting the arm drop, with a sigh she said in a tone of voice expressive of deep sorrow, "Son, son; you descend from wicked blood, are an evil scion of evil ancestors; but fortunately you are the last of your race, for your children would be more evil still. What begins in evil must end in evil. Ah! ah! your physiognomy; your expression; your whole countenance; I feel almost as if I saw a murderer before me. Yes! yes! —you have killed a young, beautiful, and noble maiden. On her dying bed she long struggled with grief and anguish. O ye wicked men, can you not be faithful

and keep your oaths. It is not only daggers, swords, and guns, that cut and kill ; looks and sweet words will also do it. Oh, those seductive words, and all that pretended affection ! Now this splendid frame that first dazzled your foolish eye, breaks, and is consigned to corruption. Beauty ! oh thou fatal gift of Heaven ! and besides, murderer, you are handsome enough to kill others. The curses of your father follow you now, whether you dwell in the forest or in your finely tapestried rooms. See you not, feel you not, how, coming from the very heart, they waft misfortune and misery towards you, as the stormy wind scatters the dry leaves in the valleys between the mountains ? Where is your peace, your happiness, your confidence ? All scattered, like the drifting sand in the barren plain ; no fruit can there strike root."

Suddenly the crazy woman shouted aloud, and ran shrieking and yelling discordantly into the thickest part of the wood. When I looked round, I was terrified on seeing my friend become pale as death. He shook so violently that he could not support himself, but sank on a hillock beside him. I sat down by him, and endeavored to comfort and quiet him.

"Is this madwoman," he exclaimed, "inspired by truth ? does she really see the past and the future, or are those only mad sounds which she utters in brutish thoughtlessness ; and if it be so, have not

such random words been perhaps the genuine oracles in all ages ? ”

He now gave way to tears and loud lamentations ; he called loudly in the air, what hitherto he had so carefully and mysteriously locked up in his heart.

“ Yes ! ” he exclaimed ; “ accursed be every talent, speech, grace, and all the gifts with which a malicious fate endowed us to ruin ourselves and others ! Could I not have avoided her first kind look ? Why did I suffer myself to be infatuated, to exchange glance for glance, and then word for word ? Yes ! she was lovely, noble, and graceful ; but in my heart there arose together with better feelings, the vanity that even she, the most exalted, distinguished *me*. I approached her nearer, more boldly, more decidedly, and my pure exalted sentiments surprised and won her. She gave me her confidence. Her heart was so virtuous, so noble ; all her youthful feelings were so tender and fervent ; it was a paradise that opened to our view. Childishly enough, we thought that no higher happiness on earth could be offered us, the present heavenly moment sufficed. But now passion awoke in my heart. This she expected not, she was terrified, and withdrew. This goaded my self-love ; I felt unhappy, crushed, and ill. Her compassion was moved, and she no longer avoided me. By means of an attendant in our confidence, we were able to meet without witnesses. Our intercourse became more tender, our love more

defined and ardent ; but as these feelings were embodied in language, and expressed more definitely, the paradisiacal breath, the heavenly bloom was fled for ever. It was happiness, but changed in character ; it was more earthly, more kindly, more confiding, but was not surrounded by that magic which had transported me formerly, so that I could frequently ask myself when alone, ‘are you really happy ?’ Alas ! my friend, as we saw each other so often, how many foolish and mad projects were then conceived !

“ We talked, we conversed of the future of which those who ardently love never think in the early period of their ecstasies. Once an opportunity of an alliance likely to add to the lustre of her house presented itself. What fury and bitter rancor were aroused in me ! For only appearing favorably disposed towards this illustrious alliance, she suffered much from my anger. My passion was ignoble, as she deeply felt, more from her love to me, than from the sufferings it caused her. Oh ! she was never able to erase from her soul this picture of my madness. To alleviate my sufferings and completely to reconcile me, she stooped to my mean and rude nature. Our hearts harmonised again, but from the lowering clouds that now surrounded me, I looked back with yearnings to that heavenly serenity that first shone dazzlingly upon me so. In imagination we lived as though affianced, and dreamt of our union, of unexpected bliss, of varied pleasures, and

turns of fate never to be realised. But these were misty visions, and we considered the greatest improbabilities as near and natural. The habitual thoughts of our love gradually destroyed necessary precaution. The looks of spies were watchful, and were sharpened by our imprudence. Rumors were circulated, which perhaps never would have reached the prince himself, had not his own glance suspected and discovered our connection. He now learnt more from his questions than he desired to know, and far more than was in accordance with truth. One evening he sent for me to attend him alone in his closet, and displayed to me in this serious interview all the nobleness of his great mind. Without reproaching me, he ascribed to himself alone the immediate cause of my presumption, saying that he had treated me with too much confidence, nay almost like a son ; that he had deviated too much from his rank and the laws of etiquette ; that he had foolishly rejoiced in the thought of his daughter being able by intercourse with me to improve her mind. As he became more serious, I assured the agitated father by my honor, and by all that is sacred,—which indeed was in accordance with the truth,—that our mutual passion had never led us astray, and that our better genius had never forsaken us. At this he became tranquil, and only replied by prohibiting as I had anticipated. I was not allowed to meet his daughter again privately. I was to endeavor by degrees to

heal the wounds which our separation caused, to eradicate the affection, which I had so rashly kindled, by my good sense and demeanor, and thereby to make myself worthy to regain the confidence and love of the prince.

“Suddenly I felt as if the veil had fallen from my eyes,” continued Francis, “indeed, I may say, that by this interview, I was quite a changed being. Truth and reality had now, at length, with victorious power, asserted their ascendancy over me. Many periods of life may be compared to a vivid fantastic dream ; we awake to sober consciousness, but still feel the reality of the vision.

“But, ah ! my friend, this truth created a hell within me. My mind yielded to the noble father in every thing. He was right in the fullest sense of the word. If I admired Juliet, and recognised her worth ; if she was my friend, and I sufficiently important to elevate her mind, what had that to do with our passion and my efforts to possess her ? With this conviction I was now penetrated, and the feeling exerted a benign influence over me. But how different were her feelings ! When such changes occur, women usually suffer from the consuming fire of passion. What letters did I receive from her, when I had communicated to her my resolution and the advice that we must submit to necessity ! I almost repeated the words which I had heard from her beautiful lips when I urged my ardent attachment. She now listened in a spirit dif-



ferent from that which harassed her formerly ; deaf to all advice, unsusceptible to every kindness, inaccessible to conviction, she only listened to the wild suggestions of her ardent affection. My reason seemed to her cowardice, my resignation baseness. She alone was exclusively to be considered in the question that agitated my heart. In short, she now played the same part that I had done formerly. Looking back upon my former conduct with repentance and shame, I hoped I should be able, by calm perseverance, to bring her gradually to the same conviction. But she frustrated my hopes. It was singular that I was made unhappy by possessing, in the fullest measure, what I had formerly considered my supreme felicity ; and that my most fervent desire extended no further than to be able to restore her to tranquillity, nay, even to produce coldness and indifference.

“ So whimsical are the gods frequently towards us in the bestowal of their gifts.

“ My letters grieved her deeper and deeper, as she showed by her replies. Thence it was that I could not but wish myself once more able to obtain a *tête-à-tête* with her in some evening hour, such as I had formerly enjoyed over and over again. By bribery, entreaty, and humiliation, I succeeded.

“ But, oh, Heavens ! how different was this Juliet from her who once had so enraptured and inspired me. With her grief, her mortified feelings and her

offended pride, she resembled a raving Bacchante. On approaching her, I said to myself: 'To this state then has my love, vanity, and eloquence, reduced her! Oh! ye men, who, by your power, are able to elevate these tender beings to angels, or change them to wild furies!' But these reflections came too late. If her letters were violent, her words were raging. Nothing in the whole world she desired, except my love. She cared for nothing; every thing seemed right and desirable,—flight into the open world, sacrifice of station, mortification of her father and family. I was terrified at this distraction, that seemed to fear and dread nothing. The more persuasive my manner, and the more desirous I was to convince her of the unavoidable necessity of submitting, the more furious in words and gestures she became. She would fly with me immediately. I felt it required nothing more than to express the wish, and she would have surrendered herself, in this distraction, totally and unconditionally. I was wretched from my inmost heart; indeed, all my energies were annihilated.

"I learned that the prince had only spoken to her in hints; the truth was known to her only from our correspondence. She blamed me, her father, and fate, and only became calm after a flood of tears. I was obliged to promise to see her again in a few days in order to discuss the means of her flight. Thus my feelings were so changed that I feared this once adored Juliet, and, indeed, could not help despising her.

And yet she was the same, and only the unhappy passion that I had infused from my heart into hers had rendered her thus infatuated. I trembled again to see her. I was at a loss what to say, what pretext for delay, or what excuses to invent. Thus some weeks passed, during which we only exchanged letters. To conclude, I saw her again. She seemed ill, but still in that excitement which would not listen to reason. She had provided a carriage, packed up her jewels, made the necessary preparations on the frontier, procured passports, and powerful protections in distant countries ; in short she had done all that madness of an unbounded love could undertake. I treated her as an invalid who does not know her own state, humored all her extravagances, and praised her most whimsical plans. Thus she thought we agreed, and in a week we were to fly during a masquerade, while all were busied, and no one could be recognised. To satisfy her for the moment I agreed to every thing, but proposed in my own heart to quit the court and the town. While we were thus discussing our highly reasonable projects I suddenly perceived behind us the prince, who had been for some time listening to our conversation. The scene which then took place I will not attempt to describe. The father's anger overstepped all bounds on finding me untrue to my promise, since he was convinced that I quite agreed to all the wild plans of his daughter. She cast herself at his feet totally unlike the beauti-

ful being she was formerly, she resembled an automaton moved by powerful springs, a figure only manifesting life in convulsive gestures. It is astonishing that we ever outlive some moments. I was banished, obliged to fly into solitude, and for a long time heard nothing of the city or what occurred there, as I avoided all intercourse with men. When I in some measure recovered my tranquillity of mind, and was able to bear the sight of friends, I heard that she was suffering from an incurable disease, and that her life was despaired of by the physician. How whimsically does fate sport with man and all human intentions ! I was informed that her father in the extremity of grief, would willingly have given me his beloved child had he been able thereby to save her ; that he would have despised the opinion of the world, and the objections of his family, could he by these means have saved his Juliet, by whose illness he had first learnt how much he loved her, and how much his life was bound up in hers. All was in vain,—she died in agonies, calling for me, and the disconsolate father heaped execrations upon me that will overtake me, ay,—as surely as her own.”

These are, as nearly as possible, the affecting confessions of my unhappy friend. He added, in conclusion, that the whole of his property would be lost, unless he discovered a certain document for which he had long been searching, but which he could find nowhere.

There are sufferings during which it is foolish to make even the attempt at offering consolation. Such sufferings must be lived through, they are peculiar to human nature, and he who is not overwhelmed by them, but survives them, will afterwards see that to pass such a severe reprobation was essential to his happiness.

"I am convinced," said my friend a few days afterwards, when I took leave of him, "that these execrations and the prophecies of the old fury will visit me. My life will be consumed in illness, misery, delirium, and poverty. The spirit of the departed will tread in my footsteps and sow poison, where, perhaps, some joy might otherwise have sprung."

I began to comfort him, calling to my aid, hope and consolation from every source, because such apprehensions are generally imaginary, and may be combated. Hope is at least more infinite than the all-engrossing sensation of such visionary fear. We separated, and for a long time I heard nothing of my friend Francis. I lived in foreign countries and returned some years after the period in question.

We had not kept up any correspondence. I was therefore surprised and delighted by his first letter which I received in my own comfortable home. There was no allusion to his former sufferings; all was forgotten. Time and fortune had transformed my friend into a truly new being. He wrote to me of his approaching marriage. The most beautiful girl



of the country, young, cheerful, and innocent, had bestowed her affections upon him ; and on the very day on which their vows were exchanged, he had, after years of fruitless search, discovered the important document which would complete their nuptial happiness. The melancholy time, he informed me, had vanished from his mind, his youth seemed renewed, and now only he began to live. In a week his marriage was to be celebrated, and he urged me to come and be a witness of his happiness.

It would have delighted me to have complied with his invitation, had not my uncle, who lived forty miles distant, and was then lying on his death-bed, called me from home. The prince, who bitterly hated and persecuted my friend, had died in the meanwhile, so that, in all human probability, there was the prospect that every thing ominous, menacing, and fatal, would fade away and be forgotten, and that spirits of fortune and delight would henceforth draw my friend's car of life.

My stay with my uncle, who was dying, was protracted. His sufferings lasted longer than his physicians had expected, and I was glad that my presence was so consoling and beneficial to him. After his death, I had various business to transact, to execute his will, to make arrangements with the remaining relatives, part of his fortune being left to me and to settle all to our mutual satisfaction. As journeys were required for these matters, nearly eigh-



teen months elapsed before they were completed. The journeys had carried me far from our neighborhood, and I must confess that these circumstances, and the pressure of business, had almost caused me to forget my friend Francis. He had not written to me, nor had I heard any thing of him, and I was, therefore, convinced that it was well with him ; that he was married and happy in his new condition. Being soon after near Switzerland I made a tour to that country, and then visited a watering-place on the Rhine, to which my medical adviser had long before recommended me.

Here I abandoned myself to amusements, enjoyed the beauties of nature during my rambles, and felt happier than I had been for some time. Being one day at the *table d'hôte*, I accidentally looked over the list of visitors, and found that my friend Francis, with his wife, had been a week in the town. I wondered he had not found me out, as my name must have struck him in the list. However, I accounted for his not doing so, by saying to myself that he had not looked over the leaves attentively, that he had not heard my name mentioned, or that possibly he might be seriously ill and would see no company. Satisfied so far, I called upon him, and was told he was-not at home. I hoped to meet him in my walks, but perceived him nowhere. Calling the following day, I received the same answer, that he had gone out. I left my card, requesting he would pay me a visit or tell

me when he would receive me. I heard nothing from him. The next morning early, I called again, and the servant again replied, with a troubled countenance, that his master was already from home.

Now I plainly saw, that Francis did not choose to see me, and had denied himself. I endeavored to call to my memory, whether I had at any time given him offence ; but after the strictest scrutiny, could not find the least spot on my conscience respecting him. I therefore wrote him rather a severe letter, requiring him to see me, and that not merely from friendship to me, but from the respect he owed himself.

When I called again, I was admitted, and having waited for some time in the room, I saw a stranger approaching from the adjoining chamber, not like a human being, but a tottering, trembling skeleton, with a pale, sunken countenance, which, but for the fiery eye, one might have taken for the face of a corpse. "Great God !" I exclaimed with horror, as I recognised in this spectre my friend Francis, that once handsome, noble fellow.

I sank terrified into a chair, and he sat down by me, took my hand between his withered fingers, and said, "Yes! my friend, thus we again meet, and you now understand why I wished to spare you this sad sight. Yes! friend, all those curses have been realised, and calamity has overtaken me, however actively I endeavored to escape it ; my life is ex-

hausted by disease, as well as that of my youthful wife, once a paragon of beauty ; I am a beggar, and all hope is gone for ever."

Still I could not recover from my astonishment ; the first chilling terror was succeeded by the deepest compassion and ineffable sympathy in my soul, and my unfortunate friend saw my tears flow.

"But how has all this been possible ?" I exclaimed. "Speak ; confide all to your friend."

"Spare me," he said, in a faint voice, "let us throw a veil over these calamities, for what good can it do you to know the why and wherefore ? You would not comprehend nor believe it, and still less could your advice or consolation avail any thing."

I could make no reply, his distress seemed so great, that he was, perhaps, right in what he said. Words, details, and complaints, are often only stings to the deadly wound. I requested him to introduce me to his wife. He led her in. She seemed to suffer equally with himself, but still showed evident traces of beauty. She was of a tall, noble figure, her blue eye was of a piercing clearness, and her sweet-toned voice was full of soul. After some conversation, the physician entered, and I took my leave, making it a condition, that in future he would not refuse to see me.

I required rest to collect myself, and therefore, sought the most solitary spot to arrange my thoughts and feelings. How strange, in these mo-

ments, appeared human life, friendship, death, and health ! In these my dreams, I was interrupted by a friendly voice addressing me. It was the physician, an elderly good-natured man, who sat down beside me. "I have learned," he began, "that you are a youthful friend of our poor patient, and have sought you to consult with you, respecting his lamentable and enigmatical state. I have never met with a similar illness, I do not understand it, and, therefore, am but groping in the dark with my remedies ; nor do I know whether the waters here are salutary to him or his sick wife, who seems wasting away from the same complaint. I have no name for this wasting fever, which defies all known remedies. Sometimes I could almost imagine them insane, did not reason absolutely manifest itself. But even should their minds be unimpaired, they are, doubtless, hypochondriacs. And the worst is, the count will not communicate freely, but, on the contrary, anxiously avoids all questions respecting his condition, and all inquiries as to its cause and commencement. I do not wish to irritate him, though my inquiries and questions have more than once had that effect, and yet it seems necessary to learn from himself the history of his complaint. I therefore request you, dear sir, to exert your influence with him, as his friend, that he may confess to us the origin of his illness. If I once knew this, it might, perhaps, be possible to afford relief to both

of them. If the disease is mental, of which I feel almost convinced, the physician must be in their confidence to afford relief; but if this is withheld, he may cause even death, not only by his prescriptions, but by an unguarded word. I therefore conjure you to do all in your power to make him confide every thing to you." I promised all he desired, for I had long entertained the same opinion. But when, on the following day, I remonstrated with my friend, I found the task more difficult than I expected, as he was inaccessible on that point. He did not yield until I united tears to my entreaties, and his suffering wife joined with me, as the hope arose within her that the physician might be able to afford relief to her husband. He stipulated that whatever he should communicate should be communicated in private to me alone, undisturbed, and without even the presence of his wife, who would be much pained at the relation.

Thus was it arranged. My little room looking on the garden was so quiet and retired, that no intrusion was to be feared, and after a frugal supper I dismissed the servant, enjoining him not to admit any one. The invalid countess was left with her attendants, and a lady of my acquaintance kindly read some amusing work to her during her husband's absence.

We sat then in my well lighted little room, while the summer breezes murmured sweetly through



the trees without. My sick friend was on the sofa, and the physician and myself were opposite, when Francis began slowly and with many pauses (as speaking seemed painful to him) the following narrative :

“ Yes, my friend, you see me again, ill and dying, and my wife, who but two years since was a paragon of health and beauty, is no less afflicted. The Klausenburg which more than once sheltered us so hospitably is become a desolate ruin ; storms and fire have destroyed it, and whatever useful material remained was wrested from it by my cruel creditors in derision, and sold for a mere trifle. You know, my friend, the belief or rather superstition that followed me, but with this I will not weary our good physician, as it had no sensible influence on my immediate fate. I have, moreover, so much of the marvellous to tell in the recent events that have befallen me, that it will be more than sufficient fully to convince the learned doctor that I am insane.

“ Young as I was I had already resigned life, since I considered it completely at a close. But as it frequently happens that the power of a beautiful spring will revive a tree apparently lifeless, so that its branches again become verdant, and at last one blossom springs from them, so it happened with me. Travelling about in a misanthropical mood I stopped in a small town situate in a delightful country, and through my introductions made acquaintance with



some interesting people. One of these, a distant relative, who received me most kindly, introduced me to his family, where, for the first time I saw my beloved Elizabeth, and at the second visit I had lost my heart and peace of mind. But wherefore dwell on charms that are fled? Suffice it to say that I was enraptured, and flattered myself that my feelings were understood, and might perhaps in a short time be returned. Elizabeth was residing with an aged aunt; they were neither of them wealthy, though they belonged to an ancient family. I was superior to the talk and astonishment of the townspeople, and I stayed a long while in this insignificant place, where there was neither a theatre to amuse, nor large assemblies, balls, and festivals to engage me. I was so happy that I only lived for, and enjoyed, the present moment. The family was very musical, and Elizabeth a truly accomplished performer on the pianoforte. Her voice was highly cultivated, full-toned, and beautiful, and she agreeably surprised me by joining in my perhaps one-sided taste for ancient composition. Harmony, skill, and kind looks from her beautiful eyes,—all this so charmed me that weeks vanished like days, and days like hours in the poetical intoxication.

“I spoke of the family. The aunt too was musical, and accompanied us when we sang. I also found myself benefited by becoming again conscious of the talents which I had so long neglected to ex-

ercise. Yes, indeed, talents, amiability, social gifts, and pleasing manners, &c.”—continued Francis after a pause, during which he seemed lost in thought —“the vanity of possessing these graces have rendered me and others unhappy. Speaking of the family, I must now mention Ernestine, an elder sister of my wife’s. Their parents had died early in life. They had lived at a distance from that small town, in what is called good style. This they did without considering their fortune, and the consequence was that they became impoverished and involved in debt. Where this confusion breaks in, where the necessity of the moment ever absorbs the security of the days and weeks, few men possess sufficient energy and resolution firmly to hold the rudder amid the tumult of a returning storm. And thus the wildest and most confused management had broken into this ruined household. The parents not only diverted themselves in banqueting, dress, and theatres, but, as it were, even with new and singular misfortunes. The latter were more particularly caused by their eldest daughter, Ernestine. This poor being had, when only three years old, during the confusion and bustle of a banquet, unnoticed by any one, taken up a bottle of strong liquid, and drinking it, became intoxicated by it, and thus had unconsciously fallen down a high staircase.

“The accident had scarcely been observed, and was lightly thought of when discovered. The physi-

cian, a jovial friend of the family, instead of applying the proper remedies, joked on the occurrence, and hence it was that those consequences soon appeared in the child, which she could, in after years, justly attribute to want of affection in her parents. The chest-bone and spine were dislocated, so that as she grew up, she became more and more deformed. Being rather tall, the double hump was more striking, her arms and hands were excessively long and thin, and her lean body quite out of proportion to her long legs. Her face had a singular expression, the little lively and cunning eyes could hardly peep forth from beneath the bony vault of her forehead, and the broad, flatted nose, the chin was peaked, and the cheeks were sunken. Thus this unfortunate being was a remarkable foil to her sister Elizabeth. Their aunt, when she heard the total ruin of the family, had interfered and assisted them as far as her limited means permitted. Thus the younger daughter was saved and continued healthy, since the father's sister had taken the children upon the death of their parents, for the purpose of educating them.

“The physical care of Ernestine came too late, but her mind was cultivated, and her talents were awakened. She showed herself intelligent, learned with ease, and retained what she had once acquired, evidently surpassing her sister in wit and presence of mind. Being fond of reading philosophical works, she exercised her judgment and showed so much

acuteness, that she often startled even men by her bold and abrupt opinions ; not being united to her own sex by beauty and grace, she not unfrequently exercised a more than masculine power. But what almost seemed to border on the marvellous was her great talent for music. Never had I heard the pianoforte played in such a perfect manner ; every difficulty vanished before her, and she only laughed when difficult passages were mentioned to her.

“No doubt the extraordinary span of her hand and fingers assisted her in excelling all that can be done by an ordinary hand. Being also well versed in the art of composition, she composed with ease long pieces of music which we often executed to her delight.

“Could not such a being be happy independent of others ? Certainly, if she had resigned herself to her lot, if she could have forgotten she was a woman. Unfortunately for her, all men forgot it who approached her, but she could never raise herself beyond the limit so as to belong to the other sex, or to none.

“This singular being attracted me in a peculiar manner, both by her excellences and her repulsiveness. When they performed and I sang her compositions, there beamed in moments of excitement from her small eyes, a wonderful, poetic spirit, like a veiled angel humbled in the dust, with benign yet

terrifying splendor. This frequently made me forget that she was the sister of my Elizabeth.

“Elizabeth had before refused some suitors who had earnestly courted her. Entering once the ante-chamber unannounced, I heard both sisters engaged in a lively conversation in which my name was mentioned. ‘You will not accept him I hope,’ cried Ernestine; ‘he suits neither you nor us; they say he is not very rich, but he is so proud, so self-sufficient, so convinced of, and so penetrated with, his own excellence, that he excites my indignation whenever he comes near us. You call him amiable, noble; but I tell you he is dogmatical and obstinate; and, believe me, his mental gifts are not so great as you seem to think.’

“With a gentle voice Elizabeth undertook my defence, but her sister discussed all the bad traits of my character so much the more, and passed all my faults in review. Finding that I was the subject of so much discussion, I would not surprise them by entering immediately, and thus I discovered, against my expectation, the dislike the eldest sister entertained for me. I therefore resolved to reconcile this unfortunate being, for whom life had so few charms and joys, by kindness and benevolence. When they had ceased I entered, and the aunt also joining us we immediately commenced our musical exercises, by which means I could best conceal my embarrassment.



“After a few visits I actually succeeded in disposing Ernestine more kindly towards me. When it happened that we were alone, we were deeply engaged in serious conversation, and I could not help admiring both her mind and acquirements. I could not but agree with her, when she often spoke with contempt of those men who only esteem and love in woman the transient and mutable charms that pass away with their youth. She was also fond of railing at those girls who so frequently pass themselves off as phenomena, and only, as it were, wish to please as dolls of fashion and well-dressed blocks. She revealed without affectation the wealth of her mind, her deep feeling, and her lofty thoughts, so that, in admiration of her mighty soul, I hardly remembered her deformed person. She pressed my hand kindly, and seemed perfectly happy when we had thus chatted an hour away. I was not less rejoiced when I perceived how her friendship for me apparently increased every day.

It struck me as a weakness in my beloved, that she was displeased at our intimacy. I did not understand this petty jealousy, and censured it when alone with her, as showing too much female weakness. On the other hand, I was pleased when Ernestine gave me evident proofs of her friendship, when my appearance delighted her, when she was ready to show me a book or piece of music, or told me how she had prepared herself for a conversation with me



on some important subject. This genuine friendship seemed to me so desirable, that I anticipated great delight at the thought that she would, in our married state, complete the measure of our love by mutual confidence. Their aunt approved of my engagement with Elizabeth, and our vows were exchanged. On this occasion Ernestine was not present, being confined by illness to her chamber. I did not see her on the day following, and when I wished to call on her, my betrothed said, 'Do not disturb her, my dear friend, she is not quite herself, and it is better to let her passion subside.' 'What has happened?' I asked, astonished. 'It is strange,' replied Elizabeth, 'that you have not long ere this remarked how ardently she loves you?' I was struck dumb with terror and astonishment at this information, which startled me the more since, strange to say, I had considered this intellectual being totally incapable of love; as though passion did not always run counter to possibility, truth, nature, and reason, if these opposed themselves, as, indeed, I had myself experienced in my own life in a similar manner. 'Yes,' continued Elizabeth, 'almost at the very time you entered our house, I remarked her partiality to you, but her predilection manifested itself more decidedly, when you began to show a preference for me, when you became more friendly, and thus gained my confidence. For a long time, she concealed her affection under a pretended dislike, which, however, did not

deceive me. Oh ! beloved, the mind and feelings, the enthusiasm and passions of this singular being possess such extraordinary power and intensity, that I have been compelled ever since I comprehended her character, to admire her as much as to fear her, and to stand in awe at her gigantic intellect. When, some years ago, I took lessons in music, and made rapid progress, according to the testimony of my instructor, she only ridiculed my childlike satisfaction as she called it. She had never before thought of learning music, and now devoted herself with all her energy to this accomplishment. She practised day and night, and her master no longer satisfying her, she availed herself of the presence of a celebrated composer, and became his pupil. I could not comprehend the mental as well as physical energy, with which she devoted herself unceasingly, almost without sleep and refreshments, and with unwearied zeal to the practice of this art. It was then she learned composition and gained her master's praise and admiration. It was not long, however, before she found fault with him, fancying his execution not sufficiently fiery and enthusiastic, his compositions not sufficiently original and impassioned. He submitted, and agreed with her. All men, she used to say, lie constantly in a half-sleeping state, being almost always, as it were, in a stupor, similar to the plant which grows, blooms, and is beautiful, diffusing odor, and possessing powers, without consciousness. What

would men accomplish were they truly awake in their wakeful state? And so she devoted herself to philosophy, reading works on medicine, anatomy, and other subjects, which are usually too abstruse and distasteful to her sex. We, as well as her acquaintance, could not help being astonished at her. And thus, dear Francis, she will certainly become insane in this passion of love, and destroy her own peace of mind.'

"Elizabeth now also described to me all the extravagances she committed when she heard of our engagement; at first, she intended to destroy both herself and sister; then again she said she knew how to conquer me, so that I should love her and abandon Elizabeth, whom she excelled both in goodness and intellect.

"I was naturally grieved at this news, feeling full well how imprudently I had acted in making such friendly advances to Ernestine, in my endeavors to reconcile her. I was somewhat relieved, when, a few days afterwards, Elizabeth told me that her sister had apologised with tears for what she had spoken in anger, that she had conjured her not to communicate to me any thing of these aberrations, and only implored her to be allowed to accompany us to our future residence, as she could not possibly live without the company of her sister and myself, without our conversation, and our music.

"Now plans and preparations were made, and the

aunt accompanied us to the Klausenburg, to celebrate, with a few friends, our nuptials in quiet, as Elizabeth had always been excessively averse from pomp and display. I had had a few apartments and the ball-room prepared, as far as it was possible, the greater part of the castle being in ruins. But Elizabeth had a poetical predilection for old castles, solitary mountainous countries, and the historical legends connected with them. After the wedding, we intended to take up our residence in a new house not far distant, and only occasionally to spend a few days or hours in the Klausenburg.

“We arrived; the gate was opened to us, and the first object that met our view in the court-yards from amidst the ivy that twined the high walls, was the old mad Sibyl, whom you, my friend, knew some years ago. My wife was terrified, and I shuddered. ‘Welcome! Welcome!’ cried the old hag, jumping about with wild gestures; ‘there comes the destroyer, the woman murderer, and brings his two brides with him, whom he will murder also.’ ‘How do you come here?’ I exclaimed. The porter replied, ‘She must have climbed down the other side of the cliffs, which form the extreme wall of the small garden, and must have concealed herself among the shrubs and ruins.’ ‘You are right, you are right,’ screamed the old hag, ‘it is pleasant to live there.’ Terrified as we were, Ernestine seemed merry, for she did not cease laughing.

“During the days on which we celebrated the festival, Ernestine did not appear; she had vanished; and being anxious about her, we despatched people in search of her, when, on the third day, she returned on foot, merry and in high spirits. She told us she had not been able to withstand the inclination to roam about in the mountains, as she always had had a desire to do so. ‘But thus alone, without informing us?’ said Elizabeth. ‘Alone!’ she replied, ‘No! I have kept constant company with that old prophetess whom you so unkindly sent away. There I have learnt many things quite new, that I never even read of, and we have become very good friends.’

“We looked at her with astonishment. I formed an idea without expressing it, that Ernestine was mad. So awful and ominous was her return to our residence, such sad forebodings crowded in our minds, that, in spite of my happiness, I felt no confidence on life, and Elizabeth could not regain her cheerfulness.

“In other respects we were reconciled, and enjoyed the present moment, and the beauty of the surrounding woods and mountains. Our few guests, as well as the aunt, had left us, and we might have lived contented and in happy union in this delightful solitude, had I not observed that my wife avoided her sister as much as circumstances permitted. When I asked her the reason of this, she answered



after some hesitation : ‘Dearest, I am terrified at Ernestine ; she has become quite malicious, though formerly she had not the least disposition that way. Whenever she can vex me, spoil any thing, or even expose me to danger, so that I may be startled, stumble, or even fall ; or if any stones fall in my way she shows the most malicious joy, as she did when she lately set the curtains of my bed on fire by bringing the candle too near them. She has told me laughing, that the country people talk of travellers and rangers having seen two spectres by moonlight, or in the morning-dawn in the lonely parts of the forests, whom they describe as terrible hideous beings ; that these were herself and the old gipsy, and that she only wished that the circumstance might appear in print, in order that she, with her own signature, Ernestine Fraulein von Jertz, might contradict the story of ghosts, and state that she was one of the imagined spirits. Is not all this terrible ?’

“ ‘Dear child,’ said I, ‘I must now tell you, in confidence, that I believe she is mad.’

“ ‘Is any malice, when it becomes a passion, any thing but madness ?’ remarked Elizabeth, very naturally.

“On the approach of autumn we left the Klausenburg to take possession of our new house, for, to my terror, I discovered a disposition to melancholy in my wife, for which our solitude seemed any



thing but beneficial. While we were once walking through the ancient apartments and the gothic hall, which was in tolerable preservation, and our footsteps echoed in the solitary room, my wife started with a sudden shudder. I asked the reason.

“ ‘O ! it is awful here,’ she replied, trembling ; ‘I feel as if invisible spectres haunted this place.’ I was terrified, and the thought that my wife’s mind, like that of her sister, might perhaps have suffered, stared at me like a monster.

“ When residing in our new house, we often missed Ernestine, and on inquiry, found that she staid in the Klausenburg and the ruins of the old castle. Although we had been living on an unpleasant footing, still my wife, as well as myself, could not help wishing her with us when she was away. But how different was my life from that which I had once pictured to myself when I courted Elizabeth !

“ Other domestic calamities united with our sufferings to increase our grief. That document which really constituted my fortune and supported my existence, which proved that large sums were paid, and some still owing to me, as well as all the deeds and papers which had been produced as proofs after the death of Count Moritz,—all these important papers which I had discovered after a long, troublesome search, and had in my hands but a short time before, had again disappeared. I had always

kept them carefully locked up, and it was my intention to travel to town and deliver them to my solicitor in person, as on them the recovery of my estates depended. They were gone ; and much as I meditated and reflected, I could not discover, nor even find a trace of the way in which they had been purloined. When at length I communicated my anxiety to my wife, she did not seem surprised, and told me calmly, ‘ Can you still doubt ? I have no doubt as to what has become of them. Ernestine has profited by some moment of your absence when you might have left your escrutoire open, or some other forgetfulness, to take the papers away.’

“ ‘ Not possible ! ’ I cried with horror. ‘ Possible ? ’ she repeated. ‘ What is impossible to her ? ’

“ As these documents were wanting, our long-standing lawsuit proceeded but slowly, and I felt sure that I must lose it whenever it was decided. I therefore availed myself of an opportunity which the court afforded me, by proposing to quash it, that I might defer the decision to some future period. Still I could not help questioning Ernestine, and informing her of my suspicions. I was horror-struck at the manner in which she heard me communicate a suspicion, which would have shocked any innocent mind. When I had overcome my embarrassment, and had concluded, she burst out in such laughter that I lost all composure. Recovering again, I urged her to reply, but she only said, with a sarcastic cold-

ness, 'My dear brother-in-law, there are here only two cases possible, as you must yourself see, notwithstanding your short-sightedness, namely, that I am either guilty or innocent. Is it not so? If I have committed the robbery, I must have been induced by weighty reasons, or goaded to such an act by malice, or something else. And then I ought to say: yes! I have done it, pray do not take it amiss. Now you must confess that this would be more than stupid. If I were a fool, I might have done it without any particular intention,—may be to light the kitchen fire with them; or because I was pleased with the red seals, and might now say: there, take these pretty papers back, considering they have some value for the dear count. But a fool I have not been up to this moment; and if I am malicious, I am of course not silly enough to confess the deed. Or again, assuming the second case that I am innocent, then you, sir brother-in-law (pray don't contradict me), are the simpleton for putting such unbecoming questions to me.'

"I could not answer the spectral being. When I saw that Elizabeth no longer took any pleasure in playing the piano that I procured from abroad in our retirement, and asked the reason of it, she said, sadly, 'Dearest, if I do not wish to incur deadly vexation, I must no longer play.' 'How so?' 'Because Ernestine has flatly forbidden me. She says that in a house where there lives such an accomplish-

ed pianist as herself, she could not allow any one else even to strike a note.' This presumption was too much for my patience. I ran to her chamber and asked her ironically to play me something, since she would not allow any one else to touch the instrument. She followed me, laughing loudly ; and truly she played in such a masterly style, that my anger was turned into admiration and rapture. 'Well !' she said, gravely, when she had finished, 'one may have in one's own house all enjoyments for which connoisseurs would travel fifty miles, and yet one can be satisfied with such bungling and such hammering up and down the keys with clumsy fingers. Oh ! fools and idiots, who, rogues as they are, talk of art and only mean vapor : they can only sip the nectar, and the wonderful becomes but trash in their rude hands. If I did not feel a constant disgust for life, if men were not repulsive to me, I should never cease laughing.' From that time she often joined in our music, at most permitting Elizabeth and myself to sing, though she maintained that we possessed neither school nor method. Thus the winter passed away. I was already poor, and with the prospect of being reduced quite to beggary ; Elizabeth was sickly, and the serenity of my life was gone.

"It was almost to be called a relief to our existence, when on the approach of spring, Ernestine became ill, and was shortly so much worse that she could not leave her bed. She grew more irritable as her

illness increased, and nothing vexed her more than that she could not visit the Klausenburg, of which she had become so fond. One warm day I sent her in the carriage, she searched long in the rooms, loitered among the shrubs and ruins, and returned much worse than before. It was now evident that she could not recover. The physician said that he could not understand her disease, nor the state of the sufferer, for the vital powers were so strong in her, that all the symptoms usually indicating death did not show themselves, and there was a probability of her speedy recovery ; in few days, however, he gave up all hope.

“ We now really looked forward to a quieter future. Although we felt pity for the unhappy being, yet we could not deny that she had a disturbing effect on our life and the happiness of our love. We heard that she was near death, but as she had arranged with her doctor and nurse that we should not disturb her, we had kept away. All of a sudden she much desired to see me, but requested that Elizabeth should not be present. I went, and said as I entered : ‘ Dear friend, you will doubtless be kind enough to give me back the documents which you took from my escrutoire to vex me.’ She looked at me significantly with her dying eyes, which now seemed larger and sparkled brighter than formerly. There was something so singular, bright and glaring in her look, that any one having witnessed it would never



wish to see any thing more terrible and inconceivable. After a pause she said : ‘ Brother, do these foolish trifles still occupy your head ? Yet it is no wonder, every one lives as he can. Sit down, my friend,’ she continued, with an air of contempt ; I complied, and sat down by her bed.

“ ‘ You fancy,’ she now began in a repulsive, cutting tone, ‘ you will get rid of me ; but do not deceive yourself by flattering yourself too soon with such an idea. Death, life, non-existence, continuation ! what useless, unmeaning words ! When I had scarcely passed my childhood, I could not help laughing at men, if I saw them fretting about continued existence after death. They drag in and heap up like towers, proof after proof, probabilities and wishes, entreaties, prayers, and the mercy of the Almighty ; they talk of many fine talents which cannot on this side of the grave, as they call it, be possibly perfected, much less brought to maturity, —and all these preparations are but to hush their base cowardice and fear of death. Poor wretches ! If I collect myself, become conscious of my various energies in every direction, and then call to eternity, to the Creator and the millions of spirits of the past and the future, I will be immortal ! I *will* !—what more is necessary, and what omnipotence can interfere to destroy my eternal, almighty will ? What further security of being immortal and eternal does the man want who has any consciousness ? How



and in what manner, that is another question. What farce we shall then play, what mask, what party-colored wig, what gibbous labyrinth of entrails we shall then possess, what etiquette and court taste of ugliness and beauty will then be introduced, is uncertain. But, my good friends, as my own power, without any thing more, preserves me immortal, the same energy and free-will may bring me back to you whenever and as often as I like. Believe me, ye fools, these spectres, as you call them, are not exactly the worst or weakest spirits. Many a one would fain return, but he has as little individual character *there* as *here*, and hence the impossibility of doing so. And to you,—you paragon, rogue, vain, amiable character, full of talents, you bud of virtue, you barterer of beauty, whom I was compelled to love so intensely, yea, compelled despite of my inmost soul, which told me that you did not deserve it,—to you, smooth skinned, straight grown, human animal, I shall ever be quite near, believe me. For this love and jealousy, this rage after you and your breathing, and conversation, will urge me to the earth, and this will be, as the pious would say, my purgatory. Therefore, no leave-taking ; we shall meet again !’ Thus saying she offered me her cold, dead hand.

“ When life was extinct I returned to Elizabeth, but took care not to communicate any thing of the

frantic ravings of the deceased, as her nerves were already excited by great anxiety, and she often suffered from spasms.

“We now lived in still retirement in a rural solitude, which, in spite of our reduced finances, might have become delightful had I not remarked that the morbid and melancholy mood of Elizabeth was on the increase. She became pale and wasted, and I often found her weeping when entering her chamber unexpectedly. When I asked her the reason of this, she told me she knew not herself what was the matter with her, that she always felt sorrowful without being able to say why; that when she was alone she felt quite awed, it seemed so terrible to her that her sister had been obliged to end her existence in such a frantic passion, and that often when entering or sitting alone in her chamber, it was as if Ernestine stood near her; she fancied she heard her singing, felt her breath, and her looks appeared to force themselves through the empty air.

“I quieted her, left her rarely by herself, read to her, we took walks together, and sometimes paid visits to our acquaintance in the neighborhood. As she became calmer she recovered by degrees her naturally beautiful complexion. Feeling once unwell, and lying comfortably stretched out on the sofa, while she was reading an interesting story to me, I said, ‘how beautiful and melodious is your voice;

will you not sing again for once ? For a long time you have not opened your music books, your instrument is locked, and your beautiful fingers will at length become quite stiff.'

" 'You know,' she replied, 'that a few months ago my sister flatly forbade me to practise music ; we were obliged to concede to her ill health, and thus I have become quite out of practice.'

" 'Sing now,' I cried, 'the delight will be the greater to me for its novelty !'

" We looked out a cheerful, pleasing piece of music, to avoid any thing melancholy, and Elizabeth poured forth, with a truly heavenly voice, the clear light tones, which thrilled bliss into my heart. Suddenly she stopped, and was again seized with that violent hysteric fit of weeping which had so often terrified me. 'I cannot,' she cried, deeply moved, 'all these sounds rise up before me like fiends ; I always feel my sister quite near me ; her dress rustling against mine, and her anger terrifies me.' I felt clearly that my peace of mind as well as hers was destroyed.

" Our physician, a very judicious man, and a friend of ours, when she confessed all these feelings, her trembling, and the anxiety which almost incessantly preyed on her and undermined her health, applied every remedy to calm her, physically and mentally. This honest and judicious persuasion had a good effect, and his medicines proved salutary. When

summer came we were much in the open air. We were once taking a drive to the estate of an acquaintance, who told us that he intended to give a musical festival, composed of friends and some virtuosi. My wife's great talent for music being known, we were invited, and she promised to play and sing; being then surrounded by strangers, flattered by both sexes and in a cheerful mood. I was the more rejoiced at this, as our physician made it a part of his advice that she should forcibly combat these gloomy feelings and this hypochondriacal anxiety. She determined to follow his advice. Much pleased and rejoiced, we returned to our humble residence. Elizabeth with spirit went through the difficult pieces of music, and the idea that she might in this way, perhaps, recover her youthful vigor, delighted me.

"A few days after this, while I was reading a letter, that had just arrived, the door was suddenly burst open, and Elizabeth rushed in, deadly pale, and fell as if dead in my arms. 'What is the matter?' I cried, seized with horror. Her eye wandered wildly round, her heart palpitated almost to bursting, and she was some time before she regained her voice and breath.

"'Oh! heavens,' she at length exclaimed, every word being expressive of horror, 'in there, while I practised—in a cheerful mood—I accidentally cast a look in the glass—and I saw behind me Ernestine

looking at me with that strange smile, and having her withered arms folded across her chest. I know not whether she is still there, I hardly know how I reached here.'

"I gave her in charge of her maid ; she retired, and the doctor was immediately sent for. I went into the other room, and found the music books scattered under the instrument. Elizabeth must have thrown them down in her fright.

" 'Of what avail are reasoning, joke, and consolation, diet and medicines against perfect madness,' said I to myself, and yet I could not help thinking of the words with which her dying sister had threatened us.

"The news of my wife having been taken ill reached our friend's ears, and was likely to prevent the musical festival taking place. His wife came a few days afterwards with a female singer, to inquire after Elizabeth's health. Not having said any thing, even to the doctor, of the apparition which my wife imagined she had seen, we of course did not mention this singular circumstance to our visitors. To all appearances my wife having quite recovered from her fright, we walked in our small garden with our friends conversing about the festival, and the baroness and the singer at length proposed to practise some music in my wife's presence, that they might have her opinion, though she might not be able to join.

"We therefore returned to the drawing-room,



and as it became dark, candles were lighted. The singer sat at the instrument to accompany herself, on her right was the baroness, I was just behind, and my wife was on her left. We could not help admiring the voices and the style of the singers. The music by degrees became more animated and impassioned, and I had once already omitted turning the page, when, just as the next leaf was played, a long bony finger appeared on it, quickly turned the leaf at the right time, and the melody proceeded. I looked round, and beheld the terrible Ernestine standing close by me behind the baroness ; I know not how I kept my composure, but I looked searchingly and almost unmoved at the terrific apparition. She smiled at me with that malicious expression which, even when living, made her countenance repelling. She wore her usual dress, her eyes were fiery, and her face was white as chalk. I felt almost a satisfaction in the gloomy sensation of awe, remained silent, and was glad that Elizabeth did not perceive the spirit. Suddenly there was a shriek of terror, and my wife fell fainting on the ground, while the withered finger was just going again to turn the page. The music of course ended, my wife was in a fever, and our friends, who had not seen the spectre, returned home."

Here the invalid paused. The physician looked significantly at me, shaking his head.

"And you have," he at length said, "never be-



fore told your present doctor any thing of that apparition."

"No," replied Francis, "you may call it shame, or fear of his cold, searching understanding; you may call it weakness or what you please; suffice it to say, I could not prevail on myself to make this confession."

"But it was very necessary," said the physician, "for how could he judge correctly of your illness without that information?"

"From that time," resumed Francis in a faint voice, "we determined to quit the neighborhood, in hopes that the furious spectre would not follow us beyond the mountains. But while we continued in our house we often saw her, mostly in the music-room. Our doctor being with us one morning, he sat down to the instrument, and played some passages extempore. Suddenly the terrible spectre again stood by my wife's chair, and laid her cold withered hand on her shoulder. Hysterics and faintings again followed."

"And did your doctor see it also?"

"No," said Francis, "she appeared behind him, but I saw her distinctly then, as I often did afterwards by broad daylight. We had only to touch the keys of the instrument, when she immediately appeared, so that to strike a note was a summons. When I once revisited the ancient Klausenburg, I found her sitting upon a stone staring at me. Thus persecuted, terrified, and in constant fear and anx-

ity, we have become ripe for death, and the physician despairing of our recovery, advised us at last to visit this watering-place, as a last resource for restoring our shattered health. But hitherto we have not found any beneficial result. And who can assure us that the spectre may not here haunt us also. She intends to destroy us, and the most inconceivable things are possible to her strong will. I believe we need only sing an air, or play a sonata even at this distance, and she would make her appearance."

"I will answer for that, count," cried the doctor in a firm voice, "our faculty knows how to keep such malicious spirits at a distance."

Here our conversation ended ; we sent the patient home in a sedan chair to his hotel, and I accompanied the physician.

While walking in the quiet of night through the dark avenues of trees, he said to me, "Dear sir, we are too much excited to sleep, favor me with your company to my lodging ; a powerful aromatic cardinal\* will keep up our spirits, and I will there tell you my opinion respecting our two invalids, of whose recovery, after what I have heard, I no longer doubt. I would almost promise that in two months I shall send them home in tolerably good health."

I was astonished at this, as I had given up all hope of the recovery of my friends. Our strongly-

\* A beverage usually prepared of wine, brandy, sugar, and pine-apples, or other fruit.

spiced beverage much enlivened us ; and the doctor continued : “ The mental disease of your friend is to me one of the most interesting psychological phenomena that has ever passed under my observation. He, as well as his wife, are laboring under a singular madness ; and if we once succeed in attacking it rightly, then in weakening, and finally in eradicating it altogether, the physical recovery will follow of itself. Though I did not know your friend formerly, yet, from his communications, I can exactly and truly construe his character and fate. He is naturally good and tender, the latter rather preponderating ; and, like most men of this disposition, is more subject to vanity than those of firmer character. He has been handsome and amiable, possessed of talents, and persuasive manners, and has, therefore, been everywhere well received, so that, being a general favorite, and naturally pliant, he may have turned the head of many a pretty girl. Meeting, at last, with his beautiful wife, he determined to change his condition, and her naturally sensitive and nervous nature was delighted to call so amiable a gentleman her husband. And, as usually happens to enthusiasts, so is it in this case ; they do not find in matrimony that transcendant felicity which they anticipated ; a slight discord takes possession of the tender cords of the nerves, which impatiently look forward to new vibrations. The ugly, deformed sister felt, like most persons of the sort, jealousy and envy

against the preferred, flattered, and fondled wife. She plainly showed her indignation, and confessed that she hated the count. This amiable conqueror of hearts now employed all his art to overcome this hatred. He succeeded, and the poor deluded creature even fancied that she had excited his affection, while his vanity exulted in the triumph. This heartlessness could not but mortify and shock the unfortunate Ernestine. An inward rage consumed her, she fell a victim to her unfortunate passion ; and, dying, she uttered the menace to persecute them in every possible way. This is plainly madness. This madness, as has often been observed, is hereditary, and relations, brothers, sisters, and children, are seized with it whenever it is manifested in a member of the family. So in the case of your friend. Perhaps the affectionate count has not been quite silent on the subject to his wife ; and she being already in a delicate state, has indulged these fancies, and with anxious curiosity pursues the gloomy feelings produced by her nerves. Thus, what is more natural than that she should soon find an occasion on which she fancied she really saw her sister ? The fears of his wife were communicated to him, anguish of mind at his misfortunes heated his imagination, and he also sees the apparition. Thus they go on, until both have nearly destroyed themselves by a mere phantom. If we can dissipate this phantom, they may be restored to health."

“Dear doctor,” I replied, “I know not whether I have a particular propensity for superstition, but your reasons do not satisfy me. Much that has been handed down both by tradition and writing, on this curious subject, cannot be mere fancy or invention, however much our reason may be opposed to it. There are, no doubt, states of the mind and of the nerves, as well as diseases, during which certain persons see what is veiled from all others. What is spirit? What notions does this word suggest? Do we know the nature, talent, or power, which these millions of differently constituted souls possess, after having shaken off their earthly frame? Do we know by what possibility this or that strong mind, by the power of his will, or anxious repentance, or a secret tormenting yearning after home, forms from his imagination a visible frame, such as he used to wear?”

“And supposing you to be quite right, what would you profit by it?” exclaimed the zealous doctor. “If any one who is in a discontented mood, or state of excitement, sees any thing, it is, indeed, only and always his own fancies, his own internal phases, which appear before his bodily eye. This may happen to any one at times. We have in the morning a vivid dream; we certainly awake, and still, for a moment, we see the child for whom we yearned, the lily or rose which delighted us, or an old friend who is a hundred miles distant. Perhaps it never yet happened that, to one of the many ghost-seers, his aged



father or grandfather appeared as a youth or bridegroom, the murderer as a boy in his innocence, the wild spectre of an aged prisoner as a blooming virgin. Why, then, do not these spectres, for once, change their shape ? ”

“ Because,” rejoined I, “ they perhaps can express their imagination only in the last state immediately preceding their change.”

“ Ah ! this is idle,” exclaimed the doctor, impatiently ; “ yield the point quietly rather than vainly endeavor to refute me. Assist me rather in restoring your friend.”

“ In what way can I do so ? ”

“ It is only by some violent means that a happy beginning can be made. Believe me, in the deepest recesses of our minds there are still growing some weeds of vanity, concerning which we fondly deceive ourselves, by fancying that the external surface is the proper soil for them to luxuriate in. Even in moments of terror, in the horror of death, or during tormenting disease, we are tickled by the consciousness that, notwithstanding these, we experience something apart—that we see apparitions which awaken anxiety. Nay, we go further ; we wish them back again, and, as it were, call them forth ; our plastic and pliant nature, and our almost inconceivable fancy obey, and again such a bugbear is conjured up. Assist me then in persuading and disposing our invalid to have music in the count’s



or your own apartments ; let us procure an instrument, and as the countess cannot sing, she will at least play. That they may not cause an excitement, should they again be seized by this mania, no one but yourself and I must be present, or at most her attendant in case of a relapse. But it will not happen in my presence, as I shall have my quick eyes everywhere. By these means our patients will gain confidence and tranquillity, and by a daily repetition, and the use of stronger remedies, we shall cure their wild fancies."

"And if not?" I replied, with anxious doubt.

"Well, then, by heavens!" he replied, with a loud laugh, "if I, without having previously taken too much, see any thing, then—"

"Then?"

"Then, baron, you shall call me a fool, which, viewed in the proper light, we are all by nature."

Thus we parted, and it required much persuasion to prevail upon my afflicted friend to consent to our experiment. His wife, to my astonishment, was more easily persuaded. She said, not without reason, "I feel it, my life is drawing to a close, all help is vain; the nearer death is the better. So much the better if a new terror can crush me like a stroke of lightning. And if the event which I anticipate does not take place, then my last days will at least be free from this fear and anxious horror; I shall be able to amuse and divert myself, and it

remains in the hand of Omnipotence whether I and my husband shall have further hope of recovery."

The third day was fixed upon for music, and a late hour in the evening was appointed, because the countess, like most persons suffering from fever, felt it strongest at that time, and would thereby shorten the night, as she seldom slept till morning. An instrument had been placed in the room ; more lights than were required were burning, and the adjoining chamber likewise was brilliantly lighted, in order that no doubtful shadow might be produced in the dark. Besides the easy chair and sofa in the sitting-room, there was a couch, on which the countess reposed in the day. The piano was placed against the wall, between two windows, looking over the garden and some vineyards beyond. After tea, the door being locked, the waiter and servant were dismissed ; no one remained but the countess's attendant, a strong young woman, whom we begged to keep up her spirits.

The countess took her seat at the instrument. The doctor stood beside her, in order to observe her, as well as to overlook both rooms, while I sat and stood alternately on the other side. Francis, in his morning-gown and slippers, walked slowly up and down behind us, and the attendant leaned against the open chamber-door.

At first the countess played faintly, uncertainly, and timidly. But by degrees the beauty of the

composition, and the consciousness of her talent inspired her, and she played with precision and fire a humorous and melodious fantasia. Her eyes sparkled, her cheeks were flushed, and a smile, full of soul, played upon her once beautiful mouth. The doctor cast a triumphant glance at me, and by the strong light, the mien and feature of every one in the room were distinctly visible. All praised the performer, and the doctor gave her something to revive her. She was as if inspired with new life, and confessed that she had not felt so well for the last year. Poor Francis was in raptures, and his tearful eyes were full of hope.

With the same arrangement we proceeded to the second piece, while she played still more confidently, and with less exertion. Bravos and applause accompanied her—when suddenly—a terrible shriek was heard—how shall I describe it? Never were my ears rent by such terrific sounds—it was some time after that I perceived that Francis had uttered it—the candles burned with a blue flame, but yet there was light enough.—And what a spectacle!—Francis, with foaming mouth, and eyes starting from their sockets, was clasping a horrible spectre; and wrestled with the withered hideous form. “You or I,” he now cried, and it clasped him with its bony arms so firmly, pressed its crooked deformed body so strongly against his, and its pale face so firmly against his chest, that we all heard how in

this struggle his bones were crashing. The attendant had hastened to assist the countess, who had fainted. The doctor and myself approached the count, just as he threw the spectre with gigantic force on the couch, which creaked under her. He stood erect. It lay on the couch like a cloud, like a dark cover, and as we approached, it was gone.

Francis now felt all his bones broken, his last strength was annihilated. In three days he was no more, and the physician found his body much bruised. The countess never recovered from her state of delirium, and two days afterwards she followed her beloved and unfortunate husband to his early grave.

## AULD ROBIN GRAY.

BY LADY ANNE LINDSAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at  
hame,  
And a' the warld to sleep are gane ;  
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,  
When my guideman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weil, and socht me for his  
bride,  
But saving a croun, he had naething else beside :  
To make that croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to  
sea ;  
And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna been awa a week but only twa,  
When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was  
stown awa ;  
My father brak his arm, and young Jamie at the sea,  
And auld Robin Gray cam a courtin' me.



Engraved by A. P. Wood

Designed by J. Wood

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

New York, D. Appleton & Co.





My father couldna work, and my mother couldna  
spin ;

I toiled day and nicht, but their bread I couldna win ;  
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and wi' tears in  
his ee,

Said, Jennie, for their sakes, oh, marry me.

My heart, it said nay, for I looked for Jamie back ;  
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a  
wreck :

The ship it was a wreck—why didna Jamie dee ?  
Or why do I live to say, Wae's me.

My father argued sair : my mother didna speak ;  
But she lookit in my face till my heart was like to  
break ;

Sae they gied him my hand, though my heart was  
in the sea ;

And auld Robin Gray was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife, a week but only four,  
When, sitting sae mournfully at the door,  
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he,  
Till he said, I'm come back for to marry thee.

Oh, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say ;  
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away ;  
I wish I were deid, but I'm no like to dee ;  
And why do I live to say, Wae's me !

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin :  
I darena think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin ;  
But I'll do my best, a gudewife to be,  
For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.





THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

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## THE MAGICIAN.

### A HARZ STORY.

IN a small town which possessed the right of holding criminal courts there was once a famous Magician caught, the country being at that time infested with such sort of people. He had been forced to make a free confession of his crimes by torture ; and therefore the court found itself at full liberty to sentence the wicked wretch to be burned alive.

The day fixed upon for the execution drew nigh ; the pile stood already erected before one of the gates, and all the inhabitants of the adjoining country were impatiently awaiting the arrival of the hour of execution, for the little town had never been so dull and desolate as for some months before. During all that period they had neither drowned a single witch, nor even flogged a pickpocket : so the whole country had been longing for an execution to diversify the monotony of their existence, and now hands and feet got enlivened, and for several days all who could wag their tongues talked of nothing but the burning of

the Magician, and all who could move their limbs skipped twice a-day round the pile.

Well, the great day arrived. Long before dawn hundreds of small wagons came pouring into the city from fifty miles of the surrounding country, and swelled the numerous company who had arrived the night before and were spending the time till the hour of execution in various gossip. With daybreak all was crowd and bustle in the town; and in less than half an hour street and houses were deserted, and the large field around the pile so crowded with spectators, that had one tossed an apple into it, it could not have reached the ground. Every eye was fixed upon the pile, and upon the motions of the executioner and his assistants; while from time to time a distant observer heard a loud noise resembling the rushing of a storm through a pinewood, caused by the rustling of the crowd, which again sunk down into an awful silence.

During one of these pauses a gloomy whispering was heard,—deep gravity spread over every face,—and after the lapse of some minutes, a universal shout arose, “The Magician has escaped!”

Nobody could believe it,—nobody could think it possible, yet every one shouted it the louder for his disbelief, and thousands were about to run off to storm the prison: for was it not quite insufferable thus to have their excited expectations deceived,—to have been kept awake the whole night for noth-

ing !—to have endured hunger and thirst, and all for nothing !

A wild outcry of fury and rage was already heard throughout the field, when the judges made their appearance, and partly to confirm the sad news that the impatient criminal had not chosen to await his burning, and partly with the prudential motive of saving themselves from a shower of stones, desired the whole assembly to pursue the Magician, who must undoubtedly, as they affirmed, still be lurking about the neighborhood, and could not escape the scrutiny of so many thousand eyes. They also invited the whole assembly to attend on the following day at a still more solemn execution of the wizard.

In the twinkling of an eye the whole crowd were in motion, galloping over and against one another with as much confusion as ever distracted Babel. Not a few were induced by the mischances they met with to desist from the chase, and took their way back to the town in no very good humor, though not quite without hope ; but hundreds of them scattered themselves over the country in search of the Magician.

The constables, well-provided with arms, hastened, according to orders, towards a wood where it was thought the criminal could most easily hide himself. On the road thither they met a man with a long beard, whom they at first took for a wandering Jew, and accompanied part of the way to learn if he

could give them any information about the Magician. Hereupon the stranger showed them a bow and an arrow, and assured them that he never failed in shooting with them, and could with these weapons keep off a thousand enemies. The constables stared upon him, and fancying that they could perceive the features of the Magician under the mask of the Jew, began to tremble in all their limbs ; the wish to lead him back in triumph to the town struggled with their fear of the enchanted arrow ; but all of them fell a few inches aside at every step, and thus a wide circle was gradually formed around the pretended Jew.

He looked around him and discovered a falcon soaring high in the air above him ; it now appeared like a little black speck in the heavens, but he bent his bow and presently the bird fell transfixed by the arrow, into a marshy ditch all overgrown with thorns. "Fetch me the falcon and my arrow!" called he out with a commanding voice to the constables, who hesitated long, but at last the terror with which his voice inspired them conquered, and one of them proceeded with faltering steps towards the place where the bird lay. Whilst he was yet picking his way over the marsh, the archer drew a little whistle out of his pocket and commenced playing a waltz, when lo ! the poor fellow began to waltz about, and stretched out his hands as if to invite his companions, who stood gaping in astonishment upon him, to join him !

Presently they all rushed like mad people into the marsh, where they danced and waltzed till their senses reeled, and their hands and feet were grievously torn by the briers. Often they implored the Magician to spare them, and to allow them a little respite ; and at last, when their strength was nearly utterly exhausted, he ceased to play, and they left off dancing.

All breathless and exhausted they crept out from among the thorns and the marsh ; but one of the constables had sufficient presence of mind left, secretly to carry off the arrow and the bird along with him.

The archer received them laughing ; he now wore another beard and garment, and no longer seemed a Jew, but in truth the very Magician they were in search of. “ Do you not know me ? ” inquired he. “ You were all active enough, however, in torturing me ; and this morning you would doubtless have been very well pleased to have assisted at my burning. The pile is yet standing, and you wish to prepare for to-morrow the feast which has been spoiled in the cooking to-day ; well, I will return with you, provided you will promise to dance to my whistle, for I suppose you are come to fetch me back.”

The constables could not deny it ; but declined very earnestly the honor of invitation to the dance. Their protestations were, however, of no avail ; the Magician took his whistle, and they felt themselves constrained to obey. Fortunately he was this time



content with playing a slow Polonese, and thus they escaped skin-free for the present.

When they reached the field before the town, the Magician greeted the executioner, who, happy at the return of the Magician, but not without considerable sensations of alarm, made what arrangements he could, by beckonings and signs, to prevent the criminal again escaping.

The Magician mounted the pile, and sat very contentedly down upon it : upon which the constables hastened, as fast as their weary feet could carry them, into the town to proclaim the unheard news, their own great deeds, and the deliverance of the country. They proceeded, attended by a crowd of many thousands to the court-house, where the tribunal was yet assembled, and with loud complaints brought forth fresh accusations against the knave, who, in their persons, had affronted the whole citizens. They were complimented on their good services—the arrow was placed as a *corpus delicti* among the criminal proceedings—and as there seemed to be some difficulty in keeping the rogue in prison, it was resolved to fire the pile without farther delay : especially as the auspicious burning of the Magician had been already engrossed in the protocol of the proceedings as having happened that day, and, according to an ancient and wise law, nothing which had once been recorded could be afterwards altered in any wise.



Three councillors marched in solemn and high judicial array, to the pile, with the constables, preceded by the assistants of the executioner bearing burning torches, and followed by all the people, who had remained in the town, in expectation of the issue.

When they approached the gate they heard from afar a shouting of ten thousand tipsy people ; and soon, oh marvellous ! their own feet began to skip under them, and skipping they went out at the gate, and saw a numberless crowd of spectators, every instant swelled by the crowds which streamed towards them, all leaping with the greatest exertion around the pile.

Upon the pile stood the Magician—to whose whistle they danced—beating time with his feet. All danced who had feet to dance,—children, and grandmothers,—and grave-looking men who never had dreamed of dancing in their lives before,—and old men, and nuns, and noble knights, and fish-women—all in the most motley crowd. Sometimes the Magician led them through a reel, and sometimes through a waltz,—now he allowed them to recover breath in a minuet,—and presently he set them a-dancing with increased vigor at a Swabian jig or a Cosaque ; even the executioner and his assistants were footing it upon the pile itself, and streams of perspiration flowed down their limbs at every *saut perilleux*.

The torch-bearers also approached dancing, their leader incessantly calling out :

“Lack-a-day! Lack-a-day! Did not I say :

“‘Let not the rogue take his whistle away!’”

“Bravo ! bravo !” shouted the Magician, making a short pause in his playing—welcome relief to the feet of the dancers—when he saw the van approaching with the torches intended to light the pile: “Bravo ! Bravo ! Now comes the torch-dance.\* Courage ! Courage ! The torch-bearers first ; and after them every one of you according to his dignity ! Only a few hours more of it ! But you must sing also.”

Instantly all the thousands who were dancing around the Magician began to sing :

“Lack-a-day! Lack-a-day! Did not I say :

“‘Let not the rogue take his whistle away!’”

“Da Capo ! Da Capo !” exclaimed the remorse-

\* The torch-dance seems to have had its origin in a custom of the Greeks—afterwards adopted by the Romans—who had a torch carried before the bride, at their weddings, by a youth representing the god Hymen. Constantine introduced the torch-dance at his own court, when he transferred his residence from Rome to Byzantium. It was consequently known in the 14th century as a court and ceremonious dance. In later times it became a part of the merriments with which emperors and kings celebrated their weddings; and when tournaments had ceased, the torch-dance yet remained as a memorial of ancient times. The torch-dance was solemnly danced at Berlin on the recent occasion of an illustrious marriage.

less Magician ; and every body screamed and danced, and danced and screamed, till one sank here, and another there, perfectly exhausted, and yet again leaped up and danced more furiously than ever.

Forgotten was prison and execution. They danced till deep in the night, and in the morning—each one lay groaning in his bed,—and Magician, and arrow, and pile had vanished !

## THE TWO PATHS.

### I.

THE paths of life are rudely laid  
Beneath the blaze of burning skies ;  
Level and cool, in cloistered shade,  
The church's pavement lies.  
Along the sunless forest glade  
Its gnarled roots are coiled like crime ;  
Where grows the grass with freshening blade,  
Thine eyes may track the serpent's slime ;  
But there thy steps are unbetrayed,  
The serpent waits a surer time.

### II.

The fires of earth are fiercely blent,  
Its suns arise with scorching glow ;  
The church's light hath soft descent,  
And hues like God's own bow.  
The brows of men are darkly bent,  
Their lips are wreathed with scorn and guile ;  
But pure, and pale, and innocent,  
The looks that light the marble aisle—  
From angel eyes, in love intent,  
And lips of everlasting smile.





Painted by E. J. Wood.

Engraved by W. H. Stodart.

## THE COUNTESS

New York D. Appleton & Co. 346 & 348 Broadway.



## III.

Lady, the fields of earth are wide,  
And tempt an infant's foot to stray :  
Oh ! lead thy loved one's steps aside,  
Where the white altar lights his way.  
Around his path shall glance and glide  
A thousand shadows false and wild ;  
Oh ! lead him to that surer Guide  
Than sire serene, or mother mild,  
Whose Childhood quelled the age of pride,  
Whose Godhead called the little child.

## IV.

So, when thy breast of love untold,  
That warmed his sleep of infancy,  
Shall only make the marble cold  
Beneath his aged knee,  
From its steep throne of heavenly gold,  
Thy soul shall stoop to see  
His grief, that cannot be controlled,  
Turning to God from thee—  
Cleaving with prayer the cloudy fold,  
That veils the Sanctuary.

J. R.

# THE JESUITS' CHURCH.

AN ART TALE.

BY E. T. W. HOFFMANN.

IF, gentle reader, you were ever compelled to stop three days in a little town, where you did not know a soul, but were forced to remain a stranger to every body, and if some deep pain did not destroy the inclination for social converse, you will be able to appreciate my annoyance. In words alone does the spirit of life manifest itself in all around us; but the inhabitants of your small towns are like a secluded orchestra, which has worked into its own way of playing and singing by hard practice, so that the tone of the foreigner is discordant to their ears, and at once puts them to silence. I was walking up and down my room, in a thorough ill-humor, when it at once struck me that a friend at home, who had once passed two years at G——, had often spoken of a learned, clever man, with whom he had been intimate. His name, I recollected, was Aloysius Walter, professor at the Jesuits' college. I now resolved to set out, and turn my friend's acquaintance to my own advantage.

They told me at the college that Professor Walter was lecturing, but would soon have finished, and as they gave me the choice of calling again or waiting in the outer rooms, I chose the latter. The cloisters, colleges, and churches of the Jesuits are every where built in that Italian style which, based upon the antique form and manner, prefers splendor and elegance to holy solemnity and religious dignity. In this case the lofty, light, airy halls were adorned with rich architecture, and the images of saints, which were here placed against the walls, between Ionic pillars, were singularly contrasted by the carving over the doorways, which invariably represented a dance of genii, or fruit and the dainties of the kitchen.

The professor entered—I reminded him of my friend, and claimed his hospitality for the period of my forced sojourn in the place. I found him just as my friend had described him; clear in his discourse, acquainted with the world, in short, quite in the style of the higher class priest, who has been scientifically educated, and peeping over his breviary into life, has often sought to know what is going on there. When I found his room furnished with modern elegance, I returned to my former reflections in the halls, and uttered them to the professor aloud.

“You are right,” said he, “we have banished from our edifices that gloomy solemnity, that strange majesty of the crushing tyrant, who oppresses our

bosoms in Gothic architecture, and causes a certain unpleasant sensation, and we have very properly endowed our works with the lively cheerfulness of the ancients."

"But," said I, "does not that sacred dignity, that lofty majesty of Gothic architecture which seems, as it were, striving after Heaven, proceed from the true spirit of Christianity, which, supersensual itself, is directly opposed to that sensual spirit of the antique world which remains in the circle of the earthly?"

The professor smiled. "The higher kingdom," said he, "should be recognised in this world, and this recognition can be awakened by cheerful symbols, such as life—nay, the spirit which descends from that kingdom into earthly life—presents. Our home is above, but while we dwell here, our kingdom is of this world also."

"Ay," thought I, "in every thing that you have done you have indeed shown that your kingdom is of this world—nay, of this world only;" but I did not communicate my thoughts to Professor Aloysius Walter, who proceeded thus:

"What you say of the magnificence of our buildings in this place can only refer properly to the pleasant appearance of the form. Here, where we cannot afford marble, and great masters in painting will not work for us, we are—in conformity with the modern fashion—obliged to make use of substitutes.

If we get as high as polished plaster we have done a great deal, and our different kinds of marble are often nothing more than the work of the painter. This is the case in our church, which, thanks to the liberality of our patrons, has been newly decorated."

I expressed a desire to see the church ; the professor led me down, and when I entered the Corinthian colonnade, which formed the nave of the church, I felt the pleasing—too pleasing impression of the graceful proportions. To the left of the principal altar a lofty scaffolding had been erected, upon which a man stood, who was painting over the walls in the antique style.

" Now ! how are you going on, Berthold ? " cried the professor.

The painter turned round to us, but immediately proceeded with his work, saying in an indistinct, and almost inaudible voice : " Great deal of trouble—crooked, confused stuff—no rule to make use of—beasts—apes—human faces—miserable fool that I am ! "

These last words he cried aloud in a voice that nothing but the deepest agony working in the soul could produce. I felt strangely affected ;—these words, the expression of face, the glance which he had previously cast at the professor, brought before my eyes the whole struggling life of an unfortunate artist. The man could have been scarcely more than forty years old ; his form, though disfigured by the un-



seemly, dirty costume of a painter, had something in it indescribably noble, and deep grief could only discolor his face, but could not extinguish the fire that sparkled in his black eyes. I asked the professor for particulars respecting this painter. "He is a foreign artist," was the reply, "who came here just at the time when the repair of the church had been resolved upon. He undertook the work we offered him with pleasure, and indeed his arrival was for us a stroke of good fortune, since neither here nor for a great distance round, could we find a painter so admirably fitted for all that we require. Besides, he is the most good-natured creature in the world, and we all love him heartily : for that reason he got on well in our college. Besides giving him a considerable salary for his work, we board him, which, by the way, does not entail a very heavy burden upon us, for he is abstemious almost to excess, though perhaps it may accord with the weakness of his constitution.

"But," said I, "he seemed to-day so peevish—so irritable."

"That," replied the professor, "is owing to a particular cause. But let us look at some fine pictures on the side altars, which by a lucky chance we obtained some time ago. There is only a single original—a Domenichino—among them, the rest are by unknown masters of the Italian school ; but if you are free from prejudice, you will be forced to



confess that every one of them might bear the most celebrated name."

I found it was exactly as the professor had said. Strangely enough, the only original was one of the weakest—if not the very weakest of the collection, while the beauty of many of the anonymous pictures had for me an irresistible charm. The picture on one of the altars was covered up, and I asked the cause of this : " This picture," said the professor, " is the finest that we possess,—it is the work of a young artist of modern times—certainly his last, for his flight is checked. At this time we are obliged, for certain reasons, to cover it up, but to-morrow, or the day after, I shall perhaps be in a condition to show it you."

I wished to make further inquiries, but the professor hurried swiftly through the passage, and that was enough to show his unwillingness to answer more. We went back to the college, and I readily accepted the invitation of the professor, who wished me, in the afternoon, to go with him to some public gardens in the neighborhood. We returned home late, a storm had risen, and I had scarcely reached my dwelling than the rain began to pour down. About midnight the sky cleared up, and the thunder only murmured in the distance. Through the open windows the warm air, laden with scents, entered the room, and though I was weary, I could not resist the temptation to take a walk. I succeeded

in waking the surly man-servant, who had been snoring for about two hours ; and in showing him that there was no madness in working at midnight. Soon I found myself in the street. When I passed the Jesuits' church, I was struck by the dazzling light that beamed through a window. The little side-door was ajar, so I entered and saw a wax-taper burning before a niche. When I had come nearer, I observed that before this niche a packthread net had been spread, behind which a dark form was running up and down the ladder, and seemed to be designing something on the niche. It was Berthold, who was accurately tracing the shadow of the net with black color. On a tall easel, by the ladder, stood the drawing of an altar. I was much struck at the ingenious contrivance. If, gentle reader, you are in the least acquainted with the noble art of painting, you will at once know, without further explanation, the use of the net, the shadow of which Berthold was sketching. Berthold was about to paint a projecting altar on the niche, and that he might make a large copy of the small drawing with due correctness, he was obliged to put a net, in the usual manner, over both the sketch and the surface on which the sketch was to be completed. In this instance he had to paint not on a flat surface but on a semicircular one ; and the correspondence of the squares which the curved lines of the net formed on the concave surface, with the straight ones of the

sketch, together with accuracy in the architectural proportions which were to be brought forward in perspective, could not be otherwise obtained than by that simple and ingenious contrivance. I was cautious enough not to step before the taper, lest I might betray myself by my shadow, but I stood near enough to his side to observe the painter closely. He appeared to me quite another man. Perhaps it was the effect of the taper, but his face had a good color, his eyes sparkled with internal satisfaction, and when he had completed the lines he placed himself before the screen, with his hands resting on his sides, and looked at his work, whistling a merry tune. He now turned round, and tore down the net. Suddenly he was struck by my figure, and cried aloud :

“Halloah ! halloah ! is that you, Christian ?”

I went up to him, explained how I had been attracted into the church, and praising the ingenious contrivance of the net, gave him to understand that I was but a connoisseur and practiser of the noble art of painting. Without making me any further answer, Berthold said :

“Christian is neither more nor less than a slug-gard. He was to have kept with me faithfully through the whole night, and now he is certainly snoring somewhere ! I must get on with my work, for probably it will be bad to paint here on the

screen to-morrow—and yet I can do nothing by myself.”

I offered my assistance, upon which he laughed aloud, laid hold of both my shoulders, and cried :

“That is a capital joke ! What will Christian say, when he finds to-morrow that he is an ass, and that I have done without him ? So, come hither, stranger, help me to build a little.”

He lit several tapers, we ran through the church, pulled together a number of blocks and planks, and a lofty scaffold was soon raised within the screen.

“Now hand up quickly,” cried Berthold, as he ascended.

I was astonished at the rapidity with which Berthold made a large copy of the drawing ; he drew his lines boldly, and always clearly and correctly, without a single fault. Having been accustomed to such matters in my early youth, I was of good service to him, for standing, now above him, now below him, I fixed the long rulers at the points he indicated, and held them fast, pointed the charcoal, and handed it to him, and so on.

“You are a capital assistant,” cried Berthold, quite delighted.

“And you,” I retorted, “are one of the best architectural painters possible. But tell me, have you applied your bold, ready hand to no sort of painting but this ?—Pardon the question.”

“What do you mean ? ” said Berthold.

“Why, I mean,” replied I, “that you are fit for something better than painting church walls with marble pillars. Architectural painting is, after all, something subordinate ; the historical painter, the landscape painter, stands infinitely higher. With them, mind and fancy, no longer confined to the narrow limits of geometrical lines, take a higher flight. Even the only fantastic part of your painting, that perspective, which deceives the senses, depends upon accurate calculation, and the result therefore is the product not of genius, but of mathematical speculation.” While I was speaking thus, the painter laid aside his pencil, and rested his head on his hand.

“Friend, stranger,” he began, in a solemn, indistinct voice, “thou speakest profanely, when thou endeavorest to arrange the different branches of art according to rank, like the vassals of some proud king. And still more profane is it, when thou only esteemest those presumptuous fools who, being deaf to the clang of the fetters that enslave them, and being without feeling for the pressure of the earthy, wish to think themselves free—yea, even to be gods—and to rule light and life after their own fashion. Dost thou know the fable of Prometheus, who wished to be a creator, and stole fire from heaven to animate his lifeless figures ? He succeeded ; the forms stalked living along, and from their eyes beamed forth that heavenly fire that burned within



them ; but the impious being, who had dared to attempt the divine, was condemned to fearful, endless torment, without redemption. The heart which had felt the divine, in which the desire after the unearthly had awakened, was torn by the vulture, to which revenge had given birth, and which now fed upon the vitals of the presumptuous one. He who has attempted the heavenly, feels earthly pain for ever."

The painter stood absorbed in his own reflections.

"Berthold," I exclaimed, "what has all this to do with your art? I do not think that any one can deem it presumption to present the human form, either by painting or sculpture."

"Um, ha," laughed Berthold, in wild derision ; "child's play is no presumption. It is all child's play with those folks, who comfortably dip their pencils into color-pots, and daub a canvas with the veritable desire of producing human beings ; but it always turns out as if some drudge of nature had undertaken to make men, as it stands in that tragedy, and had failed. Such as those are no presumptuous sinners, but poor innocent fools. But if one strives to attain the highest, not the mere sensual, like Titian—no, the highest in divine nature, the Promethean spark in man—that is a precipice—a narrow edge on which we stand—the abyss is open ! The bold sailor soars above him, and a devilish deceit



lets him perceive *that* below, which he wished to see above the stars." The painter uttered a deep sigh, passed his hand over his forehead, and then looked upwards. "But why do I talk all this mad stuff to you, comrade, and leave off painting? Look here, mate, this is what I call well and honestly drawn. How noble is the rule! All the lines combine to a determined end—a determined, clearly conceived effect. Only that which is done by measure is purely human ;—what is beyond, is of evil. Can we not conceive that the Deity has expressly created us, to manage for his own good purpose that which is exhibited according to measured, appreciable rules ;—in a word, the purely commensurable, just as we, in our turn build saw-mills and spinning-machines, as the mechanical superintendents of our wants? Professor Walter lately maintained, that certain beasts were merely created to be eaten by others, and that this, in the end, conduced to our own utility. Thus, for example, cats, he said, had an innate propensity to devour mice, that they might not nibble the sugar placed ready for our breakfast. And the professor was right in the end ;—animals, and we ourselves, are but well-ordered machines, made to work up and knead certain materials for the table of the unknown king.—Come, come, mate, hand me up the pots. I prepared all the tones yesterday by daylight, that this candlelight might not deceive us, and they all stand

numbered in yonder corner. Hand me up No. 1, young friend. Gray with gray!—What would dry, weary life be, if the Lord of Heaven had not put so many motley playthings into our hands. He who demeans himself well does not, like the curious boy, try to break the box from which the music comes when he turns the handle. It is just natural, they say, that it sounds inside, for I turn the handle. Because I have drawn this intellective correctly according to the point of view, I know that it will have the effect of actual sculpture on the spectator.—Now, boy, reach me No. 2, now I paint in colors that are toned down according to rule, and it appears receding five yards. All that I know well enough—oh, we are amazingly clever! How is it that objects diminish in the distance? This one stupid question of a Chinese could put to confusion Professor Eytelwein himself; but he could help himself out of the music-box, and say he had often turned the handle, and always experienced the same result.—Violet, No. 2, youngster! Another rule, and a thick washed-out brush! Ah, what is all our striving and struggling after the higher, but the helpless, unconscious act of an infant who hurts the nurse that feeds him. Violet, No. 2! Quick, young man! The ideal is an evil, lying dream, produced by fermented blood. Take away the pot, young man, I am coming down. The devil lures us with puppets, to which he glues angels' wings."

I am unable to repeat literally, what Berthold said, while he went on painting rapidly, and treated me only as his fag. He went on in the tone in which he had begun, scoffing at the limited nature of every human effort. Ah, I was inspecting the depth of a mind that had received its death-wound, and that only uttered its complaints in bitter irony. Morning dawned, and the glimmer of the taper grew pale before the entrance of sunlight. Berthold painted on zealously, but he became more and more silent, and only single sounds—ultimately, only sighs—escaped his burdened breast. He had planned the entire altar with all its gradation of color, and even now the picture stood out quite prominently.

“Admirable ! admirable !” I cried out with delight.

“Do you think,” said Berthold, faintly, “that I shall make something of it ? I at least took great pains to make my drawing correct, but now I can do no more.”

“No, no, not a stroke more, dear Berthold,” I exclaimed, “it is almost incredible how you have made so much progress in such a work within a few hours. But you exert yourself too much, and are quite lavish of your power.”

“And yet,” said Berthold, “these are my happiest hours. Perhaps I talked too much, but it is

only in words that the pain which consumes my vitals finds a vent."

"You seem to feel very unhappy, my poor friend," said I, "some frightful event has had an evil influence on your life."

The painter slowly took his materials into the chapel, extinguished the lights, and coming up to me, seized my hand, and said, in a faltering voice, "Could you be cheerful, nay, could you have one quiet moment, if you were conscious of a fearful, irreparable crime?"

I stood perfectly amazed. The bright sunbeams fell on the painter's pallid, agitated countenance, and he almost looked like a spectre as he staggered through the little door into the interior of the college.

I could scarcely wait for the hour on the following day, when Professor Walter had appointed to see me. I told him the whole affair of the previous night, which had excited me not a little; I described in the most lively colors the strange conduct of the painter, and did not suppress a word that he had uttered—not even those which related to himself. But the more I hoped for the professor's sympathy, the more indifferent he appeared; nay, he smiled upon me in a most unpleasant manner when I continued to talk of Berthold, and pressed him to tell me all he knew about this unfortunate man.

"He is a strange creature that painter," said the

professor, "mild, good-tempered, sober, industrious, as I told you before, but weak in his intellect. If he had been otherwise he would never have descended, even though he did commit a crime, from a great historical painter, to a poor dauber of walls."

This expression, "dauber of walls," annoyed me as much as the professor's general indifference. I tried to convince him that Berthold was even now a most estimable artist, and deserving of the highest, the most active sympathy.

"Well," said the professor at last, "since you take so much interest in Berthold you shall hear all that I know of him, and that is not a little. By way of introduction we will go into the church at once. As Berthold has worked hard throughout the night he will rest during the forenoon. If we found him in the church my design would fail."

We went to the church, the professor had the cloth removed from the covered picture, and a work of the most magical splendor, such as I had never seen, was revealed to me. The composition was in the style of Raffaele, simple, and of heavenly sublimity. Mary and Elizabeth were sitting on the grass in a beautiful garden : the children Jesus and John, were before them, playing with flowers, and in the background towards the side, a male figure was praying. Mary's lovely, heavenly face, the dignity and elevation of her entire figure, filled me with astonishment and the deepest admiration. She was



beautiful, more beautiful than an earthly woman, and her glance indicated the higher power of the mother of God, like that of Raffaele's Mary in the Dresden Gallery. Ah ! was not the deepest thirst for eternity awakened perforce in the human heart, by those wondrous eyes round which a deep shadow was floating ? Did not those soft, half-opened lips speak in consolatory language, as in the sweet melody of angels, of the infinite happiness of heaven ? An indescribable feeling impelled me to cast myself down in the dust before her, the Queen of Heaven. I had lost the power of speech, and could not turn my eyes from the incomparable figure. Only Mary and the children were quite finished ; the last touch had not, apparently, been given to the figure of Elizabeth, and the praying man was not yet painted over. Approaching nearer, I perceived in this man the features of Berthold, and already anticipated in my mind what the professor presently said : " This picture is Berthold's last work. We got it several years ago from N——, in upper Silesia, where one of our colleagues bought it at an auction. Although unfinished, we had it fitted in here, in the place of the wretched altar-piece which we had formerly. When Berthold first came and saw the picture, he uttered a loud shriek and fell senseless to the ground. Afterwards he carefully avoided looking at it, and told me in confidence that it was his last work of this class. I hoped that I should gradually persuade



him to finish it, but every proposal of the sort he rejected with the utmost abhorrence, and to keep him in good spirits, and in the full possession of his powers, I was forced to cover up the picture so long as he remained in the church. If it met his eye only by accident, he ran as if impelled by some irresistible power, cast himself sobbing on the ground, a paroxysm seized him, and he was for many days quite unfit for work."

"Poor, unfortunate man!" exclaimed I, "how did the hand of the devil take such a deadly hold of thy life?"

"Oh!" cried the professor, "the hand as well as the arm grew in his own body: he was his own demon, his own Lucifer, flashing the infernal torch upon his own life. That is plain enough to those who know his biography."

I entreated the professor at once to tell me all that he knew about the life of the unfortunate painter.

"That would be much too prolix, and cost too much breath," replied the professor. "Do not let us spoil the cheerful day by such gloomy stuff. We will take breakfast and then go to the mill, where an excellent dinner awaits us."

I did not desist from my requests to the professor, and after much talk on both sides, it came out that, immediately after Berthold's arrival, a youth who was studying at the college, devotedly attached

himself to him, and that Berthold, by degrees, communicated the particulars of his life to this youth, who had carefully written them down, and had given the manuscript to the professor.

“He was,” said the professor, “much such an enthusiast as—pardon me—you are ! But this work of writing down the strange events in the painter’s life served him as a capital exercise for style.”

With much trouble I obtained from the professor a promise that he would lend me the manuscript after the close of our pleasure-party. Whether it proceeded from my own violent curiosity, or whether it was the professor’s fault, I never felt more uneasy than during this day. The evening at last came, and the professor put a few sheets of manuscript into my hand, with the words : “There, my dear enthusiast, is the student’s handywork. It is not badly written but very odd, and the author, against all rule, thrusts in discourses of the painter, word for word, without any notice to the reader. I will make you a present of the work, of which I have a right to dispose by virtue of my office, for I know perfectly well that you are no writer. The author of the “*Fantasie-Stücke in Callot’s Manier*”\* (fancy pieces in the style of Callot) would have it according to his own mad fashion, and would have printed it at once. I have nothing of the sort to expect from you.”

\* These “*Fantasie-Stücke*” are a collection of tales, &c., by Hoffmann, and purport to be leaves from the journal of a travelling enthusiast.

Professor Aloysius Walter did not know that he really stood before the "travelling enthusiast," although he might have found it out, and thus, gentle reader, I am enabled to give you the Jesuit-student's short history of the painter, Berthold. It thoroughly explains the manner in which he conducted himself in my presence, and thou, reader, wilt be able to see how the strange spirit of destiny often plunges us into destructive error.

" ' Only let your son make up his mind and go to Italy. He is already a clever artist, and here at D——— there is no lack of opportunity for studying after excellent originals in every class, but here he must not stay. The free life of an artist must dawn upon him in the cheerful land of art, his studies will there first take a living form, and produce individual thoughts. Mere copying is now of no further use to him. The growing plant requires more sun to thrive and bring forth its blossoms and fruit. Your son has a really artistical temperament, so you may be perfectly satisfied about all the rest ! ' Thus said the old painter, Stephan Birkner, to Berthold's parents. The latter scraped together all that their slender means would allow, to fit out the youth for his long journey, and thus was Berthold's warmest wish—that of travelling to Italy—accomplished.

" ' When Birkner told me the decision of my parents, I literally jumped with joy. I wandered

about as if in a dream till the time of my departure. I was not able to make a single stroke with my pencil in the gallery. I made the inspector, and all the artists who had been to Italy, tell me of the land where art flourishes. The day and hour at length arrived. The parting from my parents was painful, as they felt a gloomy presentiment that they should not see me again. Even my father, generally a firm, resolute man, had difficulty in containing his feelings. "Italy! you will see Italy!" cried my brother artists, and then my wish shone forth with greater power, from my deep melancholy, and I stepped boldly forth, for the path of an artist seemed to begin even at my parents' door.'

"Berthold had studied every department of painting, but he had especially devoted himself to landscapes, at which he worked with ardent love and zeal. In Rome he expected to find abundant nurture for this branch of art, but it proved otherwise. The very circle of artists and *dilettanti* in which he moved, continually told him that the historical painter alone stood on the highest point, and that all the rest were but subordinate. He was advised, if he wished to become an artist of eminence, to abandon at once the department he had chosen, and to devote himself to the higher branch; and this advice, coupled with the novel impression which Raffaele's mighty frescoes in the Vatican had made upon him, determined him to give up landscape painting alto-

gether. He sketched after the Raffaelles, and he copied small oil paintings by other celebrated masters. All these things were very cleverly done by his practised hand ; but he plainly felt that the praise of the artists and *dilettanti* should only solace him, and encourage him to further efforts. He himself saw that his sketches and copies wanted all the fire of the originals. Raffaele's and Correggio's heavenly thoughts—so he thought—inspired him to creations of his own, but he wished to hold them fast in his fancy, they vanished as in a mist, and all that he sketched was like every obscure, confused thought, without motion and significance. During his vain endeavors deep melancholy took possession of his soul, and he often escaped from his friends, privately to sketch and paint in the vicinity of Rome, groups of trees—single pieces of landscape. But even these attempts were less successful than formerly ; and, for the first time in his life, he doubted the truth of his calling as an artist. His proudest hopes seemed on the point of vanishing. ‘ Ah, my revered friend and instructor,’ wrote Berthold to Birkner, ‘ you gave me credit for great things ; but here, when a light should have risen in my soul, I have learned that that which you termed real artistical genius was nothing but a sort of *talent*—mere dexterity of hand. Tell my parents that I shall soon return, and learn some trade that I may get my living,’ &c. Birkner wrote back : ‘ Oh ! would I could be with you, my son, to



support you in your depression. It is your very doubts that prove your calling as an artist. He who with steady immovable confidence in his powers believes that he will always progress, is a blind fool, who only deceives himself, for he wants the proper spur to endeavor, which only consists in the thought of deficiency. Persevere, and you will soon gain strength ; and then, no longer fettered by the opinion or the advice of friends, who are, perhaps, unable to appreciate you, you will quietly pursue the path which your own nature has designed for you. It will then be left to your own decision whether you become a painter of landscapes or historical pieces, and you will cease to think of a hostile separation of the branches of one trunk.'

"It happened that about the time when Berthold received this letter of consolation from his old friend and instructor, Philip Hackert's fame became widely extended in Rome. Some of the paintings which he had exhibited, and which were distinguished by wonderful grace and clearness, proved the real genius of the artist, and even the historical painters admitted that there was much greatness and excellence in this pure imitation of nature. Berthold breathed again ; he no more heard his favorite art treated with contempt, he saw a man who pursued it honored and elevated, and, as it were, a spark fell on his soul that he must travel to Naples and study under Hackert. In high spirits he wrote to Birkner, and his parents,



that he had now, after a hard struggle, discovered the right way, and hoped to become a clever artist in his own style. The honest German, Hackert, received his German pupil with great kindness, and the latter soon made great efforts to follow his master. Berthold attained great facility in giving faithful representations of the different kinds of trees and shrubs, and was not a little successful in those misty effects, which are to be found in Hackert's pictures. He thus gained great praise, but it seemed to him as if something was wanting both in his own and his master's landscapes ;—something to which he could not give a name, and which was nevertheless plainly apparent in the pictures by Claude Lorraine, and the wild landscapes of Salvator Rosa. Soon he felt a want of confidence in his instructor, and he felt particularly dispirited when Hackert, with unwearied exertion, painted some dead game which the king had sent him. Soon, however, he conquered such presumptuous thoughts—as he considered them—and went on with virtuous resignation and true German industry, following the pattern of his master, so that in a short time he could nearly equal him. At Hackert's own suggestion he sent a large landscape, which he had faithfully copied from nature, to an exhibition, which was chiefly to consist of landscapes and pieces of still-life in the Hackert style. All the artists and connoisseurs admired the young man's faithful, neatly executed works, and praised them aloud. There was

only an elderly strangely-attired man, who did not say a word about Hackert's pictures, but smiled, significantly, whenever the multitude broke out into extravagant praises. Berthold perceived plainly enough that this stranger, when he stood before his landscape, shook his head with an air of the deepest pity, and was then about to retire. Being somewhat elevated by the general praise which he had received, Berthold could not help feeling indignant with the stranger. He went up to him, and speaking more sharply than was necessary, said : ' You do not seem satisfied with the picture, sir, although I must say there are excellent artists and connoisseurs who do not think it so bad. Pray tell me where the fault lies, that I may improve the picture according to your kind suggestion.' The stranger cast a keen glance at Berthold, and said, very seriously : ' Young man, a great deal might be made out of you.' Berthold felt deeply horrified at the glance and the words of this man ; he had not courage to say any thing more, or to follow him, when he slowly stalked out of the saloon. Hackert soon came in himself, and Berthold hastened to tell him of his meeting with this strange man. ' Ha !' said Hackert, smiling, ' do not take that to heart. That is a crabbed old man, who grumbles at every thing, and is pleased at nothing ; I met him in the ante-room. He was born of Greek parents, in Malta, and is a rich, queer old fellow, and no bad painter. All that he does has a fantastic ap-

pearance, and this proceeds from the absurd notion he has about art, and from the fact that he has constructed a system which is utterly worthless. I know well enough that he has no opinion of me, which I readily pardon in him, since he cannot throw any doubt on my honorably acquired fame.' Berthold had felt as if the Maltese had touched a sore place in his soul, like a beneficent physician, only for the purpose of probing it and healing it ; but he soon drove this notion from his mind, and worked on happily as he had done before.

"The success of this large picture, which was universally admired, gave him courage to begin a companion to it Hackert himself selected one of the most lovely spots in the gorgeous vicinity of Naples ; and, as the first picture had represented sunset, this landscape was to show the effect of sunrise. He had a number of strange trees, a number of vineyards, and, above all, a good deal of mist to paint.

"Berthold was sitting on a large flat stone, in this very spot, completing the sketch of the great picture after nature. 'Bravo—well done !' said a voice near him. He looked up. The Maltese was viewing his work, and added, with a sarcastic smile, 'You have only forgotten one thing, my dear young friend. Only look yonder, at the wall of the distant vineyard ; the one covered with green tendrils. The door is half-open, don't you see ? You must repre-

sent that with its proper shading. The half-open door makes a surprising effect ! ’

“ ‘ You are joking, sir,’ exclaimed Berthold, ‘ and without reason. Such accidental circumstances are by no means so contemptible as you imagine, and for that very reason my master loves to employ them. Only recollect the suspended white cloth in the landscape of one of the Dutch painters, that could not be omitted without marring the general effect. You, however, seem to be no friend to landscape painting in general ; and, as I have given myself up to it with heart and soul, I beg of you to let me go on working in quiet.’ ”

“ ‘ You are much mistaken, young man,’ said the Maltese. ‘ I tell you again that a good deal might be made of you, for your works visibly prove an unwearied endeavor to attain the highest ; but that, unfortunately, you will never attain, since the path that you have taken does not lead to it. Only mark what I tell you. Perhaps I may succeed in kindling that flame in your soul, which you, senseless as you are, are endeavoring to smother, and in making it flash up brightly, so as to enlighten you. Then you will be able to recognise the real spirit that animates you. Do you think I am so foolish as to place the landscape lower in rank than the historical painting, and that I do not recognise the common goal after which the painters of both classes should strive ? The apprehension of nature in the

deepest import of that higher sense, which kindles all beings to a higher life, that is the sacred end of all art. Can the mere dim copying of nature lead to this? How poor, how stiff and forced, is the appearance of a manuscript copied from another in some foreign language, which the copyist does not understand, and is, therefore, unable to give the strokes, which he laboriously imitates, their proper significance. Thus your master's landscapes are correct copies of an original author in a language which is strange to him. The initiated artist hears the voice of nature, which from trees, hedges, flowers, mountains, and waters, speaks to him, and of unfathomable mysteries in wondrous sounds, which form themselves in his bosom to a pious feeling of foreboding: then, as a divine spirit, the talent itself of transferring this dim feeling to his works, descends upon him. Have not you yourself, young man, felt strangely affected when looking at the landscapes of the old masters? Assuredly you did not think whether the leaves of the lime-trees, the pines, the plane-trees, might be truer to nature, whether the background might be more misty, or the water might be clearer; but the spirit that breathes from the whole raised you into a higher region, the reflection of which you seemed to behold. Therefore, study nature in the mechanical part, sedulously and carefully, that you may attain the practice of representation; but do not take the practice for the art it-



self. If you have penetrated into the deep import of nature, her pictures will arise within you in bright magnificence.' The Maltese was silent ; but when Berthold, deeply moved by what he had heard, stood with downcast eyes, and incapable of uttering a word, the Maltese left him, saying, " I had no intention of interrupting you in your calling, but I know that a higher spirit is slumbering in you. I called upon it, with strong words, that it might awake, and move its wings with freshness and vigor. Farewell.'

" Berthold felt as if the Maltese had only clothed in words that which had already been fermenting in his soul. The inner voice broke forth. ' No ! All this striving, this constant endeavor, is but the uncertain, deceptive groping of the blind. Away with all that has hitherto dazzled me.' He was not in a condition to accomplish a single other stroke. He left his master, and wandered about full of wild uneasiness, loudly imploring that the high knowledge of which the Maltese had spoken might be revealed to him.

" ' Only in sweet dreams was I happy—yes, truly blessed ! Then every thing that the Maltese had spoken became true. I lay in the green hedge, while magical exhalations played around me, and the voice of nature sounded audibly and melodiously through the dark forest. " Listen, listen, oh ! thou initiated one. Hear the original tones of creation,



which fashion themselves to beings accessible to thy mind." And when I heard the chords sound plainer and plainer, I felt as though a new sense was awakened in me, and apprehended with wonderful perspicuity, that which had appeared unfathomable. As if in strange hieroglyphics I drew in the air the secrets that had been revealed to me with characters of fire ; and this hieroglyphic writing was a strange landscape, upon which trees, hedges, flowers, and waters moved, as it seemed, in loud delightful sounds.'

" But it was only in dreams that poor Berthold felt real happiness, for his strength was broken, and his mind was more disturbed than it had been in Rome, when he wished to be an historical painter. If he strolled through the dark wood, an unpleasant sensation of awe came over him ; if he went out and looked into the distant mountains, he felt as though icy cold claws grasped his heart—his breath was stopped—and he felt as if he perished from internal anguish. All nature, which used to smile kindly upon him, became a threatening monster, and her voice, which used to greet him sweetly in the murmuring of the evening breeze, in the bubbling of the brook, in the rustling of the leaves, now told him of nothing but perdition. At last, however, the more these lively dreams consoled him, the calmer he became ; nevertheless, he avoided being alone in the open air, and hence he associated himself with a

couple of cheerful German painters, and took with them many a trip to the loveliest spots of Naples.

“ One of them, whom we will call Florentin, was at this moment more intent upon the enjoyment of life, than upon the serious study of his art, as his portfolio sufficiently testified. Groups of dancing peasant-girls, processions, rural festivals—all this class of subjects he could transfer to paper with a sure, ready hand, whenever he chanced to meet with them. Every drawing, even though it were a mere sketch, had life and motion. At the same time his mind was by no means closed to the higher in art ; on the contrary, he penetrated more than any modern painter into the strange import of the paintings by all masters. In his sketch-book he had copied in outline the frescoes of an old convent-church in Rome, before the walls were pulled down. They represented the martyrdom of St. Catharine, and one could not see any thing more beautiful, more happily conceived than those outlines, which made a very peculiar impression upon Berthold. He saw flashes through the gloomy desert that surrounded him, and the result was, that he became capable of appreciating the cheerful mind of Florentin, and that, as the latter when representing the charms, especially brought forward the human principle, he also took this principle as the ground on which he must stand, not to float away into boundless space. While Florentin was hastily sketching some group that he met,

Berthold took the opportunity of looking into his book, and tried to imitate the lovely figure of Catharine, in which he was tolerably successful, although, as at Rome, he failed in giving his figures the animation of the original. He complained of this to Florentin, whom he looked upon as far superior in true artistical genius, and at the same time told him all that the Maltese had spoken about art. 'The Maltese is right, dear brother Berthold,' said Florentin, 'and I rank the genuine landscape quite as high as the deeply significant sacred histories as depicted by the old masters. Nay, I maintain that one ought first to strengthen oneself by the representation of that organic nature which is nearest to us, that we may be able to find light for her darker regions. I advise you, Berthold, to practise yourself in sketching figures, and in arranging your thoughts in them. Perhaps by this means you will gain additional light.' Berthold acted according to the suggestion of his friend, and it seemed to him, as if the dark clouds which spread over his life were passing away.

" 'I endeavored to represent that, which seemed no more than a mere obscure feeling in my innermost soul, by hieroglyphic characters, as I had done in my dream ; but the hieroglyphics became human figures, which moved about a focus of light in strange combinations. This focus was to be the noblest form that ever was evoked by a painter's fancy, but I vainly endeavored, when this form appeared to me

in a dream, surrounded by the rays of heaven, to catch the features. Every attempt to represent it proved an utter failure, and I seemed to fade away in a state of the most ardent desire.' Florentin perceived the situation of his friend, who was excited to a morbid degree, and gave him all the consolation in his power. Often did he tell him that this was the very time when illumination would break upon him ; but Berthold merely slunk about like a dreamer, and all his attempts were but the feeble efforts of a puny child.

"In the vicinity of Naples was a duke's villa, from which there was the finest view of Vesuvius and the sea, and which, on this account, was hospitably kept open for foreign artists, especially landscape painters. Berthold had often worked here, but still oftener in a grotto in the park had he given himself up to his fantastic dreams. One day he was sitting in this grotto tortured by the sense of longing, that tore his bosom, and was shedding briny tears, hoping that the star would shine upon his obscure path, when a rustling was heard in the hedges, and the form of an exquisitely beautiful woman was before him.

" 'The sunbeams fell upon her angelic countenance : she cast upon me an indescribable glance. It was Saint Catharine. No, more than she, it was my ideal. Mad with transport I threw myself on

the ground, and the form vanished with a benignant smile ! My most ardent prayer was realized.

“ Florentin entered the grotto, and was surprised at Berthold, who, with beaming countenance, pressed him to his heart, while the tears streamed from his eyes. ‘ My friend ! my friend ! ’ he stammered forth ; ‘ I am happy—I am blessed—she is found—found ! ’ He hurried to his *atelier*, and stretching the canvas, began to paint as if inspired by divine power, he charmed before him the superterrestrial woman—for so he thought her—with the full glow of life. From this moment his inmost soul was entirely changed. Far from feeling that melancholy which preyed upon his heart, he was serene and cheerful. He industriously studied the *chefs-d’œuvre* of the old painters. Many of his copies were perfectly successful, and now, for the first time, he began to produce paintings which caused astonishment among all the connoisseurs. As for landscapes, they were no more to be thought of, and Hackert himself confessed that the youth had not till now discovered his proper vocation. He had to paint many large works, such as altar-pieces for churches, and generally selected the more cheerful subjects of Christian tradition. From all of these, however, the noble form of his ideal beamed forth. It was discovered that the face and figure of the Princess Angiola T—— were represented to the life ; nay, this fact was communicated to the young painter himself, and knowing folks waggingly



insinuated that the German was smitten to the heart by the brilliant eyes of the lovely dame. Berthold was highly indignant at this silly gossip of people who wished to lower the heavenly into the mere earthy. 'Do you believe,' he said, 'that such a being could wander here upon earth? No; the highest was revealed in a wondrous vision; it was the moment when the artist receives consecration.' Berthold lived happy, until the French army, after Bonaparte's conquest in Italy, approached the kingdom of Naples, and the revolution, which so fearfully destroyed all the peaceful relations of the place, broke out. The king and queen had left Naples, and the *Citta* was appointed. The vicar-general concluded a disgraceful truce with the French commander, and the French commissaries soon came to receive the sums that were to be paid them. The vicar-general fled to escape the rage of the people, who believed themselves deserted by the *Citta*, and, in short, by all who could defend them against the approaching enemy. Then were all the bands of society loosened. The people, in a state of wild anarchy, set law and order at defiance, and with the cry, 'Viva la Santa Fede!' wild hordes ran through the streets plundering and burning the houses of the nobles, who they thought had sold them to the enemy. Vain were the endeavors of Moliterno and Rocca Romana, who were the favorites of the people, and had been elected for



leaders : vain were their endeavors to restore order. The dukes Della Torre and Clement Filomarino were murdered, but the thirst for blood among the raging people was not satisfied. Berthold had just been able to escape, half-dressed, from a burning house, when he met a mob, that with kindled torches and glittering knives, was hurrying to the palace of the Duke of T——. These madmen, taking him for one of their own class, carried him along with them, shouting, 'Viva la Santa Fede!' and in a few minutes the duke, the servants, every one who resisted, were murdered, and the palace, into which Berthold was more and more forced by the throng, was in flames. Thick clouds of smoke rolled through the long passages. Berthold, in danger of being burned to death, darted through the now open doors in hopes of finding an outlet, but all in vain; a piercing shriek of agony struck his ear, and he rushed into the hall. A woman was struggling with a Lazzarone, who held her fast, and was about to plunge a knife in her heart. It was the princess—it was Berthold's ideal! Losing all consciousness with horror, he sprang towards them, and it was but the work of a moment to seize the Lazzarone, to fling him to the ground, to plunge his own knife in his throat, to catch the princess in his arms, to fly with her through the flaming ruins, to dash down the steps, and to go on—on—through the dense crowd of people. None attempted to stop him in

his flight. With the bloody knife in his hand, with his face begrimed by smoke, with his clothes torn, he was taken for a plunderer and murderer by the people, who willingly conceded him his prey. In a deserted corner of the city, beneath an old wall, to which as if by instinct he had run to escape danger, he fell exhausted. On recovering, he found the princess kneeling at his side, and washing his forehead with cold water. 'O, thanks!—thanks!' said she, in the softest and most lovely voice; 'thanks to the saints that thou hast recovered, my preserver, my all!' Berthold raised himself,—he fancied he was dreaming, he looked with fixed eyes upon the princess—yes, it was herself—the celestial form which had kindled the divine spark in his breast. 'Is it possible?—Is it true?—Do I live?' he exclaimed. 'Yes,' replied the princess, 'thou livest for me. That which thou didst not venture even to hope, has happened through a miracle. Oh! I know thee well,—thou art the German painter, Berthold, who loved me, and ennobled me in his beautiful works. Was it then possible for me to be thine? But now I am thine for ever—let us fly!' A strange feeling, as when a sudden pain disturbs sweet dreams, darted through Berthold as the princess spoke. But when the lovely woman clasped him with her full, snow-white arms, when he pressed her passionately to his bosom, then did a delicious trembling, hitherto unknown, take possession of

him, and in the mad delight of possessing the greatest earthly felicity, he cried : ' Oh, it was no delirious dream ! No ! it is my wife whom I embrace, and whom I will never leave ! '

" Escape from the city was at first impossible, for at the gate stood the French army, whose entrance the people, although badly armed and without leaders, were able to dispute for two days. Berthold, however, succeeded in flying with Angiola from one hiding-place to another, and at last out of the city. Angiola, deeply enamored of him, could not think of remaining in Italy ; she wished her family to consider her dead, that Berthold's possession of her might be secure. A diamond necklace, and some valuable things which she wore, were sufficient to provide them with all necessities at Rome—whither they had proceeded by slow degrees—and they arrived happily at M——, in Southern Germany, where Berthold intended to settle, and to support himself by his art. Was it not a state of felicity, not even to be dreamed, that Angiola, that creature of celestial loveliness, that ideal of his most delightful visions, now become his own,—when all social laws had seemed to raise an insurmountable barrier between him and his beloved ? Berthold could hardly comprehend his happiness, he was abandoned to inexpressible delight, until the inner voice become louder and louder, urging him to think of his art. He determined to found his fame

at M—— by a large picture which he designed for the Maria church there. The whole subject was to be the very simple one of Mary and Elizabeth sitting on the grass in a beautiful garden, with the infants Christ and John playing before them ; but all his efforts to obtain a pure spiritual view of his picture proved fruitless. As in that unhappy period of the crisis the forms floated away from him, and it was not the heavenly Mary—no, it was an earthly woman, his Angiola herself, fearfully distorted, that stood before the eyes of his mind. He fancied that he could defy the gloomy power that seemed to grasp him,—he prepared his colors and began to paint ; but his strength was broken, and all his endeavors were as they had been formerly—only the puny efforts of a senseless child. Whatever he painted was stiff and inanimate, and even Angiola,—Angiola his ideal, became, when she sat to him, and he tried to paint her, a mere wax image on the canvas, staring at him with its glassy eyes. His soul became more and more the prey of a despondency, that consumed all the happiness of his life. He would not, nay, he could not, work any more ; and thus he fell into a state of poverty, which was the more crushing, because Angiola did not utter a word of complaint.

“‘The grief that gnawed more and more into my soul, that grief that was the offspring of a hope invariably deceived, when I summoned powers that

were no longer mine, soon reduced me to a state that might be compared to madness. My wife bore me a son,—that increased my misery, and my long suppressed discontent broke out into open, burning hate. She—she alone had been the cause of my unhappiness. She was *not* the ideal which had appeared to me, but had only assumed the form and face of that heavenly woman. In wild despair I cursed her and her innocent child. I wished them both dead, that I might be free from the insupportable pains that tortured me, like so many burning knives. Thoughts of hell arose in my mind. In vain did I read in Angiola's corpse-like face, and in her tears, the madness and impiety of my conduct. 'Thou hast cheated me out of my life, cursed woman !' I thundered forth, and thrust her away with my feet, when she fell fainting to the ground and clasped my knees.'

"Berthold's mad, cruel conduct towards his wife and child excited the attention of the neighbors, who informed the magistrates of the circumstance. They wished to imprison him ; but when the police entered his dwelling, he had vanished with his wife and child, without leaving so much as a trace behind. Soon afterwards he appeared at N——, in Upper Silesia ; he had got rid of his wife and child, and cheerfully began to paint the picture which he had vainly attempted at M——. However, he could only finish the Virgin Mary, and the



children—Christ and John—for he fell into a dreadful illness, which brought him near the death he desired. Every thing that belonged to him, including the unfinished picture, was sold for his subsistence ; and, after he had recovered, in some measure, he departed, a sick, miserable beggar. He afterwards gained a poor livelihood by a few jobs of wall-painting.”

“There is something terrible in the history of Berthold,” said I to the professor. “Although so much is not plainly expressed, I believe that he was the reckless murderer of his innocent wife and child.”

“He is a mad fool,” replied the professor, “to whom I do not give credit for enough courage to perform such an act. On this point he never speaks plainly ; and the question is, whether it be not a mere fancy that he took any part in the death of his wife and child. He now returns to painting marble ; and this very night he will finish the altar. This puts him in a good-humor, and you may learn something about this critical affair from his own mouth.”

I must confess that the thought of passing midnight in the church alone with Berthold made me shudder a little, now I had read his history. I thought that there might be a little of the devil in him in spite of his good-humor and frank deport-



ment ; and I chose rather to be in his company that very noon in the clear sunlight.

I found him upon the scaffold, reserved and in an ill-humor, painting the veins of marble. Climbing up to him, I reached him the pots, while he stared at me with amazement. "I am your help-mate," said I softly, and this drew a smile from him. Now I began to talk of his life, so as to let him know that I was acquainted with all ; and he seemed to believe that he himself had, on that night, communicated every thing. Very, very gently I came to the frightful catastrophe, and then said suddenly—"Did you actually, in your unholy madness, murder your wife and child ?"

At this he let the paint-pot and the pencil fall ; and, staring at me with a hideous countenance, as he raised both his hands, cried out, "No, these hands are unstained by the blood of my wife—of my son ! Another such word, and I will dash myself down from the scaffolding with you, so that both our heads shall be shattered on the stone floor of the church."

At this moment I felt my situation rather odd, and deemed it advisable to change the subject. "Look here, dear Berthold," said I, as quietly and coolly as possible ; "see how that ugly dark yellow is running on the wall."

He turned his eyes to the spot, and while he painted out the yellow, I slipped gently down the

scaffold, left the church, and went to the professor, to have a hearty laugh at my well-chastised presumption.

My vehicle was repaired, and I left G——, after Professor Aloysius Walter had solemnly promised that in case any thing happened to Berthold, he would communicate it in writing immediately.

About half a year elapsed, when I actually received a letter from the professor. He expressed himself in very prolix terms of praise about our meeting at G——, and wrote as follows about Berthold :—  
“Soon after your departure affairs took a singular turn with our whimsical painter. He became suddenly quite cheerful, and finished, in the most splendid style, the great altar-piece, which is now the wonder of every body. He then vanished ; and as he took nothing with him, and a few days afterwards we found a hat and stick lying near the O—— stream, we are all of opinion that he met a voluntary death.”





VIEW IN THE CAMPAGNA OF FLORENCE

## THE CAMPAGNA OF FLORENCE.

'TIS morning. Let us wander through the fields,  
Where CIMABUÈ found a shepherd-boy  
Tracing his idle fancies on the ground ;  
And let us from the top of FIESOLE,  
Whence GALILEO's glass by night observed  
The phases of the moon, look round below  
On ARNO's vale, where the dove-colored steer  
Is ploughing up and down among the vines,  
While many a careless note is sung aloud,  
Filling the air with sweetness—and on thee,  
Beautiful FLORENCE ! all within thy walls,  
Thy groves and gardens, pinnacles and towers,  
Drawn to our feet.

For that small spire, just caught  
By the bright ray, that church among the rest  
By one of old distinguished as The Bride,  
Let us in thought pursue (what can we better ?)  
Those who assembled there at matin-time ;  
Who, when vice revelled and along the street  
Tables were set, what time the bearer's bell  
Rang to demand the dead at every door,

Came out into the meadows ; and, a while  
Wandering in idleness, but not in folly,  
Sate down in the high grass and in the shades  
Of many a tree sun-proof—day after day,  
When all was still and nothing to be heard  
But the cicala's voice among the olives,  
Relating in a ring, to banish care,  
Their hundred tales.

Round the green hill they went,  
Round, underneath—first to a splendid house,  
Gherardi, as an old tradition runs,  
That on the left, just rising from the vale ;  
A place for luxury—the painted rooms,  
The open galleries and middle court,  
Not unprepared, fragrant and gay with flowers.  
Then westward to another, nobler yet ;  
That on the right, now known as the Palmieri,  
Where Art with Nature vied—a Paradise  
With verdurous walls, and many a trellised walk  
All rose and jasmine, many a twilight-glade  
Crossed by the deer. Then to the Ladies' Vale ;  
And the clear lake, that as by magic seemed  
To lift up to the surface every stone  
Of lustre there, and the diminutive fish  
Innumerable, dropt with crimson and gold,  
Now motionless, now glancing to the sun.

Who has not dwelt on their voluptuous day ?  
The morning banquet by the fountain-side,  
While the small birds rejoiced on every bough ;



The dance that followed, and the noontide slumber ;

Then the tales told in turn, as round they lay  
On carpets, the fresh waters murmuring ;  
And the short interval of pleasant talk  
Till supper-time, when many a siren-voice  
Sung down the stars ; and, as they left the sky,  
The torches, planted in the sparkling grass,  
And everywhere among the glowing flowers,  
Burnt bright and brighter.—He whose dream it  
was

(It was no more) sleeps in a neighboring vale ;  
Sleeps in the church, where in his ear, I ween,  
The friar poured out his wondrous catalogue ;  
A ray, imprimis, of the star that shone  
To the Wise Men ; a vial-full of sounds,  
The musical chimes of the great bells that hung  
In SOLOMON'S Temple ; and though last not least,  
A feather from the Angel GABRIEL'S wing,  
Dropt in the Virgin's chamber. That dark ridge,  
Stretching south-east, conceals it from our sight ;  
Not so his lowly roof and scanty farm,  
His copse and rill, if yet a trace be left,  
Who lived in Val di Pesa, suffering long  
Want and neglect and (far, far worse) reproach,  
With calm, unclouded mind. The glimmering  
tower

On the gray rock beneath, his landmark once,  
Now serves for ours, and points out where he ate

His bread with cheerfulness. Who sees him not  
(’Tis his own sketch—he drew it from himself)  
Laden with cages from his shoulder slung,  
And sallying forth, while yet the morn is gray,  
To catch a thrush on every lime-twigg there ;  
Or in the wood among his wood-cutters ;  
Or in the tavern by the highway-side  
At tric-trac with the miller ; or at night,  
Doffing his rustic suit, and, duly clad,  
Entering his closet, and, among his books,  
Among the great of every age and clime,  
A numerous court, turning to whom he pleased,  
Questioning each why he did this or that,  
And learning how to overcome the fear  
Of poverty and death ?

Nearer we hail

Thy sunny slope, ARCETRI, sung of old  
For its green wine ; dearer to me, to most,  
As dwelt on by that great astronomer,  
Seven years a prisoner at the city-gate,  
Let in but in his grave-clothes. Sacred be  
His villa (justly was it called The Gem !)  
Sacred the lawn, where many a cypress threw  
Its length of shadow, while he watched the stars !  
Sacred the vineyard, where, while yet his sight  
Glimmered, at blush of morn he dressed his vines,  
Chanting aloud in gayety of heart  
Some verse of ARIOSTO !—There unseen,  
In manly beauty MILTON stood before him,

Gazing with reverent awe—MILTON, his guest,  
Just then come forth, all life and enterprise ;  
*He* in his old age and extremity,  
Blind, at noon-day exploring with his staff ;  
His eyes upturned as to the golden sun,  
His eyeballs idly rolling. Little then  
Did GALILEO think whom he received ;  
That in his hand he held the hand of one  
Who could requite him—who would spread his  
name

O'er lands and seas—great as himself, nay greater ;  
MILTON as little that in him he saw,  
As in a glass, what he himself should be,  
Destined so soon to fall on evil days  
And evil tongues—so soon, alas ! to live  
In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,  
And solitude.

Well pleased, could we pursue  
The ARNO, from his birthplace in the clouds,  
So near the yellow TIBER'S—springing up  
From his four fountains on the Apennine,  
That mountain-ridge a sea-mark to the ships  
Sailing on either sea. Downward he runs,  
Scattering fresh verdure through the desolate wild,  
Down by the City of Hermits, and the woods  
That only echo to the choral hymn ;  
Then through these gardens to the TUSCAN sea,  
Reflecting castles, convents, villages,  
And those great rivals in an elder day,

FLORENCE and PISA—who have given him fame,  
Fame everlasting, but who stained so oft  
His troubled waters. Oft, alas ! were seen,  
When flight, pursuit, and hideous rout were there,  
Hands, clad in gloves of steel, held up imploring ;  
The man, the hero, on his foaming steed  
Borne underneath, already in the realms  
Of darkness.—Nor did night or burning noon  
Bring respite. Oft, as that great artist saw,  
Whose pencil had a voice, the cry “To arms !”  
And the shrill trumpet hurried up the bank  
Those who had stolen an hour to breast the tide,  
And wash from their unharnessed limbs the blood  
And sweat of battle. Sudden was the rush,  
Violent the tumult ; for, already in sight,  
Nearer and nearer yet the danger drew ;  
Each every sinew straining, every nerve,  
Each snatching up, and girding, buckling on  
Morion and greave and shirt of twisted mail,  
As for his life—no more perchance to taste,  
ARNO, the grateful freshness of thy glades,  
Thy waters—where, exulting, he had felt  
A swimmer’s transport, there, alas ! to float  
And welter.—Nor between the gusts of war,  
When flocks were feeding, and the shepherd’s pipe  
Gladdened the valley,—when, but not unarmed,  
The sower came forth, and following him that  
ploughed,  
Threw in the seed,—did thy indignant waves

Escape pollution. Sullen was the splash,  
Heavy and swift the plunge, when they received  
The key that just had grated on the ear  
Of UGOLINO, ever closing up  
That dismal dungeon thenceforth to be named  
The Tower of Famine.—Once indeed 'twas thine,  
When many a winter-flood, thy tributary,  
Was through its rocky glen rushing, resounding,  
And thou wert in thy night, to save, restore  
A charge most precious. To the nearest ford,  
Hastening, a horseman from Arezzo came,  
Careless, impatient of delay, a babe  
Slung in a basket to the knotty staff  
That lay athwart his saddle-bow. He spurs,  
He enters ; and his horse, alarmed, perplexed,  
Halts in the midst. Great is the stir, the strife ;  
And, lo ! an atom on that dangerous sea,  
The babe is floating ! Fast and far he flies ;  
Now tempest-rocked, now whirling round and  
round

But not to perish. By thy willing waves  
Borne to the shore, among the bulrushes  
The ark has rested ; and unhurt, secure  
As on his mother's breast, he sleeps within,  
All peace ! or never had the nations heard  
That voice so sweet, which still enchants, inspires ;  
That voice, which sung of love, of liberty.  
PETRARCH lay there !—And such the images  
That here spring up forever, in the young

Kindling poetic fire ! Such they that came  
And clustered round our MILTON, when at eve,  
Reclined beside thee, ARNO ; when at eve,  
Led on by thee, he wandered with delight,  
Framing Ovidian verse, and through thy groves  
Gathering wild myrtle. Such the poet's dreams ;  
Yet not such only. For, look round and say,  
Where is the ground that did not drink warm  
blood,

The echo that had learnt not to articulate  
The cry of murder ?—Fatal was the day  
To FLORENCE, when ('twas in a narrow street  
North of that temple, where the truly great  
Sleep, not unhonored, not unvisited ;  
That temple sacred to the Holy Cross—  
There is the house—that house of the DONATI,  
Towerless, and left long since, but to the last  
Braving assault—all rugged, all embossed  
Below, and still distinguished by the rings  
Of brass, that held in war and festival-time  
Their family-standards)—fatal was the day  
To Florence, when, at morn, at the ninth hour,  
A noble dame in weeds of widowhood,  
Weeds by so many to be worn so soon,  
Stood at her door ; and, like a sorceress, flung  
Her dazzling spell. Subtle she was, and rich,  
Rich in a hidden pearl of heavenly light,  
Her daughter's beauty ; and too well she knew  
Its virtue ! Patiently she stood and watched ;



Nor stood alone—but spoke not.—In her breast  
Her purpose lay ; and, as a youth passed by,  
Clad for the nuptial rite, she smiled and said,  
Lifting a corner of the maiden's veil,  
“ This had I treasured up in secret for thee.  
This hast thou lost ! ” He gazed and was undone !  
Forgetting—not forgot—he broke the bond,  
And paid the penalty, losing his life  
At the bridge-foot ; and hence a world of woe !  
Vengeance for vengeance crying, blood for blood ;  
No intermission ! Law, that slumbers not,  
And, like the angel with the flaming sword,  
Sits over all, at once chastising, healing,  
Himself the avenger, went ; and every street  
Ran red with mutual slaughter—though some-  
times

The young forgot the lesson they had learnt,  
And loved when they should hate—like thee,

IMELDA,

Thee and thy PAOLO. When last ye met  
In that still hour (the heat, the glare was gone,  
Not so the splendor—through the cedar-grove  
A radiance streamed like a consuming fire,  
As though the glorious orb, in its descent,  
Had come and rested there)—when last ye met,  
And thy relentless brothers dragged him forth,  
It had been well hadst thou slept on, IMELDA,  
Nor from thy trance of fear awakened, as night  
Fell on that fatal spot, to wish thee dead,

To track him by his blood, to search, to find,  
Then fling thee down to catch a word, a look,  
A sigh, if yet thou couldst (alas! thou couldst  
not),

And die, unseen, unthought of—from the wound  
Sucking the poison.

Yet when slavery came,  
Worse followed. Genius, Valor left the land,  
Indignant—all that had from age to age  
Adorned, ennobled; and headlong they fell,  
Tyrant and slave. For deeds of violence,  
Done in broad day and more than half redeemed  
By many a great and generous sacrifice  
Of self to others, came the unpledged bowl,  
The stab of the stiletto. Gliding by  
Unnoticed, in slouched hat and muffling cloak,  
That just discovered, Caravaggio-like,  
A swarthy check, black brow, and eye of flame  
The bravo stole, and o'er the shoulder plunged  
To the heart's core, or from beneath the ribs  
Slanting (a surer path, as some averred)  
Struck upward—then slunk off, or, if pursued,  
Made for the sanctuary, and there along  
The glimmering aisle among the worshippers  
Wandered with restless step and jealous look,  
Dropping thick blood.—Misnamed to lull alarm,  
In every palace was The Laboratory,  
Where he within brewed poisons swift and slow,  
That scattered terror till all things seemed poison-  
ous,

And brave men trembled if a hand held out  
A nosegay or a letter ; while the great  
Drank only from the Venice-glass, that broke,  
That shivered, scattering round it as in scorn,  
If aught malignant, aught of thine was there,  
Cruel TOPHANA ; and pawned provinces  
For that miraculous gem, the gem that gave  
A sign infallible of coming ill,  
That clouded though the vehicle of death  
Were an invisible perfume. Happy then  
The guest to whom at sleeping-time 'twas said,  
But in an under voice (a lady's page  
Speaks in no louder), " Pass not on. That door  
Leads to another which awaits thy coming,  
One in the floor—now left, alas ! unlocked.  
No eye detects it—lying under-foot,  
Just as thou enterest, at the threshold-stone ;  
Ready to fall and plunge thee into night  
And long oblivion ! "—In that evil hour  
Where lurked not danger ? Through the fairy-  
land  
No seat of pleasure glittering half-way down,  
No hunting-place—but with some damning spot  
That will not be washed out ! There, at Caiano,  
Where, when the hawks were mewed and evening  
came,  
PULCI would set the table in a roar  
With his wild lay—there, where the sun de-  
scends,

And hill and dale are lost, veiled with his beams,  
The fair Venetian died, she and her lord—  
Died of a posset drugged by him who sate  
And saw them suffer, flinging back the charge ;  
The murderer on the murdered.—sobs of grief,  
Sounds inarticulate . . suddenly stopt,  
And followed by a struggle and a gasp,  
A gasp in death, are heard yet in Cerreto,  
Along the marble halls and staircases,  
Nightly at twelve ; and, at the self-same hour,  
Shrieks, such as penetrate the inmost soul,  
Such as awake the innocent babe to long,  
Long wailing, echo through the emptiness  
Of that old den far up among the hills,  
Frowning on him who comes from Pietra-Mala :  
In them, alas ! within five days and less,  
Two unsuspecting victims, passing fair,  
Welcomed with kisses, and slain cruelly,  
One with the knife, one with the fatal noose.

But, lo ! the sun is setting ; earth and sky  
One blaze of glory.—What we saw but now,  
As though it were not, though it had not been !  
He lingers yet ; and, lessening to a point,  
Shines like the eye of Heaven—then withdraws ;  
And from the zenith to the utmost skirts  
All is celestial red ! The hour is come  
When they that sail along the distant seas  
Languish for home ; and they that in the morn  
Said to sweet friends “farewell” melt as at part-  
ing ;

When, just gone forth, the pilgrim, if he hears,  
As now we hear it, wandering round the hill,  
The bell that seems to mourn the dying day,  
Slackens his pace and sighs, and those he loved  
Loves more than ever. But who feels it not ?  
And well may we, for we are far away.

## CLAUDE ROVANI.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERSKINE NORTON

Fearful, and horrible, and dear thou art ;  
Both heaven and hell are in thee !

JOANNA BAILLIE.

GARCIO LOREZANO, a nobleman, senator and councillor of Venice, in her most palmy days, was seated with his daughter, the young and beautiful Antonia, on a fair summer's eve, beneath a garlanded bower, in the garden of his magnificent mansion at Venice.

Lorezano had married late : he was now an old man, but the winter of his life though " frosty, was kindly ;" his hairs were few and white, but his keen eye yet flashed with intellectual vigor, and untamable spirit. In Venice he was esteemed and feared.

Antonia, in consequence of the early death of her mother, had been brought up by that mother's widowed and childless sister, living in retirement at a short distance from Venice, and whose small circle of society included only the most noble or the most gifted. Antonia had but lately arrived in





VENETIAN MANSION

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Venice to take her station at the head of her father's house,—his only child and representative, and sole heir to his great wealth. Numberless suitors, among whom was included a son of the Doge, had become competitors for her hand ; but Antonia herself had hitherto shown no preference, and her father seemed in no hurry to part from her : their position appeared and indeed was, an enviable one, although a thorn (as usual) lurked beneath the full-blown rose of their happiness. On that thorn their conversation touched.

“Plead not for him !” continued the old man ; “plead not for him, Antonia !—not even from you will I listen to a word of mediation ; although he be the son of my sister, my only and beloved sister, he is an alien to my house and heart for ever. I would not—no, as I am a true Venetian, I would not stretch out this arm to save him, although I saw him, where you are now, at my feet, and perishing with want—no, though he spoke with my sister's voice, and looked with her eyes ! A ruined gambler—”

“His fortune,” gently interposed Antonia, “was not large, and he was imposed upon by evil and designing men.”

“A midnight brawler, committing murder in our streets.”

“He killed, in a fair fight, the false friend who had deceived and robbed him ; unhappily the

traitor belonged to the most powerful family of Venice."

"And then to herd with the scum of the earth, and turn his puny arms against the land that bore him ! "

"He was exiled, he thought unjustly ; he demanded his remaining property, it was refused : despair has driven him to his present course."

"And let despair be his portion, in this world at least ! Time might have seared over his first offences, and restored him to his country ; but to raise a finger against Venice !—to look at her even with a menace on his brow !—girl, his death is but a poor retribution ! "

"It seems he wishes for death ; he prefers it to exile. Remember Jacob Foscari !—the sternest of our patriots cannot deny a sigh to his memory. O my father ! you are too severe ; there is neither mercy nor justice in all this."

"Indeed ! and what is it you wish ?—what would you have me do ? "

Antonia, deceived by the veiled irony of her father's manner, earnestly replied : "Let him have a word of hope and sympathy from us ; let him have the means of entering some foreign service according to his rank. I will vouch for Claude Rovani that he will soon make Venice proud of her discarded son, and eager to receive and pardon him. Do this, my father ! "

There was a pause ; at length the old man spoke :—

“ Is it my child, my only child, who would bring dishonor on her father’s gray hairs, by drawing him into a secret and friendly communication with an outlawed traitor ? Is it my only child who would expose my few remaining days to danger for the sake of a worthless and ungrateful boy ? ”

“ My father, forbear I beseech you ! ” exclaimed the horror-struck Antonia. “ It is not thus I mean it—you know I do not ; what might be done, I thought could be done in all safety and honor.”

“ Neither in safety nor in honor, Antonia.” Then looking at her suspiciously, he added : “ How long is it since you have seen your cousin ? ”

“ Three years, my lord, this very day. He had spent some weeks at my aunt’s, and left us for Venice ; six months afterwards he was banished.”

“ During those six months did he write to you ? ”

“ Frequently ; you have seen some of his letters.”

“ And did your aunt see them all ? ”

“ Yes, signor,” replied Antonia, with a look of surprise.

“ Let me consider,” continued her father ; “ three years since—you were then but thirteen—a mere child. Is your recollection of your cousin very strong ? ”

“ Oh, I think I see him now ! with an eye like an eagle’s, and the step of a bounding deer ; a brow



open and manly, as your own. He resembled you, my father, especially when he frowned and smiled; and (I must say it, because I am sure of it) he loved and revered you as I do. Then, too, with all his life, courage, and intellect, with all his careless boldness, and buoyant spirits, how respectful to our aunt ! how mindful of her comfort ! how patient with her infirmities ! but to me—oh ! to me—” (Antonia burst into tears)—“ My poor cousin ! my dear, dear Claude ! ”

Her father rose and stood erect before her : “ Antonia ! ” she looked up : “ this is the first time the name of the recreant Rovani, since his proscription, has passed between us : mark me ! it must be the last. I am willing to believe thee misled by thy youth and natural goodness thus far to have innocently pleaded for the unworthy, but I warn thee, tempt me no further ! Thou deemest me severe to my sister’s child ; thou hast yet to learn that it is in my nature to be as severe to my own, should justice and the safety of my country require it. In Rovani I acknowledge but a traitor—a reckless, bold, designing traitor, destroying the peace and security of Venice : for, know, that within these few days our capital is filled with his emissaries ; no individual or family is safe ; the blow falls in the dark, and in the night—on the land and on the water—in the private chamber, and in the public walk ; placards are posted up by invisible hands, proclaiming that the dag-



ger shall not be sheathed until all who voted for the banishment of Claude Rovani are no more. And will he stop there? You look terrified, Antonia; you were not aware to what a head this evil has arisen. I have shielded you from the knowledge of it; but I now think it right to tell you all—to tell you that Venice harbors in her bosom a nest of vipers, warmed into life by the treacherous and revengeful Rovani, and that the government, secret and powerful as it is, has hitherto striven in vain to crush, or even to trace them. I did not vote for the banishment of the offender, being unfortunately absent at the time; but on my return, I publicly approved of the sentence. Nevertheless, rest assured that the government at this crisis will have its eye upon us. Be on your guard, Antonia; not only suppress, but change your sentiments; let not his name be breathed with an accent of pity, even in the most secret recesses of your chamber; drive him not only from your heart, but from your memory: your cousin Claude is dead; it is the traitor Rovani alone that lives; therefore, think only of what is due to your country, to your father, and to yourself!” The old man turned away, and slowly disappeared.

Antonia remained with her eyes still intently raised to where her father had stood, motionless with astonishment, grief, and fear; she struggled, however, with the stupor that was creeping over her; her

head dropped upon her knee, and a deep sigh escaped her.

“I wish I could weep !”

“Weep not, Antonia !” whispered a voice close to her ear. She would have sprung from her seat, but an arm thrown around her waist retained her ; a muffled form knelt beside her ; the head was partly revealed, the face almost touched her own, and the eyes seemed “to ride upon the balls of hers.” The extremity of the shock saved her from insensibility, and she exclaimed, “Claude Rovani !”

“’Tis he—the recreant, the traitor, the condemned of all save of thee. I thank and bless thee, Antonia ! Thou hast pleaded for me as an angel pleads, although in vain. Nay, struggle not to escape ; I claim but a few moments—listen to me !”

“I must not—I dare not !” then clasping her hands she added ;—“O Claude, what hast thou done ?”

“I have done that which the meanest of the creation will do, when crushed and trod upon. I have turned upon my enemies—ay, and I will not leave my hold until I have made a wound as deep and as immedicable in the heart of Venice as she has made in mine.”

A thought darted into the mind of Antonia, which for an instant chilled her with horror : she started up ; “Speak, Rovani ! wherefore art thou

here concealed and listening?—My father? ha! is he not safe?—darest thou with sacrilegious hand—”

“I came not to destroy, but to save thy father, by a word of warning to thee.” He then again approached, and whispered: “Beware he go not to the council this night! For thy sake he is saved; and in spite of all that he has done, or may do, in his unjust and bloodthirsty wrath against his sister’s son, he is the father of Antonia, and as such is sacred—sacred, so long as thou betrayest not the hint I give thee; a betrayal would doom him to death, and not save those already doomed. Dost mark me, Antonia?”

“O horrible!” she exclaimed, covering her face with her hands.

“And is it with horror alone thou wilt think of me?” he retorted mournfully.

“Not so,” replied Antonia, more in fear than in truth,—“thou savest my father.”

“’Tis well; my time is more than out; farewell, my beautiful cousin. I marvel not at thy crowd of suitors; but wed not with the Doge’s son, and sometimes think of one, who, under happier auspices, would have loved and cherished thee in his heart’s core; farewell!” He snatched her in his arms, pressed his lips to hers, and as suddenly releasing her, turned, and plunging into the thickly-planted shrubbery, disappeared.

What a change had a single hour wrought in the

feelings and fate of Antonia ! What would she not have given to recall the careless happiness with which, at the commencement of this luckless hour, she had sat at the feet of her father, caressing him, smiling on the lovely and animated scene around her, or striking the chords of her lute, in the mere fulness of unreprieved enjoyment ! And now the shades of night, that were chasing the lovely, though short-lived twilight, and enveloping in darkness all that was of late so bright and beautiful, fell not more suddenly, or more heavily, than the gloom of despondency, self-reproach, and evil forebodings, on the young heart of Antonia.

“Signora ! where is the signora ?” Antonia started, for even the well-known voice of her favorite attendant Lucilla, filled her with apprehension. “Signora Antonia !” cried out the girl, in a voice of greater alarm, advancing hastily towards the bow-er. “Now the saints defend us ! Signora, what do you here at this late hour, when the dews are falling ? and all alone too !—and why have you not answered me ? I declare I feel quite frightened.”

“I am not well, Lucilla ; get me home, and in bed as soon as you can.” It was too dark to see her mistress clearly ; but Lucilla felt that her hands were cold, that she trembled from head to foot, and that she was scarcely able to walk ; she supported her home with abundance of exclamations and interrogations, to which Antonia made no reply. On

reaching her chamber, Lucilla perceived that her young mistress had all the appearance of sudden illness ; and having assisted her to undress, and to place her in bed, left her as she desired, to request the attendance of her father.

“ Alas ! ” exclaimed Antonia when alone ; “ how shall I be able to support his presence, to receive his tenderness and pity, with the image of the forbidden Rovani at my heart, and his kiss upon my lip ! I have a secret to hide, a part to play, an object to attain ! Into what a mesh of difficulties am I already entangled ! ”

Her father came hastily, reproaching himself as the cause of her illness. The domestic physician was called, and gave it as his opinion that some shock on the nerves had been received, and that the utmost quiet, rest, and composure were requisite. In pursuance of the first scheme of deception she had ever practised, Antonia pretended to be more unwell than she really was.

“ It is ten o’clock,” whispered her father ; “ I must leave you for an hour or two to attend the council.” Without opening her eyes, she folded her father’s hand in hers. “ Not to-night, dearest father, not to-night ! ”

“ The council, my child, will soon break up ; there will be nothing very important ; the leading measures were decided on last night.”

“ You can therefore the more easily stay with



me : do not leave me ! ” She clung to him ; and the tremulous movement of her frame recommenced, appearing to threaten convulsion.

“ Can it be,” thought her father, “ that the mere conversation with me on the subject of her degenerate kinsman produces this lamentable effect, or is there some other cause ? ” Vague suspicions darted into his mind ; but to question her was impossible, and he remained by her, despatching a messenger to the council stating the reason of his absence.

Having her father’s word, which she knew to be inviolable, that he would not attend the council, she at last consented to take the composing medicine the physician had prescribed, and soon after sank to rest, with her father’s hand fast locked in hers.

At one o’clock in the morning Lorezano was preparing to retire to his own room, feeling quite reassured by the tranquil and unbroken sleep of his child, when he was arrested by a buzz and murmur in the streets, accompanied by the quick, steady step of the armed police ; presently there was a loud knocking at his gate ; his household were immediately roused, and he himself proceeded to the outer court, where he was met by two of the council, his most intimate friends.

“ Sad work, Lorezano ! three of our number ” (repeating the names) “ are wounded to death, at the breaking up of the council, within the palace



gates ;—hark ! the tocsin ! the whole city is getting on foot ; the palace and its precincts are under the strictest search, and we have run here to beg of you to show yourself and assist, for your name has been mentioned suspiciously,—your absence from the council (a circumstance so rare) on this eventful night, has been remarked.”

“ I will go with you instantly,” exclaimed the old senator ; “ bring me my sword, and God grant me occasion and power to use it, although it be against my own degenerate flesh and blood ! But come first with me, signors,—you shall see my sick child whom I could not leave.” They accompanied him to the chamber of Antonia, by whom, with Lucilla, sat the physician, fearful of her being awaked by this sudden clamor ; but, although with cheeks and lips as white as the linen that enshrouded her, and breathing short and unequally, she still slept. The senators, with a view to the defence of their friend, asked a few questions of the physician and were quite satisfied. Lorezano gently kissed his daughter’s brow, and departed with them.

Lucilla, who had sat up during the night, now at the physician’s desire, resigned her post to another. On her way to her chamber she was accosted by her *aspirante* Pietro, a confidential sort of clerk and treasurer, clever, plausible, and artful.

The fellow proceeded by a series of shrewdly put questions to elicit from his weak and unsuspecting

auditor, sufficient to convince him that an interview had recently taken place between Antonia and Rovani; and persuaded her, for the sake, as he alleged, of guarding her young mistress from the consequences of so dangerous a connection, to concur with him in a system of espionage, and to communicate to him, from time to time, any circumstances bearing on the subject, which might come under her notice.

Lorezano had enemies in the council as well as friends; but on this occasion those enemies found that it was in vain attempting to cast a slur upon his loyalty. His open, manly bearing, his zealous intrepidity, his perfect contempt of aught approaching to suspicion as applied to himself, joined to his gray hairs and unblemished character, silenced the slanderous whispers of his enemies; and the old councillor at once resumed his influence.

The next day a placard was found posted in the Place of St. Mark, signed by Claude Rovani, setting forth that the atonement of blood was fulfilled, that he and his confederates should withdraw from the states of Venice; but that, as they had devoted their lives to her punishment, they should hold themselves in readiness to enter into the service of any foreign power at war with her; he commented with sarcastic severity on her omniscient and omnipotent government, that could not, within its own capital, protect the lives and property of its noblest citizens;

and he thanked that government, with bitter irony, for the treasure that had replaced his alienated property.

This manifesto inflamed the Venetians beyond endurance. It seemed as if the whole population had quitted for a time their usual avocations to join in one common pursuit of these insulting rebels ; and not only the capital, but the whole country became imbued with the same spirit. Every road had its village patrol ; the outposts were increased in number and doubly guarded ; no dwelling was exempted from instant and repeated search ; and no persons, whatever their rank or station, were safe from personal examination or interrogatory at any time.

It was arranged, that to avoid as much as possible all this hubbub and confusion, produced by so near and exciting a cause, Antonia should return for a time to the comparative quiet of her aunt's residence, although that, like all others, was under surveillance. Accordingly in two days she proceeded thither by easy stages, with a strong escort, and accompanied by the physician and Lucilla.

Pietro, to his disappointment, remained with his master in the city. Any correspondence by letter with Lucilla, on the important subject of their conferences, was utterly impossible ; it was therefore agreed, that should any thing occur to induce a slight suspicion of her mistress's continued commu-

nication with Rovani, Lucilla should send, as a token, by the daily messenger, a lock of her hair, with her best love, to Pietro ; but, if any thing very decided took place, so as to leave little or no doubt on the mind of Lucilla that such a communication actually existed, she was to send him back a small gold and enamelled ring, which he had lately given her.

In consequence of a private intimation from Lorezano, the signora Bianca received her niece with her usual maternal kindness, but forbore in any way to allude to the cause of her recent indisposition, and her unexpected return. In neither of these events did the signora perceive any mystery ; naturally concluding that the guilt, danger, and disgrace, in which their once much-loved relative had so unhappily become involved, sufficiently accounted for the painful impression made on a heart so affectionate, and so unused to suffering as that of her niece.

The image of Rovani in the mean time continued to haunt Antonia : for the chances of his using this abode as a means of concealment or evasion, were not improbable. It was an old building, reared in dangerous times, and had more than its due share of secret doors, and passages, and subterraneous communications, which she well remembered Rovani, as a boy, delighted to explore.

Ten days elapsed. One night, having undressed, and dismissed Lucilla, who slept in the adjoining

room, Antonia applied herself to read. It was a dark and gloomy night ; every door, and the massive casements of her windows were closed ; a slight noise attracted her attention ; she looked in the direction from whence it proceeded ; the arras was moving, and her heart sank within her as she observed that it was exactly the part which covered a sliding panel. She remained rooted to her seat, with her eyes strained eagerly forward, and her lips apart, when a loose corner of the arras was suddenly lifted up, and Rovani stood before her.

He was thinner and paler than when they had last met, and the stamp of thought and suffering was on his brow. "Antonia !" he exclaimed with a mixture of doubt and hope. She rose, and advanced towards him ; he flew to meet her : "Will you assist me ?"

"I will repay, as far as I am able, the debt I owe you for my father's life,—tell me how." He raised her hands to his lips, and led her to one of the casements : "You probably understand this better than I,—open it very gently." While she did so, he took from his bosom a slight but strong cord, fastening an end of it to one of two pillars in the apartment. Rovani then extinguished her lamp, and leaned from the window, under which glided a branch of a small river that flows into the gulf of Venice. "What do you expect ?" she whispered.



“A boat,” he replied; “I hear it.” And almost as soon as he spoke, a soft and peculiar whistle was heard, which he answered. He then threw the other end of the rope out, and turning to her said, “When you hear my whistle from below, undo or cut the end which I have fastened round the pillar, and throw it out. God bless you, Antonia! God bless you! we shall perhaps never meet again!” He drew her towards him, and tenderly embraced her; he felt the warm tears upon her cheeks, he felt the pressure of her hand, and above all, he felt the slight and timid return of his kiss. At that instant a thought glanced over his mind; a selfish and unworthy thought,—it existed but for a moment; “Did she love him?—might she be prevailed upon to share his exile? But no—to resign her country was possible, but not her father—nor would Rovani desire it.” Strange inconsistency of the human mind!—he, who, without remorse, had glutted his revenge, shrunk from even the thought of crime unprompted by that passion: where his nature was unperturbed, it shone forth in all its original brightness. With one desperate struggle he relinquished her, and sprang from the window. Antonia’s heart beat to every vibration of the cord; at length it was still, and the expected whistle announced his safety. She drew the loop of the rope and threw it out.

The noise of the opening of the window had



awaked the watchful Lucilla ; she sat up in her bed and listened ; at last she found courage to rise and approach the door of her mistress's apartment ; she thought she heard whispering ; again she hesitated, and then, very gently opening the door, found there was no light, and the rush of cool air convinced her that a window was unclosed. She crept along towards it, and just reached it when Antonia, having undone the end of the cord and thrown it out, was leaning anxiously from the window ; then drawing herself back, she exclaimed, in a low voice : " Thank God, he is safe ! " She proceeded to close the window, and Lucilla took that opportunity of effecting her return unperceived to her own room.

On the arrival of the usual messenger in the city on the following day at noon, Pietro received a packet. He flew with the prize to his own sleeping-room, and on tearing it open, found the ring. In less than half an hour, the spy was closeted with Vincenzo, one of the council the most inimical to Lorezano.

At five o'clock the same afternoon, the signora Bianca and her niece, having dressed for the evening, after their siesta, had met as usual at their accustomed seat on the terrace.

Antonia was aroused from a reverie by an exclamation from her aunt ; and on looking up, beheld advancing along the road, direct to the villa, a carriage and a horse-litter, accompanied by a

numerous troop of armed men. The signora gave immediate orders for their reception without any symptom of fear or suspicion, but the heart of Antonia throbbed and a mortal dread crept over her ; even her aunt appeared discomposed on observing two government-officers and a notary descend from the carriage, who were conducted, with the military commander and several of the escort, into the presence of the two ladies ; a few of the higher class of the attendants of the family accompanied them, and among whom was Lucilla.

After bowing profoundly, one of the civil officers addressed the lady of the house : “ It is with the utmost regret, signora, that we fulfil the painful duty imposed on us, of which this (presenting an official document) will apprise you.” The signora received the paper, but her agitation was too great to allow her to peruse it, and she returned it. “ Read it, sir, I beg—I cannot.” The commissioner proceeded to read, with a clear and loud voice, the order which authorized him and his coadjutors to search the premises of the signora Bianca ; to examine herself and her household ; to arrest, without examination, the signora Antonia, and to convey her a prisoner to Venice.

The signora Bianca looked at Antonia, and was surprised to observe that there was neither astonishment nor indignation on her countenance ; she stood with downcast eyes, calm and pale. “ This is some

base intrigue !” exclaimed the signora, approaching her, “and the truth will soon be evident.” Her niece embraced her affectionately, but without a word ; and talking her long veil from the seat she had just quitted, she enveloped herself in it, and bowing her head, said, “I am ready.”

“My dear, dear mistress !” sobbed out Lucilla, “where are they going to take you ?”

“Farewell, Lucilla ! farewell all of you !” said Antonia, as she was placed in the litter, which was carefully shut, and the guards drew up round it.

The commissioners next proceeded to call over the names of the household from a list they held ; the terrified Lucilla was then selected from the rest, and removed into another apartment. “We desire that you will detail to us exactly the event that has taken place here within the last twenty-four hours, and that has given you a suspicion of the signora Antonia’s being in correspondence with her cousin, the traitor, Claude Rovani ?”

“I know of no event,” replied the trembling Lucilla, “I have no suspicion.”

“Apply the thumb-screws !”

“O mercy ! I will confess all,” screamed the girl, going down on her knees ; and accordingly she detailed exactly what she had heard and seen the preceding night. Her deposition was taken in writing, and she was desired to lead the way to the apartment of her mistress. Here, on examination

behind the arras, was found the sliding panel, which Rovani had incautiously left open. A party was ordered to explore this secret entry ; and another, consisting of a numerous detachment of picked men and horses, was ordered to follow the course of the river, and to pursue the inquiry actively and carefully in its direction. The guard over the residence was strongly reinforced, and stricter regulations adopted as to the household, who in fact became prisoners. The commissioners finally returned to the terrace to take formal leave of the signora Bianca, who, from the moment of her niece's departure, had remained motionless in her chair, with her face buried in her hands.

On the arrival of Lorezano at the Doge's council that night, he was informed that the conspirators had been again tracked, and that there was a prisoner for examination, and perhaps for condemnation, before the Council of Ten.

The forms of the government of Venice frequently varied ; at this time the Council of Ten was independent of the Doge, who was only applied to for a casting vote, when the members were equally divided on a question.

This terrific tribunal assembled in their secret hall at midnight ; they were seated in a semicircle ; a single lamp was suspended immediately in front, darkened on the side towards the councillors, and throwing its full light on the spot were the prisoner

would be placed. On the right there was a small table also, with a partially shaded lamp, where sat two scribes with their writing materials. At a greater distance on the left, might be occasionally caught a glimpse of two masked motionless figures seated on the ground ; behind them was the dreaded wheel, and strange nameless instruments were scattered round. The size, situation, and communications of this hall would have appeared to a stranger all undefined in "darkness visible ;" a column whose height was lost in obscurity, or the wave of a dark curtain would catch his eye by the uncertain flickering of the light, and now and then he might see, or imagine he saw, a shrouded form moving noiselessly along in the distance.

A veiled female was conducted in and placed in front of her judges ; "A woman !" whispered the president. "Yes, signor, a woman," repeated Vincenzo ; "remove her veil !" It was removed, and the young daughter of the aged Lorezano stood before them.

There was a movement among the councillors, followed by a deep groan. Antonia, for a moment, forgot her fears, and thought only of her father ; she raised her manacled hand to her eyes, and strove to pierce the gloom ; she struggled to rush forward, but was prevented by a hitherto invisible frame of iron net-work. "My father !" she exclaimed, beseechingly. For a moment there was the stillness



of death, and then the president gave the order to proceed with the examination.

Antonia collected herself; "Signors," she said, "there will be no examination requisite to elicit the truth. Give me leave, and I will detail to you exactly all that has occurred." She was ordered to proceed.

Antonia related, with clearness, brevity, and precision, the scenes that had taken place in the garden at Venice, and in her chamber at the residence of her aunt. No doubt remained on the mind of her judges that she had told the whole truth, corroborated as it was by every circumstance, and by other evidence. On the conclusion of her detail, several questions were put to her by different members, and her answers confirmed their impression of her truth.

During the whole of this time, Antonia had anxiously watched for a glimpse of her father, or the sound of his voice. She frequently turned an intense gaze to the spot whence the groan had proceeded, but she could distinguish nothing. She knew that he was in her presence, she felt that he suffered, and not the less acutely, that the agonized feelings of the parent were sternly repressed by the duty of the councillor and the resolution of the patriot.

The prisoner was ordered to withdraw.

Two opinions were then proposed to the council as to her sentence. The one by the friends of Lore-



zано, the other by his enemies. The first party, among whom was the president, proposed that Antonia should be imprisoned until Rovani was seized, or his death ascertained, and that then she should be released and pardoned. The second party proposed, that, if within thirty days, from the date of the following day, the seizure, surrender, or death of Rovani were not known to have taken place, Antonia Lorezano, the abettor of his flight, should be put to death, and that public notices to this effect should be circulated, as well through the neighboring states as through those of Venice ; but that on any one of these events being proved to the council within the allotted period, the culprit should be released and pardoned.

The votes were taken, and the last proposition prevailed ; there were six in its favor, and four, including the president and Lorezano, against it.

The prisoner was recalled, and the sentence was solemnly pronounced : "That if within thirty days the traitor, Claude Rovani, were not in the hands of the government, either by seizure or surrender, or that if within that time his death were not ascertained beyond a doubt, the culprit, who had treasonably assisted in his escape, should be put to death, and that her death should take place at twelve o'clock on the night of the thirtieth day ; but, that if the seizure, surrender, or demise of Rovani, were known to have occurred within that time, Antonia Lorezano should be released and pardoned."

For an instant a deep glow suffused the drooping brow of the prisoner ; she raised her head, and cast her eyes keenly round, as though striving to penetrate the darkness from whence issued this mandate of life and death ; and then the bright color as quickly faded into deadly paleness. She bowed meekly to her invisible judges, and a timid, imploring glance was fixed upon the spot where she believed her father sat. She joined her manacled hands, and slowly sank upon her knees—but all remained shrouded and still as the grave. Her guards raised her ; she staggered and fell into their arms insensible, and her light motionless form was borne off between the two armed men, till all disappeared in the distant gloom.

Lorezano returned home, but his most intimate friends were refused admittance. He secluded himself altogether in the solitude of his chamber ; he was sometimes found by his attendants in prayer, but not a complaint, a tear, nor even a sigh was observed to escape him. The house was closed and darkened, as though death were in it ; not a sound was heard above a whisper, and the servants glided about noiselessly in the performance of their several duties. He never made, nor caused to be made, the slightest inquiry concerning his daughter or Rovani. The signora Bianca begged to be permitted to pass these terrible thirty days with him, but he refused. Every evening he attended the Doge's council, and

there, as nothing had been heard of Rovani, nothing was said concerning him. To the public business going forward the old man gave his attention, but the moment the council broke up, he abruptly disappeared, turning alike from friends and foes. Yet, in spite of the austerity of his grief, none, save his bitterest enemies, could view him unmoved. From night to night the change in his appearance was most palpable and melancholy ; his eyes became dim and hollow, his features sharp, and his complexion livid ; the firmness of his step was changed to weakness and tottering, and the stateliness of his demeanor gave way, as under a sudden load of care and infirmity.

The signora, notwithstanding Lorezano's refusal to see her, came from the country, and, unknown to him, established herself in his house ; using all her interest, through every channel, in favor of the condemned Antonia, and offering all that she was worth for the apprehension of Rovani. She could not, however, succeed in obtaining permission to see, or in any way to correspond with her niece.

Antonia herself was perfectly resigned to her impending fate ; she allowed not a hope to steal upon her thoughts, and meekly and firmly prepared for death. She suffered most for those who, she well knew, were suffering for her ; not all her fortitude could suppress the agony with which the idea of her father presented itself ; that of her affectionate aunt,

and of him—the guilty yet beloved one—whose bitter remorse she anticipated, and whose vengeance, again to be roused to madness, she dreaded and deplored.

It was on the twentieth day that two pilgrims were observed alone on the sea-shore in deep consultation.

“And recollect we are but two,” observed one, apparently in expostulation ; “Baptiste and Jerome have escaped beyond recall.”

“Better two,” replied the dreaded Rovani, “on such a service as this, than four.”

“Then,” pursued his companion, “we shall tire out the patience of our friends in Venice ; they will not approve of our return, especially for no other object than to save the daughter of that haughty noble, Garcia Lorezano.”

“We will not apply to them ; there is no need. If I find that our object is utterly unattainable, you can take shelter with our friends, and I——”

“And you, my lord ?”

“There is but one way for me to act.”

There was a pause : “My dear master, let us speak no more about it—I have vowed myself to your service ; we have together shared dangers and braved death ; and at this last cast, my lord, I will not fail you.” They shook hands, and a short conference succeeded this parley.

On the evening of the twenty-eighth day, Lore-

zано sent his excuse for not attending the council ; his proud spirit bent at last to the pressure of grief and illness. He took to his bed, and his physician and sister-in-law were, for the first time, admitted. On the evening of the twenty-ninth, the physician obtained leave to appear before the council. He stated that his venerable patient was near his end, that there was little hope of his surviving beyond the next four-and-twenty-hours, that the old man prayed, as his last and only request, that he might be permitted to see his child before his death—before the death of both. Some demur was made to granting this prayer, unless Lorezano could go himself to the prison of his daughter ; but this was impossible, and after a little further consultation, it was permitted that she should pass the hour between eleven and twelve on the ensuing night with her father—her last hour—and that immediately after the interview she should be led to execution.

On the morning of the following day, the fatal thirtieth, two pilgrims arrived at the monastery adjoining the state-prison. One of them appeared travel-worn and ill, and they were admitted, as they desired, for a few hours' rest and refection. The one who was not ill, partook only of roots and water, and, according to his vow, kept his face concealed. He appeared exceedingly devout, was very gentle in his manners, and full of information as to the countries he had visited ; so much so, that, during the supe-



rior's after-dinner leisure, he was sent for to narrate some of the interesting tales of his wanderings. So well did he win his way with the good priest, that the conversation was only broken off at vespers, to be renewed immediately afterwards.

At vespers a prayer was put up for a guilty soul that was to depart that night.

On the renewal of their conversation, the pilgrim ventured to inquire for whom the prayer had been said.

The abbot sighed, and having cautiously looked round, replied in a whisper : " For Antonia Lorezano, the young heiress of old Garcia Lorezano, his only child—she dies, poor thing ! for having assisted in the escape of that terrible cousin of hers, who has kept us all in hot water these three months past,—Claude Rovani."

" Antonia Lorezano !" repeated the pilgrim thoughtfully ; " I have seen that name in a placard lately."

" Very likely, for they have given notice that unless her cousin surrender himself by this day, she should suffer death—a mere mockery. Was it to be supposed that this murderous traitor, or," (and the holy father crossed himself,) " our Great Enemy in his shape—for many believe he is Satan himself—the saints protect us ! ) would come to save her in body or in soul ? "

" Alas, no ! " sighed the pilgrim, dropping a bead,



and devoutly muttering a prayer. "And her father?" he resumed, in a tone of commiseration.

"He is heart-broken,—he is dying; so near indeed is he to death, that it is doubtful whether he or his daughter will depart first." There was a pause.

"Is this quite certain?" inquired the pilgrim.

"Quite certain," continued the garrulous old abbot: "by the token that fathers Francis and Bernardine are desired to be at the Palazzo Lorezani this night to receive the condemned one there, not from her prison; and from thence the gondola takes her direct to the place of execution,—for the council has consented that she shall pass her last hour with her dying father."

"Alas! alas!" exclaimed the pilgrim, "what a world of woe is this!" By some further questions, put with much art and caution, he became master of the whole arrangement, and learned that, at a quarter before eleven, the prisoner was to be conveyed to her father's residence in a guarded litter, and, at a quarter before twelve, the monks were to be ready in their gondola at a side-door, where the canal ran close to the palazzo, thence sweeping round its gardens; that they were there to receive her, the guards accompanying them along the bank.

"She has probably," observed the pilgrim, "powerful friends at work for her deliverance; she might easily step into a wrong gondola," he hinted significantly.

“That puts me in mind—” exclaimed the abbot, starting up without finishing his sentence, and sounding his call ; a lay-monk appeared. “Ask father Francis whether he has yet received the pass-word.” In a few minutes a small sealed paper was brought to the abbot ; he broke the seal and held the paper up to the light, but the pilgrim’s eyes were quicker and more far-sighted than the old man’s.

As soon as it was dark, the pilgrims, although pressed to stay the night, took their leave, promising however, at the solicitation of the abbot, soon to renew their visit. The night closed in, drizzly and dark. The church-bells had tolled the half-hour after ten. Lorezano, propped by cushions, reclined on his bed—reclined, not reposed ; his restlessness was fearful, and an unnatural brilliancy was in his eye ; with ominous strength he grasped the hands of those near him, then dashed them frantically away, his couch shaking beneath the violence of his agitation.

At length the outer portals were heard to grate slowly back, and the words “She is coming !” were whispered from lip to lip, in every varied tone of intense anxiety. By the light of a few flambeaux, whose uncertain glare struggled against the wind and rain, the condemned one passed the outer court of her ancestral mansion, arrayed in black serge, and covered with a long black veil ; she was supported by two veiled nuns, followed, at a few paces’ dis-

tance, by the two officers in charge, with their swords drawn ; a party armed was at the foot of the grand staircase, and another, more numerous, was left at the exterior portal : the sentinels, who had been stationed early in the evening at different points on the outside of the palazzo, stood watchful at their posts.

Antonia entered the chamber of her father, and the door was closed upon her. She threw back her veil and approached the bed ; her father lay with his arms extended to receive her, but the fortitude of Antonia for a moment quailed when she looked on his attenuated form, and beheld death in every feature. Throwing herself on his breast, she burst into a passion of remorseful grief : “It is I that have done this !—it is I that have murdered thee, my father !—it is I that have taken life from him who gave it to me !—O God, pardon me !—my father, canst thou forgive me ?”

“My child ! my blessed child !” he exclaimed, as with all his remaining strength he pressed her to his heart : “it is *thy* young life that is sacrificed for having struggled to preserve the poor remnant of mine ! O Antonia ! would that we could die here together—thus ! death would lose its terrors and its sting—we should but sleep for a moment, and wake united, and for ever.”

“Of what import, then,” resumed Antonia, with more calmness, “will a few hours of separation prove ?

—ere the rising of the next sun our happy spirits will meet, my dear, my beloved parent !”

For a few moments they were silent ; that heavenly hope visited them as an angel of light, dropping balm into their wounds ; but still the horror of her *mode* of death pressed painfully upon him ; and as the days of her childhood rose before him, he repeated wildly : “ What, my little cherub ! my pretty prattler ! the soother of my widowed days ! my only treasure ! now—in the first dawn of her youth and loveliness—to be dashed down into that loathsome pit ! to linger, perchance, in pain—in thirst—in starvation ! O God ! in thy mercy remove this bitter cup ! Venice, my country !—I will not curse thee ; but my parting soul turns from thee with abhorrence ! thou whitened sepulchre !—thou gilded city of dust and ashes !” The old man, with sudden energy, had raised himself while he spoke, with his daughter on his bosom ; she wished to disengage herself, but could not : he looked round—there was a dreadful expression on his livid brow. “ My stiletto !” he gasped out ; “ there—there it is ;—do you not see it ?” and with one hand he clutched at the imaginary weapon, while the other was twisting convulsively in his daughter’s long, and now dishevelled hair : “ I will take thee with me,” he hoarsely whispered ; “ the stiletto !—I have it—no, no, no,—it flies from me—my child ! my child !” his hold relaxed, he fell back on his pillow, with his eyes fixed

and glaring ; there was one struggle, and in that struggle burst the proud and stubborn, though noble heart of Garcia Lorezano.

Antonia looked up—she saw that her father was dead ; she placed her hands over his eyes, and strove to close them ; she could neither weep nor mourn, but her brain rocked and burned ; the bed seemed to move, and that ghastly visage to reanimate : a cold shuddering crept over her, and she sank on the body in a state of utter insensibility.

The half-hour after eleven had not yet tolled, when the sentinel on duty at the back entrance, at which the gondola was expected at a quarter before twelve, was surprised to hear thus early, the slight sound occasioned by its pulling up. He hailed it, and was answered by the concerted watchword : “ Pray for the dying ! ” He threw open the door of the passage, and, by the lamp within, observed the two expected monks close to him, entirely concealed in their cowls.

“ Pray for the dying ! ” they muttered as they passed, and the soldier grounded his arms, and knelt.

The monks proceeded along the passage, and up the staircase straight to the back entrance of the private apartments of Lorezano. The one who led the way seemed perfectly well acquainted with it. In consequence of the arrangements made, they met with no one, and when out of sight of the sentinel, their steps, though equally noiseless, were considerably quickened. They reached the back-door of the bed-



chamber, and paused to listen,—not a sound was to be heard, they carefully undid the door, and leaving it wide open, entered. There was a lamp burning brightly, and there was the richly-draped bed, but no one appeared. Along the velvety carpet they stole to the foot of the bed, and drawing aside the curtain, beheld the dead Lorezano, with his yet unclosed eyes, and his daughter lying with her marble cheek on his bosom, to all appearance as lifeless as himself ; her long black hair and veil covering them both as with a pall.

The spectacle appeared to strike the monks with grief and horror ; but a moment—a single gesture, were all that even these strong feelings were allowed to claim. He, who had acted as leader, pointed to the door conducting to the ante-room, the other approaching it, gently drew a light bolt, so as to secure it on the inside ; and while he did this, his companion took from his breast a written paper, to which he hastily added a few words. They then raised the insensible Antonia—obliged, however, to cut away such of her hair as remained inextricably twisted round the dead man's hand ; they drew her veil over and over her head, so as to prevent, if possible, her immediate restoration from exposure to the air and rain, and placing the written paper on the breast of the corpse, they bore off their motionless burthen. Not more than five minutes elapsed from their entering the bed-chamber to their quitting it.



The sentinel perceived their dark figures issuing from beneath the lamp in the entry, and, mere soldier as he was, and fully prepared, he could not help a shudder at perceiving that they bore a third, a slight and muffled form. They repassed with the same slow step, with which they had entered, and "Pray for the dying!" was again repeated; they went on to the gondola: the wind and rain had increased; the sentinel could see nothing, and he scarcely heard the light pushing off of the boat. Closing the door of the entry, and wrapping himself up in his cloak, he impatiently waited his relief.

"It is the appointed moment," said one of the officers on guard in the ante-room, as the quarter of an hour before twelve chimed through the city; "you, madam," he continued, addressing the signora Bianca, "had best retire."

"No, no," she exclaimed, "I will see her once—once more!" and she started from her couch. The officer, without reply, approached the door, and was surprised to find a resistance. At that moment a noise was heard in the front court, and presently a confused murmur on the stairs, and footsteps ascending them. The serjeant of the guard stationed at the portal, and at the foot of the staircase, with some soldiers and servants, rushed in: "The prisoner has escaped!—the police-gondola has just arrived—the sentinel will not allow the priests to pass, and de-

clares the condemned one was carried off by them a quarter of an hour since, and that he is only accountable for one prisoner, not two. What is the meaning of all this, signors ? ”

“ Help us with this door ! ” exclaimed the officers.

In a moment the door was forced : there lay the body of Lorezano, but his daughter—where ! Trembling with agitation, one of the officers snatched the written paper from the breast of the corpse : “ Here ! this may explain ! ” The lamp was held up, and a crowd of eager faces gathered round, astonishment strongly marked on all, varied only by fear and joy.

“ Venice ! ” didst thou think to deceive the avenger of blood ! didst thou think to scare the heart and fetter the hand of ROVANI ! ”

Then underneath was hastily scrawled

“ I have taken thy victim from the arms of her dead father—another of thy broken-hearted patriots ! —Farewell ! I commend me to thy curses, Venice !

“ CLAUDE ROVANI.”

It is scarcely possible to describe the scene that ensued, and the consternation that spread through Venice on the following day. In spite of all the efforts of their commanders, neither the police nor the military could be brought readily and sincerely to pursue Rovani ; they had now decided that he possessed supernatural powers, and where was the use of running after *il diavolo* ?

After the lapse of a day or two, however, intelligence was brought by some fishermen, that they had met a sailing-boat on the dawn of the morning following that eventful night : the boat had then passed the Gulf of Venice, and was proceeding southward at great speed, being favored both by wind and tide. The fishermen, whose vessel had slightly suffered in the gale, hailed her for assistance, but she kept away and would take no notice of them ; on observing her more accurately, they were surprised at seeing only two monkson board ; towards the stern a temporary covering of cloaks and canvas appeared to be made. No doubt remained from this account that the boat thus met contained the fugitives.

The signora Bianca retired to her country residence, and for a twelvemonth lived in the deepest seclusion, mourning the unhappy death of Lorezano, and the uncertain fate of his child ; for whose miraculous escape, however, she returned thanks daily on her knees. But at the end of that time her conduct suddenly changed ; her cheerfulness returned, and her doors were again opened to society : she had received a letter, brought by a mendicant friar, who, immediately on its delivery, had disappeared : it was from the condemned Antonia, the outlaw's bride, giving no clue to her residence, but assuring her aunt of her safety.

It has since been believed, and apparently with sufficient foundation, that the fugitives settled in

France, and that Claude Rovani, under another appellation, became one of the most distinguished leaders of the armies of France during the fifteenth century.





WATTEFLOO



## THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

BY W. H. MAXWELL.

—wander o'er this bloody field,  
To book our dead, and then to bury them ;  
To sort our nobles from our common men ;  
For many—  
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood.

SHAKSPEARE, *Henry V.*

THE last gleam of fading sunshine fell upon the rout of Waterloo. The finest army, for its numbers, that France had ever embattled in a field, was utterly defeated ; and the dynasty of that proud spirit, for whom Europe was too little, was ended.

Night came : but it brought no respite to the shattered army of Napoleon ; and the moon rose upon the “broken host” to light the victors to their prey. The British, forgetting their fatigue, pressed on the rear of the flying enemy ; and the roads, covered with the dead and dying, and obstructed by broken equipages and deserted guns, became almost impassable to the fugitives—and hence the slaughter from Waterloo to Genappe was

frightful. But, wearied with blood (for the French, throwing away their arms to expedite their flight, offered no resistance,) and exhausted with hunger and fatigue, the British pursuit relaxed, and at Genappe it ceased altogether. The infantry bivouacked for the night around the farm-houses of Cailon and Belle Alliance, and the light cavalry halted some miles further on, and abandoned the work of death to their fresher and more sanguinary allies. Nothing, indeed, could surpass the desperate and unrelenting animosity of the Prussians towards the French. Repose and plunder were sacrificed to revenge : the memory of former defeat, insult, and oppression, now produced a dreadful retaliation, and overpowered every feeling of humanity. The *væ victis* was pronounced, and thousands, beside those who perished in the field, fell that night beneath the Prussian lance and sabre. In vain a feeble effort was made by the French to barricade the streets of Genappe, and interrupt the progress of the conquerors. Blucher forced the passage with his cannon ; and so entirely had the defeat of Waterloo extinguished the spirit, and destroyed the discipline, of the remnant of Napoleon's army, that the wild hurrah of the pursuers, or the very blast of a Prussian trumpet, became the signal for flight and terror.

But, although the French army had ceased to exist as such, and now (to use the phrase of a Prussian officer) exhibited rather the flight of a

scattered horde of barbarians, than the retreat of a disciplined body, never had it, in the proudest days of its glory, shown greater devotion to its leader, or displayed more desperate and unyielding bravery, than during the long and sanguinary battle of the 18th. The plan of Buonaparte's attack was worthy of his martial renown ; it was unsuccessful ; but let this be ascribed to the true cause—the heroic and enduring courage of the troops and the man to whom he was opposed. Wellington without that army, or that army without Wellington, must have fallen beneath the splendid efforts of Napoleon.

While a mean attempt has been often made to lower the military character of the great warrior who is now no more, those who would libel Napoleon rob Wellington of half his glory. It may be the proud boast of England's hero, that the subjugator of Europe fell before him, not in the wane of his genius, but in the full possession of those martial talents which placed him foremost in the list of conquerors ; leading, too, that very army which had overthrown every power that had opposed it—now perfect in its discipline, flushed with recent success, and confident of approaching victory.

At Genappe, and not, as generally believed, at La Belle Alliance, Wellington and Blucher met after the battle. The moment and spot were fitting for the interview of conquerors. To Blucher's fresher troops the task of an unabating pursuit was

intrusted ; and Wellington returned to Waterloo, at midnight, across the crimson field which that day had consummated his military glory. 'Twas said that he was deeply affected, as, "by the pale moonlight," he surveyed the terrible scene of slaughter he passed over, and that he half lamented a victory which had been achieved at the expense of many personal friends, and thousands of his gallant soldiery.

When the next sun rose, the field of battle presented a tremendous spectacle of carnage. Humanity shuddered at the view ; for mortal suffering, in all its terrible variety, was frightfully exhibited. The dead lay there in thousands—with them human pain and agony were over ; but with them a multitude of maimed wretches were intermingled, mutilated by wounds, and tortured by thirst and hunger. A few short hours had elapsed, and those who but yesterday had careered upon the plain of Waterloo, in the full pride of life and manhood, were stretched upon the earth ; and many who had led the way to victory, who with exulting hearts had cheered their colder comrades when they quailed, were now lying on the field in helpless wretchedness.

Nor was war's misery confined to man, for thousands of wounded horses were strewn over this scene of slaughter. Somelay quietly on the ground, cropping the grass within their reach ; some with

deep moaning expressed their sufferings ; while others, maddened with pain,—

“ Yerk’d out their armed heels at their dead masters,  
Killing them twice.”

When day came, and it was possible to send relief to the wounded, many circumstances tended to retard the welcome succor. The great road to Brussels, from heavy rains, and the incessant passage of artillery and war equipages, was so cut up, as to materially retard the carriages employed to bring in the wounded. Dead horses and abandoned baggage choked the causeway, and the efforts of Belgic humanity were rendered slow and difficult. Up to the very gates of Brussels, “ war’s worst results ” were visible : the struggles of expiring nature had enabled some to reach the city, while many perished in the attempt ; and, dying on the roadside, covered the causeway with their bodies. Pits, rudely dug, and scarcely moulded over, received the corpses, which daily became more offensive from the heat ; and the same sod, at the verge of the forest, covered “ the horse and his rider.”

When such evidence of destruction was apparent at a distance from the field, what a display of devastation the narrow theatre of yesterday’s conflict must have presented ! Fancy may conceive it, but description will necessarily be scanty and imperfect. On the small surface of two square miles, it was ascer-



tained that 50,000 men and horses were lying ! The luxurious crop of ripe grain which had covered the field of battle was reduced to litter and beaten into the earth ; and the surface, trodden down by the cavalry, and furrowed deeply by cannon-wheels, strewn with many a relic of the fight. Helmets and cuirasses, shattered fire-arms and broken swords ; all the variety of military ornaments ; lancer caps and Highland bonnets, uniforms of every color, plume and penon, musical instruments, the apparatus of artillery, drums, bugles ; but, good God ! why dwell on the harrowing picture of “ a foughten field ? ”—each and every ruinous display bore mute testimony to the misery of such a battle.

Could the melancholy appearance of this scene of death be heightened, it would be by witnessing the researches of the living, amidst its desolation, for the objects of their love. Mothers, and wives, and children for days were occupied in that mournful duty ; and the confusion of the corpses, friend and foe intermingled as they were, often rendered the attempt at recognising individuals difficult, and, in some cases, impossible.

In many places the dead lay four deep upon each other, marking the spot some British square had occupied, when exposed for hours to the murderous fire of a French battery. Outside, lancer and cuirassier were scattered thickly on the earth. Madly attempting to force the serried bayonets of the Brit-



ish, they had fallen in the bootless essay by the musketry of the inner files. Farther on, you traced the spot where the cavalry of France and England had encountered. Chasseur and hussar were intermingled ; and the heavy Norman horse of the Imperial Guard were interspersed with the grey chargers which had carried Albyn's chivalry. Here the Highlander and tirailleur lay, side by side, together ; and the heavy dragoon, with "green Erin's" badge upon his helmet, was grappled in death with the Polish lancer.

On the summit of the ridge, where the ground was cumbered with dead, and trodden fetlock-deep, in mud and gore, by the frequent rush of rival cavalry, the thick-strewn corpses of the Imperial Guard pointed out the spot where the last effort of Napoleon had been defeated. Here, in column, that favorite corps, on whom his last chance rested, had been annihilated ; and the advance and repulse of the Guard was traceable by a mass of fallen Frenchmen. In the hollow below, the last struggle of France had been vainly made ; for there the Old Guard, when the middle battalions had been forced back, attempted to meet the British, and afford time for their disorganized companions to rally. Here the British left, which had converged upon the French centre, had come up ; and here the bayonet closed the contest.

It was at the first light of morning that a solitary party were employed, in the place we have described,

examining the dead, who lay there thickly. They were no plunderers: one, wrapped in a cloak, directed the researches of the rest, who acted under the stranger's control, and, from their dress, appeared to be Belgian peasants. Suddenly the muffled person uttered a wild cry; and, rushing over a pile of corpses, hurried to a spot where a soldier was seated beside a fallen officer. Feeble as his own strength was, he had exerted it to protect the wounded man. His musket was placed beside him for defence, and his own sufferings forgotten in his solicitude for the person he was watching. The noise occasioned by the hasty approach of the muffled stranger roused the wounded officer, and he raised his head: "It is herself!" he feebly muttered; and next moment sank in the arms of Lucy Davidson!

## NOSE, THE DWARF.

BY W. HAUFF.

[This story is from the collection called "The Sheik of Alexandria and his Slaves," and is supposed to be told by a slave to the Sheik.]

SIR, those people are much mistaken who fancy that there were no fairies and enchanters, except in the time of Haroun Al Raschid, Lord of Bagdad, or even pronounce untrue those accounts of the deeds of genii and their princes, which one hears the story-tellers relate in the market-places of the town. There are fairies nowadays, and it is but a short time since that I myself was witness of an occurrence in which genii were evidently playing a part, as you will see from my narrative. In a considerable town of my dear fatherland, Germany, there lived many years ago a cobbler, with his wife, in an humble but honest way. In the daytime he used to sit at the corner of a street mending shoes and slippers ; he did not refuse making new ones if any body would trust him, but then he was obliged to buy the leather first, as his poverty did not enable him to keep a stock. His wife sold vegetables and fruit,

which she cultivated in a small garden outside the town-gates, and many people were glad to buy of her, because she was dressed cleanly and neatly, and knew well how to arrange and lay out her things to the best advantage.

Now this worthy couple had a beautiful boy, of a sweet countenance, well made, and rather tall for his age, which was eight years. He was in the habit of sitting in the market with his mother, and often carried home part of the fruit and vegetables for the women and cooks who had made large purchases ; he seldom, however, returned from one of these journeys without bringing either a beautiful flower, a piece of money, or a cake, which the mistresses of such cooks gave him as a present, because they were always pleased to see the handsome boy come to the house.

One day the cobbler's wife was sitting as usual in the market-place, having before her some baskets with cabbages and other vegetables, various herbs and seeds, besides some early pears, apples and apricots, in a small basket. Little James (this was the boy's name) sat by her, crying the things for sale in a loud voice : " This way, gentlemen, see what beautiful cabbages, what fragrant herbs ; early pears, ladies, early apples and apricots ; who will buy ? My mother sells cheap."

While the boy was thus crying, an old woman was coming across the market ; her dress was rather

tattered and in rags, she had a small, sharp face, quite furrowed with age, red eyes, and a pointed, crooked nose, which reached down to her chin ; in her walk she supported herself by a long stick, and yet it was difficult to say exactly how she walked, for she hobbled and shuffled along, and waddled as if she were on castors, and it was as if she must fall down every instant and break her pointed nose on the pavement.

The cobbler's wife looked attentively at this old woman. For sixteen years she had been sitting daily in the market, yet she had never observed this strange figure, and therefore involuntarily shuddered when she saw the old hag hobbling towards her and stopping before her baskets.

"Are you Jane, the greengrocer?" she asked in a disagreeable, croaking voice, shaking her head to and fro.

"Yes, I am," replied the cobbler's wife ; "What is your pleasure?"

"We'll see, we'll see, we'll look at your herbs—look at your herbs, to see whether you have what I want," answered the old woman ; and stooping down she thrust her dark brown, unsightly hands into the herb-basket, and took up some that were beautifully spread out, with her long spider-legged fingers, bringing them one by one up to her long nose, and smelling them all over. The poor woman almost felt her heart break when she saw the old hag han-



dle her herbs in this manner, but she dared not say any thing to her, the purchasers having a right to examine the things as they pleased ; besides which, she felt a singular awe in the presence of this old woman. After having searched the whole basket, she muttered, "wretched stuff, wretched herbs, nothing that I want—were much better fifty years ago—wretched stuff ! wretched stuff ! "

Little James was vexed at these words. "Hark ye," he cried, boldly, "you are an impudent old woman ; first you thrust your nasty brown fingers into these beautiful herbs, and squeeze them together, then you hold them up to your long nose, so that no one seeing this will buy them after you, and you abuse our goods, calling them wretched stuff, though nevertheless the duke's cook himself buys all his herbs of us."

The old woman leered at the bold boy, laughed disgustingly, and said in a hoarse voice, "Little son, little son, you like my nose then, my beautiful long nose ? You shall have one too in the middle of your face that shall reach down to your chin."

While she thus spoke she shuffled up to another basket containing cabbages. She took the most beautiful white heads up in her hand, squeezed them together till they squeaked, and then throwing them into the basket again without regard to order, said as before, "Wretched things ! wretched cabbages ! "

"Don't wriggle your head about in that ugly



fashion," cried the little boy somewhat frightened ; "why your neck is as thin as a cabbage-stalk, and might easily break, then your head would fall into the basket, and who would buy of us ? "

"You don't like such thin necks then, eh ? " muttered the old woman with a laugh. "You shall have none at all, your head shall be fixed between your shoulders, that it may not fall down from the little body."

"Don't talk such nonsense to the little boy," at length said the cobbler's wife, indignant at the long-looking, examining, and smelling of the things ; "if you wish to buy any thing be quick, for you scare away all my other customers."

"Well, be it as you say," cried the old woman, with a furious look, "I will buy these six heads of cabbages ; but you see I must support myself by my stick, and cannot carry any thing, therefore, allow your little son to carry them home for me, I will reward him for it."

The little boy would not go with her, and began to cry, for he was terrified at the ugly old woman, but his mother commanded him earnestly to go, as she thought it a sin to load the feeble old soul with this burden. Still sobbing, he did as he was ordered, and followed the old woman over the market.

She proceeded but slowly, and was almost three-quarters of an hour before she arrived at a very remote part of the town, where she at length stopped

in front of a small dilapidated house. She now pulled out of her pocket an old rusty hook, and thrust it dexterously into a small hole in the door, which immediately opened with a crash. But what was the astonishment of little James as he entered ! The interior of the house was magnificently adorned, the ceiling and walls were of marble, the furniture of the most beautiful ebony, inlaid with gold and polished stones, the floor was of glass, and so smooth, that little James several times slipped and fell down. The old woman now took a small silver whistle from her pocket, and blew a tune on it which sounded shrilly through the house. Immediately some guinea-pigs came down the stairs, and little James was much amazed at their walking upright on their hind legs, wearing on their paws nutshells instead of shoes, men's clothes on their bodies, and even hats in the newest fashion on their heads.

“Where are my slippers, ye rascally crew ?” cried the old woman, striking at them with her stick, so that they jumped squeaking into the air ; “how long am I to stand here waiting ?”

They quickly scampered up the stairs, and returned with a pair of cocoa-nut shells lined with leather, which they placed dexterously upon the old woman's feet.

Now all her limping and shuffling was at an end. She threw away her stick, and glided with great rapidity over the glass floor, pulling little James after

her with her hand. At length she stopped in a room which was adorned with a great variety of utensils, and which almost resembled a kitchen, although the tables were of mahogany, and the sofas covered with rich cloth, more fit for a drawing-room.

"Sit down," said the old woman, very kindly, pressing him into a corner of a sofa, and placing a table before him in such a manner that he could not get out again ; "sit down, you have had a heavy load to carry, human heads are not so light—not so light."

"But, woman," replied the little boy, "you talk very strangely ; I am, indeed, tired, but they were cabbage heads I was carrying, and you bought them of my mother."

"Why, you know but little about that," said the old woman, laughing, as she took the lid from the basket and brought out a human head, which she held by the hair. The little boy was frightened out of his senses at this ; he could not comprehend how it all came to pass ; and thinking of his mother, he said to himself, "If any one were to hear of these human heads, my mother would certainly be prosecuted."

"I must give you some reward now, as you are so good," muttered the old woman ; "have patience for a minute, and I will prepare you a soup which you will remember all your life." Having said this, she whistled again, and immediately there came first

some guinea-pigs dressed like human beings ; they had tied round them kitchen aprons, fastened by a belt, in which were stuck ladles and carving-knives ; after them came skipping in a number of squirrels, that wore large, wide Turkish trousers, walked upright, and had small caps of green velvet on their heads. These seemed to be the scullions, for they climbed very nimbly up the walls and brought down pans and dishes, eggs and butter, herbs and flour, and carried it to the hearth. The old woman slid continually to and fro upon her cocoa-nut slippers, and little James observed that she was very anxious to cook something good for him. Now the fire crackled and blazed up higher, there was a smoking and bubbling in the saucepan, and a pleasant odor spread over the room, but the old woman kept running up and down, the squirrels and guinea-pigs after her, and as often as she passed the hearth she poked her long nose into the pot. At length it began to boil and hiss, the steam rose from the pot, and the scum flowed down into the fire. She then took off the saucepan, and pouring some into a silver basin, gave it to James.

“ Now, my dear little son, now,” said she, “ eat this soup and you will have in your own person all that you admired so much in me. You shall moreover become a clever cook, that you may be something at least, but as for the herb, that you shall never find, because your mother did not have it in her basket.”

The little boy did not exactly understand what she was saying, but was the more attentive to eating his soup, which he relished uncommonly. His mother had cooked various savory soups, but never any like this. The flavor of the fine herbs and spice ascended from it, and it was at the same time very sweet, and very sharp and strong. While he was sipping the last drops of the delicious soup, the guinea-pigs lighted some Arabian incense which floated through the room in blue clouds, which became thicker and thicker, and then descended. The smell of the incense had a stupefying effect upon the boy ; in vain did he repeatedly say to himself that he must return to his mother, for as often as he endeavored to rouse himself as often did he relapse into slumber, and, at length, actually fell into a profound sleep upon the old woman's sofa.

Strange dreams came over him while he thus slept. It seemed as if the old woman was taking off his clothes, and putting on him the skin of a squirrel. Now he could make bounds and climb like a squirrel ; he associated with the other squirrels and guinea-pigs, who were all very polite, decent people, and he did his duty of waiting upon the old woman in his turn with the rest. At first he had to perform the service of a shoeblack, that is, he had to oil and polish the cocoa-nut shells which his mistress wore instead of slippers. Having often blacked and polished shoes at home, he performed his duty well and



quickly. After the lapse of about one year, he dreamt again, (according to the sequel of his dream,) that he was employed for more delicate work, that is, in company with some other squirrels, he was obliged to catch the atoms in the sun, and, when they had caught enough, to sift them through the finest hair-sieve, as the old woman considered them the nicest thing, and not being able to masticate well for want of teeth, had her bread prepared of such atoms.

At the end of another year, he was raised to the rank of one of the servants who had to collect the water the old woman drank. But you must not suppose that she had a cistern dug for that purpose, or a tub placed in the yard to catch the rain-water ; she had a much finer plan. The squirrels, and James with them, had to collect in their hazel-nut shells the dew from roses, and this was the beverage of the old woman. The labor of these water-carriers was not a very light one, as she used to drink a prodigious quantity. After another year, he was employed in indoor service, his duty being to clean the floors, and as they were of glass and showed the least speck, it was not a very easy task. He and his fellow-servants were obliged to brush the floors, and with pieces of old cloth tied to their feet dexterously skated about the rooms. In the fourth year, he received an appointment in the kitchen, which was so honorable an office, that one could succeed to it only after a long probation. James here served from

scullion upwards to the post of first pastrycook, and acquired such an extraordinary skill and experience in every thing relating to the culinary art, that often he could not help wondering at himself ; the most difficult things, pies composed of two hundred different ingredients, soups prepared with all the herbs of the globe,—all these, and many other things, he learned to make quickly and efficiently.

Seven years had thus passed away in the service of the old woman, when one day, pulling off her shoes of cocoa-nut, and taking her basket and crutch in hand in order to go out, she told him to pluck a chicken, stuff it with herbs, and roast it nice and brown, during her absence. He did this according to the rules of his art ; twisted the chicken's neck, scalded it in hot water, pulled out the feathers cleverly, scraped its skin smooth and fine, and then drew it. Next he began gathering the herbs with which he was to stuff the chicken. Now when he came to the chamber where these herbs were kept, he perceived a small cupboard in the wall that he had never before noticed, and finding the door of it half open, he had the curiosity to go near, in order to see what it contained, when behold ! there stood a great many little baskets in it, from which proceeded a strong pleasant smell. He opened one of these little baskets, and found in it an herb of a most singular form and color ; its stalks and leaves were of a bluish green, and it had a flower of burning red fringed

with yellow at the top. He looked thoughtfully at this flower, and smelled it, when it emitted the same powerful odor as the soup which the old woman had cooked for him when he first came there. But the smell was so strong that he began to sneeze, was obliged to keep sneezing, and at last awoke, sneezing still.

He now found himself upon the old woman's sofa, and looked around him with astonishment. "Heavens!" he said to himself, "how vividly one may dream; I would almost have sworn that I was a wanton squirrel,—a companion of guinea-pigs and other vermin, but at the same time had become a great cook. How my mother will laugh when I tell her all this! But will she not also scold me for falling asleep in a strange house instead of helping her in the market?" While engaged in these thoughts, he started up to run away; but his limbs were still quite stiff with sleep, and particularly his neck, for he was unable to move his head well to and fro. He could not help smiling at himself and his drowsiness, for every moment, before he was aware, he ran his nose against a cupboard or the wall, or turning suddenly round, struck it against a door-post. The squirrels and guinea-pigs crowded whining around him, as if anxious to accompany him, and he actually invited them to do so when he was on the threshold, for they were nice little creatures, but they glided quickly back into the house on their nut-

shells, and he only heard them howling at a distance.

As it was a very remote part of the town to which the old woman had brought him, he could hardly find his way through the narrow streets, and as, moreover, there was a great crowd of people, wherever he went, he could only account for this by supposing there must be a dwarf somewhere in the neighborhood for show, for he heard every where cries of, "Only look at the ugly dwarf! Where does the dwarf come from? O! what a long nose he has, and how his head sits between his shoulders, and look at his brown ugly hands!" At any other time, he would probably have followed the cry, for he was very fond of seeing giants and dwarfs, and any sort of curious, foreign costume, but now he was obliged to hurry and get to his mother.

He felt quite weary when he arrived at the market. He found his mother still sitting there, and she had a tolerable quantity of fruit in the basket; he could not therefore have been sleeping long, but still it appeared to him, even at a distance, as if she were very melancholy, for she did not call to those coming past to buy, but supported her head by one hand, and on coming closer he likewise thought she looked paler than usual. He hesitated as to what he should do; and at length mustering up courage, crept gently behind her, and putting his hand fa-

miliarly upon her arm, asked, "Dear mother, what's the matter with you? are you angry with me?"

The woman turned round, but started back with a shriek of terror, saying, "What do you want with me, you ugly dwarf? Begone, begone! I do not like such jokes."

"But, mother, what is the matter with you?" asked James, quite terrified; "surely you must be unwell; why will you turn your son away from you?"

"I have told you already to be gone," replied Jane, angrily; "you will not get any money from me by your juggleries, you ill-favored monster."

"Surely God has deprived her of the light of her intellect," said the dwarf, deeply grieved within himself; "what shall I do to get her home? Dear mother, pray do listen to reason; only look well at me, I am indeed your son—your own James."

"Why this is carrying the joke too far," she said to her neighbor; "only look at that ugly dwarf; there he stands, and will no doubt drive away all my customers; nay, he even dares to ridicule my misfortune, telling me that he is my son, my own James, the impudent fellow."

At this her neighbors rose, and began as much abuse as possible, (every one knows that market women understand this well,) and reproaching him with making light of poor Jane's misfortune, who seven years ago had had her beautiful boy kidnapped, with



one accord they threatened to fall upon him and tear him to pieces, unless he took himself off immediately.

Poor James did not know what to make of all this. Indeed it seemed to him that he had that very morning, as usual, gone to market with his mother, had helped her to lay out her fruit, and had afterwards gone with the old woman to her house, eaten some soup, slept a little while, and had now come back ; and yet his mother and his neighbors talked of seven years, calling him at the same time an ugly dwarf. What then was the change that had come over him ? Seeing, at length, that his mother would no longer listen to any thing he said, he felt the tears come in his eyes, and went sorrowfully down the street towards the stall where his father sat in the daytime, mending shoes.

“I am curious to see,” he thought to himself, “whether he, too, will disown me ? I will place myself in the doorway and talk to him.” And having come there, he did so and looked in.

The cobbler was so busily engaged at work that he did not see him ; but happening to cast a look towards the door, he dropped shoe, twine, and awl on the ground, and cried, with astonishment, “For Heaven’s sake, what is that ? ”

“Good evening, master,” said the little dwarf, stepping inside the booth. “How fare you ? ”

“Badly, badly, my little gentleman,” replied James’s father, to his utter amazement ; for he, too,

did not seem to recognise him. "I have to do all the work myself, for I am alone and now getting old, and yet I cannot afford to keep a journeyman."

"But have you no son to assist you in your work?" inquired the dwarf further.

"Indeed I had one, whose name was James, and he now must be a handsome, quick lad, twenty years old, who might effectually assist me. Ah! what a pleasant life I should lead! Even when he was twelve years old he showed himself quite handy and clever, and understood a great deal of the business. He was a fine engaging little fellow; he would soon have brought me plenty of custom, so that I should no longer have been mending shoes and boots but making new ones. But so goes the world."

"Where is your son, then?" asked James, in a tremulous voice.

"That God only knows," replied his father. "Seven years ago, yes! it is just that now, he was stolen from us in the market-place."

"Seven years ago, you say?" cried James, with astonishment.

"Yes, little gentleman, seven years ago; the circumstance is as fresh in my memory as if it had happened to-day, how my poor wife came home weeping and crying, saying that the child had not come back all day, and that she had inquired and searched everywhere without finding him. But I always said

it would come to that ; for James was a pretty child, no one could help saying so, therefore my poor wife was proud of him and fond of hearing people praise him, and often sent him with vegetables and such like things to the houses of the gentlefolks. All this was very well ; he always received some present. But, said I, mark me, the town is large, and there are many bad people in it, so take care of James. But it happened as I always said. Once there comes an ugly old woman to the market, bargains for some fruits and vegetables, and at length buys so much that she cannot carry it home herself. My wife, kind soul, sends the lad with her, and—has never seen him again since that hour.”

“ And that is now seven years, say you ? ”

“ Seven years this spring. We had him cried in the town, we went from house to house, inquiring ; many had known and liked the pretty lad, and searched with us, but all in vain. Neither did any one know the woman who bought the vegetables ; a very aged woman, however, ninety years old, said, ‘ it might possibly have been the wicked fairy, Kräuterweis, who once in fifty years comes to the town to buy various articles.’ ”

Thus spoke James’s father hastily, hammering his shoes at the same time, and drawing out at great length the twine with both hands. Now by degrees light broke on the little dwarf’s mind, and he saw what had happened to him, viz., that he had not been

dreaming, but had served as a squirrel seven years with the evil fairy. Rage and sorrow now filled his heart almost to bursting.

The old witch had robbed him of seven years of his youth, and what had he in exchange? What was it that he could polish slippers of cocoa-nut shell? that he could clean rooms with glass floors? that he had learned all the mysteries of cooking, from the guinea pigs? Thus he stood for some time meditating on his fate, when at length his father asked him—

“Do you want to purchase any thing, young gentleman? Perhaps a pair of new slippers, or, peradventure, a case for your nose?” he added, smiling.

“What do you mean by my nose?” asked James; “why should I want a case for it?”

“Why,” replied the cobbler, “every one according to his taste; but I must tell you, that if I had such a terrible nose, I should have a case made for it of rose-colored morocco. Look here, I have a beautiful piece that is just the thing; indeed we should at least want a yard for it. It would then be well guarded, my little gentleman; whereas now I am sure you will knock it against every door-post and carriage you would wish to avoid.”

The dwarf was struck dumb with terror; he felt his nose, it was full two hands long and thick in proportion. So then the old hag had likewise changed his person; and hence it was his mother

did not know him, and people called him an ill-favored dwarf.

“Master,” said he, half crying to the cobbler, “have you no looking-glass at hand in which I might behold myself?”

“Young gentleman,” replied his father, gravely, “you have not exactly been favored as to appearance so as to make you vain, and you have no cause to look often in the glass. You had better leave it off altogether. It is with you a particularly ridiculous habit.”

“Oh! pray let me look in the glass,” cried the dwarf. “I assure you it is not from vanity.”

“Leave me in peace, I have none in my possession; my wife has a little looking-glass, but I do not know where she has hid it. If you really must look into one,—why then, over the way lives Urban, the barber, who has a glass twice as big as your head; look in there, and now, good morning.”

With these words his father pushed him gently out of the stall, locked the door after him, and sat down again to his work. The little dwarf, much cast down, went over the way to the barber, whom he well remembered in former times.

“Good morning, Urban,” said he to him, “I come to beg a favor of you, be so kind as to let me look a moment in your looking-glass.”

“With pleasure,” cried the barber, laughing, “there it is;” and his customers who were about to



be shaved laughed heartily with him. "You are rather a pretty fellow, slim and genteel ; you have a neck like a swan, hands like a queen, and a turn-up nose, such as one seldom sees excelled. A little vain you are of it, no doubt ; but no matter, look at yourself, people shall not say that envy prevented me from allowing you to see yourself in my glass."

Thus spoke the barber, and a yell of laughter resounded through the room. In the meantime the dwarf had stepped to the glass and looked at himself. The tears came in his eyes, while saying to himself: "Yes, dear mother, thus you could not indeed recognise your James, he did not look like this in the days of your happiness, when you delighted to show him off before the people ?" His eyes had become little, like those of a pig ; his nose was immense, hanging over his mouth down to his chin ; his neck seemed to have been taken away altogether, for his head sat low between his shoulders, and it was only with the greatest pain that he could move it to the right or left ; his body was still the same size as it had been seven years ago, when he was twelve years old, so that he had grown in width what others do in height, between the ages of twelve and twenty. His back and chest stood out like two short, well-filled bags ; and this thick-set body was supported by small thin legs, which seemed hardly sufficient to support their burden : but so much the larger were his arms, which hung down from his body, being of the size of those

of a full-grown man ; his hands were coarse, and of a brownish hue, his fingers long, like spiders' legs, and when he stretched them to their full extent, he could touch the ground without stooping. Such was little James's appearance, now that he had become an ugly dwarf. He now remembered the morning on which the old woman had stopped before his mother's baskets. All that he then had found fault with in her—viz., her long nose, and ugly fingers—all these she had given him, only omitting her long, palsied neck.

“ Well, my prince, have you looked enough at yourself now ? ” said the barber, stepping up to him, and surveying him with a laugh. “ Truly, if we wished to dream of such a figure, we could hardly see one so comical. Nevertheless, I will make you a proposition, my little man. My shaving-room is tolerably well frequented, but yet not so much so as I could wish. That arises from my neighbor, the barber Schaum, having discovered a giant, who attracts much custom to his house. Now, to become a giant is no great thing after all, but to be such a little man as you, is indeed a different thing. Enter my service, little man, you shall have board and lodging, clothes and every thing ; for this you shall stand in my door-way in the morning, and invite people to come in ; you shall beat up the lather, hand the towel to the customers, and you may be sure that we shall both make it answer ; I shall get more customers

through you than my neighbor by his giant ; and you will get many presents."

The little man felt quite indignant at the proposal of serving as a decoy to a barber. But was he not obliged to submit patiently to this insulting offer ? He, therefore, quietly told the barber he had no time for such services, and went away.

Although the evil hag had thus stunted his growth, yet she had had no power to affect his mind, as he felt full well : for he no longer thought and felt as he did seven years since, and believed that he had become wiser and more sensible in the interval. He did not mourn for the loss of his beauty, nor for his ugly appearance, but only that he was driven from his father's door like a dog. However, he resolved to make another trial with his mother.

He went again to her in the market, and entreated her to listen to him patiently. He reminded her of the day on which he had gone with the old woman ; he called to her mind all the particular incidents of his childhood, told her then how he had served seven years as a squirrel with the fairy, and how she had changed him because he had then ridiculed her person.

The cobbler's wife did not know what to think of all this. All that he related of his childhood agreed with her own recollections, but when he talked of serving seven years as a squirrel, she said, " It is impossible ; there are no fairies ; " and when she looked at him she felt a horror at the ugly dwarf, and would

not believe that he could be her son. At length she thought it would be best to talk the matter over with her husband ; therefore she took up her baskets and bade him go with her.

On arriving at the cobbler's stall she said : "Look, this fellow pretends to be our lost James. He has told me all the circumstances, how he was stolen from us seven years since, and how he was enchanted by a fairy."

"Indeed," interrupted the cobbler in a rage, "has he told you this ? wait, you rogue !—I have told him all this an hour ago, and then he goes to make a fool of you. Enchanted you have been, my little chap, have you ? Wait a bit, I will soon disenchant you !" So saying he took a bundle of straps that he had just cut, jumped up towards the dwarf, and beat him on his humped back and his long arms, making the little fellow scream with pain and run crying away.

Now in that town, as in others, there were but few of those compassionate souls who will support a poor unfortunate with a ridiculous appearance. Hence it was that the unlucky dwarf remained all day without food, and was obliged in the evening to choose for his night's quarters the steps of a church, though they were hard and cold.

When on the following morning the first rays of the sun awoke him, he began seriously to think how he should prolong his existence, now that his father and mother had rejected him ; he was too proud to

serve as a sign-board to a barber ; he would not hire himself as a merry-andrew to be exhibited ; what then should he do ? It now occurred to him that as a squirrel he had made considerable progress in the culinary art, and thought he might justly expect to prove a match for any cook ; he therefore resolved to turn his art to advantage.

As soon, therefore, as the morning had dawned, and the streets became animated, he entered a church and performed his devotions ; thence he proceeded on his way. The duke (the sovereign of the country) was a notorious *gourmand*, who kept a good table, and sought cooks in all parts of the world. To his palace the dwarf went. When he arrived at the outer gate the porter asked his errand, and began to crack his jokes on him ; when he asked for the chief cook they laughed and led him through the inner courts, and wherever he went the servants stood still, looked at him, laughed, heartily, and followed him, so that in a short time a great posse of menials of all descriptions crowded up the steps of the palace. The grooms threw away their curry-combs, the running footmen ran with all their might, the carpet-spreaders ceased beating their carpets, all crowded and thronged around him, as if the enemy was at the gates, and the shouts of " A dwarf, a dwarf ! have you seen the dwarf ? " filled the air.

At this moment the steward of the palace, with a furious countenance, and a large whip in his hand,



made his appearance at the door, crying, "For Heaven's sake, ye hounds, what is all this uproar for? Do you not know that our gracious master is still asleep?" At the same time he flourished his whip, laying it rather roughly about the backs of some grooms and porters.

"Why, sir," they all cried, "don't you see that we are bringing a dwarf, such a dwarf as you never saw?" The steward suppressed, though with difficulty, a loud laugh, when he got sight of the little man, for he was afraid that laughter would derogate from his dignity. He therefore drove them all away with his whip except the dwarf, whom he led into the house and asked what he wanted. Hearing that the little man wished to see the master of the kitchen, he replied, "You make a mistake, my little son; I suppose you want to see me, the steward of the palace, do you not? You wish to become dwarf to the duke, is it not so?"

"No, sir," replied the dwarf; "I am a clever cook, and skilled in the preparation of all sorts of choice meats; be so kind as to bring me to the master of the kitchen, perhaps he may be in want of my skill."

"Every one according to his wish, my little man; but you are an inconsiderate youth. To the kitchen! why, as the duke's dwarf, you would have nothing to do, and plenty to eat and drink to your heart's desire, and fine clothes into the bargain. But we shall see;

your skill in the culinary art will hardly be such as a cook to the duke is required to possess, and you are too good for a scullion." As he said the last words, he took the dwarf by the hand and conducted him to the apartments of the master of the kitchen.

On arriving there the dwarf said, with so deep a bow that his nose touched the floor, "Gracious sir, are you in want of a skilful cook?"

The master of the kitchen, surveying him from top to toe, burst into a loud fit of laughter, and said, "What, you a cook? Do you think that our hearths are so low that you could even look on one, though you should stand on tiptoe, and stretch your head ever so much out of your shoulders? My good little fellow, whoever sent you here to hire yourself as a cook, has been making a fool of you." Thus saying, the master cook laughed heartily, and was joined by the steward of the palace and all the servants in the room.

But the dwarf was not to be discomposed by this. "Of what consequence is it to waste a few eggs, a little syrup and wine, some flour and spice, upon trial, in a house where there are plenty? Give me some dainty dish to prepare," said he, "procure all that is necessary for it, and it shall be immediately prepared before your eyes, so that you shall be constrained to avow that I am a first-rate cook."

While the dwarf was saying all this, and many others things, it was strange to see how his little eyes

sparkled, how his long nose moved to and fro, and his fingers, which were like spiders' legs, suited their movements to his words.

"Well!" exclaimed the master cook, taking the steward by the arm, "well! be it so for the sake of the joke; let us go to the kitchen."

They walked through several large rooms and corridors till they came to the kitchen. This was a large spacious building, magnificently fitted up; on twenty hearths fires were constantly burning, clear water was flowing through the midst, serving also as a fish-pond; in cupboards of marble and choice wood, the stores were piled, which it was necessary to have at hand for use, and on either side were ten rooms, in which were kept all the delicious dainties for the palate, which can be obtained in all the countries of Europe or even the East. Servants of all descriptions were running to and fro, handling and rattling kettles and pans, with forks and ladles; but when the master cook entered, all stood motionless, and the crackling of the fire, and the rippling of the brook were alone to be heard.

"What has the duke ordered for breakfast this morning?" he asked an old cook, who always prepared the breakfast.

"Sir, his highness has pleased to order the Danish soup, with the small red Hamburg dumplings."

"Well," continued the master cook, "did you hear what the duke wishes to eat? Are you bold

enough to attempt this difficult dish ? At all events the dumplings you will not be able to make, that is quite a secret."

"Nothing easier than that," replied the dwarf, to their astonishment, for he had often made this dish when he was a squirrel. "Nothing easier ; only give me the herbs, the spices, fat of a wild boar, roots and eggs for the soup ; but for the dumplings," said he, in a low voice, so that only the master cook and the breakfast-maker could hear, "for the dumplings I want various meats, wine, duck's fat, ginger, and the herb called the stomach comforter."

"Ah, by St. Benedict, to what enchanter have you been apprenticed ?" cried the cook in astonishment. "You have hit all to a hair, and as to the noted herb, we did not know of that ourselves ; yes ! that must make the dish still more delicious. Oh ! you miracle of a cook !"

"I should never have thought this," said the master cook, "but let us make the trial, give him all he asks, and let him prepare the breakfast."

His orders were obeyed, and the necessary preparations were made on the hearth ; but they now found that the dwarf could not reach it. They, therefore, put two chairs together, laid a slab of marble on them, and asked the little wonder to step up and begin his skill. In a large circle stood the cooks, scullions, servants, and others, looking at him in amazement, to see how readily and quickly he

proceeded, and how cleanly and neatly he prepared every thing. When he had finished, he ordered both dishes to be put to the fire, and to be boiled until he should call out ; then he began to count one, two, three, and so on up to five hundred, when he cried out, "Stop, take them off," and then invited the head cook to taste them.

The taster ordered the scullion to bring him a gold spoon, which he first rinsed in the brook, and then gave it to the head cook. The latter, stepping up to the hearth with a grave mien, took a spoonful, tasted it, and shutting his eyes, smacked his lips with delight, saying, "Delicious ! by the duke's life, delicious ! Would you not like to taste a spoonful, Mr. Steward ?" The latter bowing, took the spoon, tasted it, and was beside himself with delight.

"With all due respect to your skill, dear breakfast-maker, you aged and experienced cook, you have never been able to make the soup or dumplings so delicious."

The cook also tasted it, shook the dwarf reverentially by the hand, saying, "My little man, you are a master of your art, yes, that herb, 'stomach comforter,' imparts a peculiar charm to the whole."

At this moment the duke's valet entered the kitchen, and informed them that the duke wished his breakfast. The preparations were now dished up in silver, and sent up to the duke ; but the head cook took the dwarf to his own room to con-



verse with him. They had scarcely sat down long enough to say half a paternoster, when a messenger came and called the head cook to the duke. He quickly put on his best clothes, and followed the messenger.

The duke looked well pleased. He had eaten all they had served, and was just wiping his beard as the master-cook entered. Master," said he, "I have hitherto always been well satisfied with your cooks ; but tell me who prepared the breakfast this morning ? It never was so delicious since I sat on the throne of my fathers ; tell me the name of the cook, that I may send him a ducat as a present."

"My lord, this is a strange story," replied the master ; and he told the duke that a dwarf had been brought to him that morning, who earnestly solicited the place of a cook, and how all had happened. The duke was greatly astonished, ordered the dwarf to appear, and asked him who he was, and whence he came. Now poor James did not exactly wish to say that he had been enchanted, and had served as a squirrel. But yet he adhered to truth, telling him that he now had neither father nor mother, and had learned cooking of an old woman. Much amused by the strange appearance of his new cook, the duke asked no more questions, but said, "If you wish to remain here, I will give you fifty ducats a year, a suit of livery, and two pair of breeches beside. Your duty shall be to prepare my

breakfast ; yourself every day to give directions how the dinner shall be prepared, and to take the general superintendence of the cooking. As each in my palace has his proper name, you shall be called 'Nose,' and hold the office of sub-master-cook."

The dwarf prostrated himself before the mighty duke, kissed his feet, and promised to serve him faithfully.

Thus the dwarf was for the present provided for, and did honor to his office. And it must be remarked that the duke had become quite an altered man since Nose the dwarf had been in the palace. Formerly, he had often been pleased to throw the dishes and plates that were served up at the heads of the cooks ; indeed, he even once, in a fit of rage, threw a fried calf's foot that was not sufficiently tender, with such violence at the head of the master-cook, that the latter fell to the ground, and was compelled for three days to keep his bed. 'Tis true, the duke made him amends for what he had done by some handfuls of ducats, but still no cook ever came before him with his dishes, without trembling and terror.

Ever since the dwarf had been in the palace, all seemed to be changed, as if by magic. The duke, instead of three, had now five meals a day, in order to relish properly the skill of his little servant, and yet never showed the least sign of discontent. In-

deed, he found all new and excellent, was kind and pleasant, and became fatter daily.

He would often in the midst of a meal send for the master-cook and the dwarf, set one on his right, and the other on the left hand, and put with his own gracious fingers some morsels of the delicious viands into their mouths ; a favor which both knew how to appreciate fully. The dwarf was the wonder of the whole town, and people requested the permission of the master-cook to see him cook, while some of the principal folks prevailed upon the duke to permit their servants to profit by the instructions of the dwarf in his kitchen, by which he obtained much money, for those who came to learn paid daily half a ducat. In order, however, to keep the other cooks in good humor, and prevent jealousy, Nose let them have the money that was paid by the masters for instruction.

Thus Nose lived almost two years in great comfort and honor, the thought of his parents alone saddening him, and nothing remarkable occurring until the following circumstance happened. The dwarf being particularly clever, and fortunate in his purchases, went himself, as often as time permitted, to the market, to buy poultry and fruit. One morning he went to the poultry market, and walking up and down inquired for fat geese such as his master liked. His appearance, far from creating laughter and ridicule, commanded respect, since he

was known as the duke's celebrated cook, and each poultry-woman felt herself happy if he but turned his nose to her. At length coming to the end of a row of stalls, he perceived in a corner, a woman with geese for sale, who did not, like the others, praise her goods, nor call to the customers.

He stepped up to her, examined the geese, weighed them in his hand, and finding them to his liking, bought three, with the cage they were in, put them on his shoulders and trotted home. It appeared singular to him that only two of the geese cackled and cried like others, the third being quite quiet and thoughtful, and occasionally groaning and moaning like a human being.

"She is not well," said he to himself, "I must hasten to get home and dress her." But the goose replied distinctly,

"If thou stick'st me,  
Why I'll bite thee,  
And if my neck thou twistest round,  
Thou soon wilt lie below the ground."

Quite startled, the dwarf put down the basket, and the goose, looking at him with her fine intelligent eyes, sighed. "Why what have we here?" cried Nose. "You can talk, Miss Goose. I never expected that. Well, make yourself easy: I know the world and will not harm so rare a bird. But I would wager something that you have not always

been covered with feathers. Indeed I was once a poor squirrel myself."

"You are right," replied the goose, "in saying I was not born with this disgraceful disguise. Alas! it was never sung at my cradle that Mimi, the great Wetterbock's daughter, would be killed in the kitchen of a duke."

"Pray be easy, dear Miss Mimi," said the dwarf, comforting her, "for as sure as I am an honest fellow, and sub-master-cook to his highness, no one shall touch your throat. I will give you a stall in my own apartments, you shall have enough food, and I will devote my leisure time to converse with you. I'll tell the others in the kitchen that I am fattening a goose with various herbs for the duke, and at the first opportunity you shall be set at liberty."

The goose thanked him with tears in her eyes, and the dwarf, as he had promised, killed the other two geese, but built a stall for Mimi, under the pretence of preserving her for some special occasion. Instead of feeding her on grain he gave her pasty and sweetmeats. As often as he had time he went to converse with her and comfort her. They related their histories to each other, and Nose learnt that she was the daughter of the enchanter, Wetterbock, who lived in the island of Gothland. Being involved in a quarrel with an old fairy, her father had been conquered by stratagems and cunning, and out



of revenge the fairy had changed her into a goose, and brought her to the town.

When the dwarf told his history, she said, "I am not inexperienced in these matters, my father having given me and my sisters what instruction he was allowed to impart. The story of the dispute at your mother's fruit stall, your sudden metamorphosis, when you smelled the herb, as well as the words the old woman used, show me that you are enchanted through herbs ; that is to say, if you can find out the herb of which the fairy thought when she bewitched you, you may be disenchanted." This was but poor consolation for the dwarf, for how should he find the herb ? Yet he thanked her and felt some hope.

About this time the duke had a visit from a neighboring prince, his friend. He, therefore, ordered the dwarf to appear, and said, "Now is the time for you to show whether you serve me faithfully and are master of your art. The prince, who is now visiting me, keeps, as is well known, the best table after me. He is a great connoisseur in good living, and a wise man. Let it now be your care to supply my table every day so that his astonishment shall daily become greater. But you must not, under pain of my displeasure, repeat the same dish during his visits. You may ask of my treasurer all you want, and should it be needful to fry gold and dia-

monds, you must do it. I would rather become poor than forfeit his good opinion of my taste."

When the duke had concluded, the dwarf bowed most respectfully, saying, "Be it as you say, my lord ; please God I shall do all to gratify the palate of this prince of gourmands."

The little cook now mustered all his skill. He did not spare his master's treasures, and still less did he spare himself. He was seen all day at the fire, enveloped by clouds of smoke, and his voice constantly resounded through the vaults of the kitchen, for he governed the scullions and under cooks.

During a fortnight the foreign prince lived happily, and feasted sumptuously with the duke. They ate not less than five times a day, and the duke was delighted with his dwarf, seeing satisfaction expressed on the countenance of his guest. But on the fifteenth day it happened, that the duke, while at table, sent for the dwarf, presented him to his guest, and asked how he was satisfied with his cooking ? "

"You are a wonderful cook," replied the prince, "and know what good living is. All the time I have been here you have not repeated a single dish, and have prepared every thing exquisitely. But pray tell me, why have you not all this time prepared that queen of dishes, the pie called 'souzeraine ? '"

The dwarf was startled at this question, for he

had never heard of this queen of pies ; however he recovered himself and replied, " My lord, I was in hopes that your serene countenance would shine some time yet on this court, therefore I deferred this dish ; for with what dish but the queen of pies should the cook honor the day of your departure ? "

" Indeed ! " said the duke, laughing ; " I suppose then you wish to wait for the day of my death to honor me, for you have never yet sent it up to me. But think of another dish to celebrate the departure, for to-morrow that pie must be on the table."

" Your pleasure shall be done, my lord," replied the dwarf, and retired. But he went away uneasy, for the day of his disgrace and misfortune had come. He did not know how to prepare this pie. He went therefore to his chamber, and wept over his fate, when the goose Mimi, who was allowed to walk about, came up and inquired the cause of his grief. When she heard of the pie, " Dry your tears," said she, " this dish came often to my father's table, and I know pretty well what is necessary for it ; you have only to take such and such things in certain quantities, and should these not be all that are really necessary, I trust that the taste of these gentlemen is not sufficiently refined to discover the deficiency."

At these words the dwarf danced with joy, blessed the day on which he had purchased the goose, and set about making this queen of pies. He first made a trial in miniature, and lo ! the flavor was ex-

quisite, and the master-cook, to whom he gave the small pie to taste, praised once more his great skill.

The following day he prepared the pie on a larger scale, and, after having garnished it with flowers, sent it hot as it came from the oven to table. After which he dressed in his best and went to the dining-hall. On entering, he found the steward engaged in carving the pie, and presenting it on silver dishes to the duke and his guest. The duke swallowed a large piece, turned his eyes upward, saying, "Ha ! ha ! ha ! justly is this called the queen of pies ; but my dwarf is also a king of cooks. Is it not so, my friend ? "

His guest took a small morsel, tasted it carefully, and smiled somewhat scornfully and mysteriously.

"The thing is made pretty well," replied he, pushing his plate away, "but it is not quite the Souzeraine, as I well imagined."

At this the duke frowned with indignation, and turned red, saying, "You hound of a dwarf, how dare you do this to your lord ? I will have your big head cut off as a punishment for your bad cooking."

"Ah, my lord," said the dwarf trembling, "for Heaven's sake have compassion on me ; I have made that dish, indeed, according to the proper receipt, and am sure that nothing is wanting."

"'Tis a lie, you knave," replied the duke, giving him a kick, "'tis a lie ; else my guest would not say

there was something wanting. I will have you yourself cut up and baked in a pie."

"Have compassion on me!" exclaimed the dwarf, shuffling on his knees up to the prince, and clasping his feet; "tell me what is wanting to this pie and why it does not suit your palate: let me not die for a handful of meat or flour."

"This will not avail you, my good Nose," replied the prince, laughing; "even yesterday I thought you would not be able to make this dish as well as my cook. Know there is wanting a herb called Sneeze-with-pleasure, which is not even known in this country. Without it this pie is insipid, and your master will never eat it in such perfection as I do."

At this the duke flew into a rage, and cried with flashing eyes:

"I will eat it in perfection yet, for I swear by my princely honor, that by to-morrow I will either have the pie set before you, such as you desire it, or the head of this fellow shall be spiked on the gate of my palace. Go, you hound, I give you once more twenty-four hours!" cried the duke.

The dwarf again went to his chamber and mourned over his fate with the goose that he must die, as he had never heard of this herb. "If it is nothing more," said she, "I can help you out of the difficulty, as my father has taught me to know all herbs. At any other time your death, no doubt,



would have been certain, and it is fortunate for you that we have a new moon, as the herb is only then in flower. Now tell me, are there any old chestnut trees in the neighborhood of the palace ? ”

“ Oh yes,” replied Nose, with a lighter heart, “ near the lake, about two hundred yards from the palace, there is a clump of them ; but what of them ? ”

“ Why,” said Mimi, “ the herb only flowers at the foot of them. Now let us lose no time but go to fetch what you want ; take me on your arm, and put me down when we get out, that I may search for you.”

He did as she requested, and went towards the gate of the palace, but here the porter levelled his gun and said ; “ My good Nose, it is all over with you, you must not pass ; I have strict orders respecting you.”

“ But I suppose I may go into the garden,” replied the dwarf. “ Be so good as to send one of your fellow-servants to the master of the palace, and ask whether I may not go into the garden to fetch herbs. The porter did so and permission was given, since, the garden having high walls, escape was impossible. But when Nose and Mimi had got out he put her carefully down, and she ran quickly before him towards the lake, where the chestnuts were. He followed with a heavy heart, since this was his last and only hope. If she did not find the herb he was re-

solved rather to plunge into the lake than to have his head cut off. The goose searched in vain under all the chestnut tree ; she turned every herb with her beak, but no trace of the one wanted was to be found, and she now began to cry out of compassion and fear for the dwarf, as the evening was already growing dusk and the objects around were difficult to distinguish.

At this moment the dwarf cast a glance across the lake, and cried suddenly ; “ Look, look, yonder across the lake there stands a large old tree ; let us go there and search ; perhaps my luck may bloom there.” The goose hopped and flew before him, and he ran after her as quickly as his short legs would permit him ; the chestnut tree cast a large shade, and it was so dark around that scarcely anything could be distinguished ; but suddenly the goose stopped, flapped her wings for joy, put her head quickly into the high grass, and plucked something which she reached gracefully with her bill to the astonished Nose, saying ; “ There is the herb, and plenty is growing here, so that you will never want for it.”

The dwarf looked thoughtfully at the herb, and a sweet odor arose from it, which immediately reminded him of the scene of his metamorphosis ; the stalk and leaves were of a bluish green, bearing a glowing red flower, with a yellow edge.

“ God be praised ! ” he now exclaimed, “ What a miracle ! I believe this is the very herb that trans-

formed me from a squirrel into this hideous form ; shall I make a trial, to see what effect it will have on me ? ”

“ Not yet,” entreated the goose. “ Take a handful of this herb with you, let us go to your room and put up all the money and whatever you have, and then we will try the virtue of the herb.”

They did so, and went again to his room, the dwarf’s heart beating audibly with anticipation. After having put up about fifty or sixty ducats which he had saved, he tied up his clothes in bundle, and said : “ If it please God, I shall get rid of my burthensome deformity.” He then put his nose deep into the herb and inhaled its odor.

Now his limbs began to stretch and crack, he felt how his head started from his shoulders, he squinted down on his nose and saw it became smaller and smaller, his back and chest became straight, and his legs longer.

The goose viewed all this with great astonishment, exclaiming, “ Ah, what a tall handsome fellow you have now become. God be praised, there is no trace left in you of what you were before.” Now James was highly rejoiced, he folded his hands and prayed. But his joy did not make him forget what he owed to Mimi the goose ; his heart indeed urged him to go to his parents, yet from gratitude he overcame his wish and said, “ To whom but to you am I indebted that I am again restored to my former self ? Without you

I should never have found this herb, but should have continued for ever in that form, or else have died under the axe of the executioner. Well, I will repay you. I will bring you back to your father ; he being so experienced in magic will be able easily to disenchant you."

The goose shed tears of joy and accepted his offer. James fortunately escaped unknown from the palace with his goose, and started on his way for the sea-coast towards Mimi's home.

It is needless to add that their journey was successful, that Wetterbock disenchanting his daughter, and dismissed James laden with presents ; that the latter returned to his native town, that his parents with delight recognized in the handsome young man their lost son, that he, with the presents he had received, purchased a shop and became wealthy and happy.

Only this much may be added, that after his departure from the duke's palace, there was a great sensation, for when, on the next morning, the duke was about to fulfil his oath, and to have the dwarf beheaded in case he had not discovered the herbs, he was nowhere to be found ; and the prince maintained that the duke had let him escape secretly rather than lose his best cook, and accused him of breaking his word of honor. This circumstance gave rise to a great war between the two princes, which is well known in history by the name of the "Herb War." Many battles were fought, but at length a peace was

concluded, which is now called the "Pie Peace," because at the festival of reconciliation the Souzeraine, queen of pies, was prepared by the prince's cook, and relished by the duke in the highest degree.

Thus the most trifling causes often lead to the greatest result ; and this, reader, is the story of "Nose, the dwarf."



# THE TREASURE.

A SWISS LEGEND.

BY J. R. WYSS.

NEAR the ruins of the old Baronial castle of Wadenschwyl, Petermann, a poor woodcutter, was one day, in the heat of noon, felling wood. About twelve or fifteen years before the era of this legend, that venerable old mansion had fallen into the possession of the city of Zurich. Till then the massiveness of the building had preserved it from decay ; but notwithstanding its beautiful situation upon a hill behind the rich and stately burgh, and its fine view of the lake of Zurich, it was at last half-demolished to make way for a more commodious castle, and now it stood in dreary loneliness, raising only one turret to the sky above the surrounding wood.

The industrious Petermann had up to this day been as indifferent to the old castle as the man in the moon. He had never gone into it—nay, it is doubtful if he had ever so much as intentionally looked up to it ; but as he now chanced to be working very near it, and every blow of his axe laid it

more clearly open to his view, a thought struck him, while taking a breath during his labor, and he said to himself with a sigh : “ Ah ! if I could get all the silver and gold which once glittered up there, I might well throw away my axe, and live comfortably all the rest of my days with my wife and children.”

At this moment it seemed to the simple rustic that something moved in a hole of the mossy wall, and as he eyed it attentively, he overheard a low whispering and rustling which appeared to come from the opening : “ Odzooks,” thought he, “ are the gypsies here ? That would just suit me.” So throwing aside his axe, he climbed up the steep acclivity to the foot of the ruins, where he found a small aperture through which he could easily look into the interior of the tower. With some trouble, he got firm footing and applied his eye to the hole ; but good heavens ! what were the feelings of the poor woodcutter, on perceiving within the ruined walls,—two figures—so tiny, so marvellous, and so enigmatical in their gestures, that his fancy had never shaped any like them, when the winter-evening tales of goblins and gnomes circulated from lip to lip in his wife’s spinning room.\*

\* It is the custom in the Swiss hamlets, and in some parts of Germany, for the peasantry to spend the long winter-evenings alternately in one another’s houses. On these occasions, one of their number sings or narrates a popular legend, while the rest diligently ply their distaff or shuttle. .

Petermann beheld two little dwarfs in long robes of ashen grey, with silver beards descending to their girdle, talking aloud, but quite unintelligibly, and in a chirping tone as if they spoke the Bird language, and bustling about within the four walls of the ruins, which now reflected the rays of noon almost like the glow of an oven. One of the little men seemed to exercise some authority over the other: for he kept always at the same place, whilst the other moved slowly to and fro, about a kind of excavation, into which he ever and anon descended and reappeared bearing upon his shoulders to the light of day, the most magnificent golden basins, silver cups, costly jewels,—in short, all the riches which were ever conceived of in a fairy tale. Every piece was examined and laid in order as the superior little figure seemed to direct; and then both the dwarfs stood and gazed upon the spectacle with an expression of complacence quite indescribable. The whole seemed to be conducted after the fashion of one of those reviews which thrifty housewives occasionally take of their furniture, in which the contents of dusty corners, store rooms, and attics, are carefully spread out for airing before the sun.

Petermann's heart felt now all alive like a swarm of ants;—feelings of the most conflicting kinds crossed and chased each other by turns—astonishment, covetousness, curiosity, awe, and terror. A

wonder it was that no exclamation escaped his lips. But all at once a soot-black raven popped his head out of a hole, and stretching out his long neck over the little dwarfs, screamed from his hoarse throat three times—*rap—rap—rap*, and drew the looks of the woodcutter to him with a sort of spell, while, at the same moment, a noise like the shutting of a door was heard, and when Petermann again turned his eyes to look on the gold and silver vessels,—nothing but the barren stones met his eyes ; the strange jewellers, with all the magnificent exhibition, had vanished without leaving a trace.

“ Oh, thou hellish raven ! ” at last burst from the lips of the disappointed peasant ; he wiped the perspiration from his forehead,—rubbed his eyes ten times over,—stared again into the empty turret,—and saw a few little birds and lizards running about in it, but not a vestige of the treasures which had so lately fascinated his senses.

Three days Petermann remained thoughtful, silent, and gloomy, without any one being able to conjecture what strange mischance had befallen the light-hearted woodsman. Every morning at the earliest dawn, and every evening in the latest twilight, he crept up to the old castle, where he clambered about, knocking with his pick-axe, and turning over stones and bushes, till he had thrown himself quite into a fever in his anxiety to discover

the door, which he now supposed led to the treasure-chamber of the two dwarfs.

Early in the morning of the fourth day which had elapsed since his adventure, Petermann was seated upon a stone, on the border of the wood which covered a great part of the hill where the ruins stood, plunged in deep reflection and melancholy thoughts, and hesitating whether to sacrifice any more of his precious time in scrambling and picking about the turret, when suddenly there sounded through the stillness of the morning, a clear, youthful voice, which after having hastily sung a few verses at a distance, drew nearer, so that the woodcutter recognized the following words :—

Fortune's a bird too sly to take,  
Cease then the fond endeavor;  
As subtle as the wily snake,  
To-day as false as ever.

With tiny eggs she decks her nest,  
Building where it may please her;  
But ah ! he meets a bitter jest,  
The clown that thinks to seize her !

Hark to her song : " Come take me, friend ! "  
But whoso will pursue it,  
Hot in the chase, shall miss his end,  
And ever after rue it.

The voice was that of an errant-scholar, who, in a singular dress, came tripping onward, rather beside the path than upon it, through the dewy grass. H



wore a barret-cap upon his head ; from his shoulders floated a wide black robe, the loose folds of which—as formed above the girdle—seemed to serve the purpose of wallets ; the skirts of this robe were turned up and fastened to the girdle,—his underdress was also black, and formed a piece with his hose and shoes, the fiery red heels of which raised the wearer almost three inches above their points.

“Ho now, good friend,” said the wanderer to the woodcutter, “why sit you there breathing melancholy abroad over the merry world, from your morning seat ? You are just like the dog upon the heap of hay in the fable.”

“That I am,” replied the woodcutter roughly.

“And that’s being very silly,” answered the scholar. “There is wealth of gold under you ; but it is just of as much value to you as the head of hay was to the dog.”

Petermann gaped and stared on the stranger at these words. “An enchanter,—a sorcerer,—a devil’s conjurer,” sounded in his ears. “Hey-day, my heart,” nevertheless thought he, “this fellow comes at a right hour.”

“Yes,” said Petermann aloud, “I know it—what a pity it is ! I know perfectly well what a vast deal of riches and jewels are beneath my feet. But if I were able to look through the mountain like your reverence, I would not be sitting here

brooding in vain, if I cared at all for gold and silver."

"*I*, my good friend," replied the scholar,—"*I*, for instance, don't care a farthing for it; and *you* if you were wise, would care as little."

"Precious wisdom that!" murmured Petermann. "No, I am not so wise! If I could get at the gold you talk of, I would soon throw my axe aside. Your reverence has probably never tried what it is to cut wood in the forest for six burning summer-days, with nothing to eat but milk and bread."

"Poh, what matters that," answered the scholar; "you are in good health and merry withal; that stands written red as cherries upon your cheek. However, if you wish to try it, I can easily do something to give you a sight of this treasure."

"If I wish to try it!" exclaimed Petermann. "In the name of wonder, certainly I do wish to try it! Set about it instantly; open me the whole below, and with three grasps I make myself a rich and happy man!"

"Gently, gently," was the answer. "I go straight up even now to the owlet's nest above us; and do you, my impatient friend, when twelve o'clock has struck, join me there, when I will see what can be done for you."

With these words the stranger took his way gaily up the steep hill, leaving the woodcutter gaping after him with open mouth.

The honest Petermann had now some strange sensations and already felt himself very grand. "Well," murmured he to himself, "I'll try to resume my work for a short time, that I may in future be able, during my leisure and repose, to figure to myself how stoutly I handled the axe for the last time;" and with this he rose, whistled a merry tune, took his axe, and cut away so briskly that it was quite a pleasure to behold him.

An hour before noon he went home,—eat his dinner cheerfully with his honest spouse Salome,—took a romp with his three children,—and before the expiry of an hour, was again in the wood, where he made his way through thick and thin, without heeding the regular path, till he reached the old castle and joined his friend in the black mantle.

"I have had a good deal of trouble," said the scholar. "Truly, my good friend, the treasure-keepers here below us are obstinate, cross fellows! I had hard enough work to find the door." With these words, he pointed with a long ivory wand to the weather-beaten wall; and, lo! between the rubbish, thorns, and thistles, a small gate was visible, which, in truth, Petermann had never perceived before.

It struck twelve o'clock in the village. The magician placed the woodcutter at his right hand,—waved three times in the air with his wand, pointing towards the north,—murmured, with much grimace,

a potent spell,—directed the woodcutter to lay aside all iron or other metal that he might have about him,—and then drew with great solemnity, a three-pronged divining-rod from one of the folds of his garment. “With this instrument,” said he, “be armed, my hero, and step down into the dwelling of the silent people. Three doors will open before you at its touch ; cast not a single look behind you,—speak not a word,—touch nothing,—in the last chamber you may take three grasps with both your hands at whatever your heart wishes. But remember : one word—and every thing disappears. Be prudent, the day is a rare one,—the stars are propitious,—all the powers of the subterranean world are tamed ; go—be silent ; take—be daring.”

Petermann took one of the points of the rod in each hand, as the magician directed him ; and stepped boldly forward over the loose rubbish till he reached the iron door. At the first touch of the rod it opened with a creaking noise, and the simple woodcutter was nearly shouting aloud when he heard the very same sound which three days before attended the disappearance of the little dwarfs in the turret.

But his mouth was instantly shut by a spasm of disgust, when he entered a dripping, feebly lighted chamber, full of the most horrid reptiles he ever saw ;—it seemed the audience-hall of the toads and

salamanders ; bats whistled like hail-showers through the air,—horrid serpents and dragons crept hissing about over each other,—all the spawn of poisonous nature seemed here concentrated, and crawled round the feet of the woodcutter as if they wished to bury him in a living tomb.

Petermann, however, kept steadily on, in a straight direction towards a large door, which he saw through the clouds of bats, directly before him at a distance of about fifty steps. He touched it, and at the second touch, it opened with a shrill clear sound like that of shivered glass, and a perfume of roses and a rosy light streamed upon his intoxicated senses. “My stars ! this is something better,” thought the woodcutter. But how did he gape to behold, close upon his right hand as he entered, a beautiful lady reclining upon a splendid sofa, who raised her head covered with beautiful ringlets, threw her sparkling glances upon him as he entered, and presented him with a magnificent golden cup, brimming over with the red odorous juice of the grape. Petermann was in an ecstasy of delight and surprise, and if the lady had spoken he would certainly have answered her merrily without reflection. Her silence, however, and the solemn tranquillity of the splendid room, overawed him so much, that his tongue remained fettered, and he thus gained time to recover from his trance of pleasure. At last hesitating, and again hesitating, but



without turning his head, he reached the third door, which was a folding one of elegant workmanship.

Here it required the third touch of the rod to open the two leaves of the door, but so gently and quietly did they move, that they seemed rather to disappear than to open. Petermann was instantly dazzled by the indescribable lustre which now met his eyes. It was not the glare of candles or of a fire, neither that of the clear sunbeams when they stream through a window, but the glitter of the heaps of treasure which produced this overpowering brilliance. Silver, gold, precious stones of every kind, mother of pearl, ivory, corals, treasures wrought and unwrought, were here heaped together in a number of chests, boxes, and caskets, or placed on the table or on boards on the floor ; every heap outshining another in magnificence. In truth, the other day, the two little bearded folks had got up into the sun some miserable specimens only of this imperial treasure ; for here was a profusion of elegant vessels alone, which even a sturdy woodcutter would have had trouble enough to carry above ground in thrice twenty-four hours.

A long pause of astonishment detained Petermann upon the threshold of the portal, while he felt himself deprived of the power of speech by a kind of blissful ecstasy at the sight of the treasures which lay here at his command ; but at last, a loud

shout of astonishment, "Heavens! how much!" burst irresistibly from his lips.

Suddenly a crash of thunder was heard,—the darkness of the darkest night fell like a mountain over the subterranean treasure,—the hill trembled to its foundation, and with it shook the heart of the child of man who had ventured down into its recesses. Strength and consciousness forsook him, while he was lifted away as upon the wings of a raging whirlwind, and, during a moment of dreadful suspense, borne backward through the pitchy darkness of the resounding chamber.

When he recovered it was evening. The reddening blaze of the sky threw a cheering light into the eyes of the poor woodcutter as he opened them with a convulsive motion, unconscious of what had happened to him, and not daring for some time so much as to look around him or move. The poor fellow then got his two elbows placed upon his knees, and his doubled fists applied to his ears, and sat thus like an immovable image of stone in some heathen temple. At first he began to roll his eyes and point his ears, to try if he could, without moving, perceive any neighboring object which could recall to his recollection what had happened to him. At last he ventured to turn his head, and now remembering distinctly the errant-scholar in black robes, the magic wand, the divining rod, the iron gate, looked fearfully around him for all these objects as

they presented themselves to his memory, but in vain. Something now rustled close to him among the bushes, and he leaped up with terror, but was gently called back into the reality of his own quiet life, when his two elder children jumped out of the hazel-bushes, and behind them appeared Salome, who wished him a happy evening in dear and well-known accents.

The faithful Salome, though not so charming as the lady in the vaults of the castle, but with an expression of much greater good-will in her countenance, sat down beside him upon the fallen leaves, and placed the two children between their father and the red evening glow. "Is it not true," said she, smiling—"Is it not true, Petermann, that two such little golden heads are worth all other treasures, and make richer than many a king?"

At this moment, the song of the errant-scholar seemed to resound from afar :

Abroad for fortune wilt thou roam ?

Nay, cease the fond endeavor :

—She dwells at home,—and scorning home,

You lose your chance for ever.

## THE LOVER'S LAST VISIT.

THE window of the lonely cottage of Hilltop was beaming far above the highest birchwood, seeming to travellers at a distance in the long valley below, who knew it not, to be a star in the sky. A bright fire was in the kitchen of that small tenement ; the floor was washed, swept, and sanded, and not a footstep had marked its perfect neatness ; a small table was covered, near the ingle, with a snow-white cloth, on which was placed a frugal evening meal ; and in happy, but pensive mood, sat there all alone the Woodcutter's only daughter, a comely and gentle creature, if not beautiful ; such an one as diffuses pleasure round her in the hay-field, and serenity over the seat in which she sits attentively on the Sabbath, listening to the word of God, or joining with mellow voice in his praise and worship. On this night, she expected a visit from her lover, that they might fix their marriage-day ; and her parents, satisfied and happy that their child was about to be wedded to a respectable shepherd, had gone to pay a visit to their nearest neighbor in the glen.

A feeble and hesitating knock was at the door, not like the glad and joyful touch of a lover's hand ; and cautiously opening it, Mary Robinson beheld a



Painted by M. W. Sharp

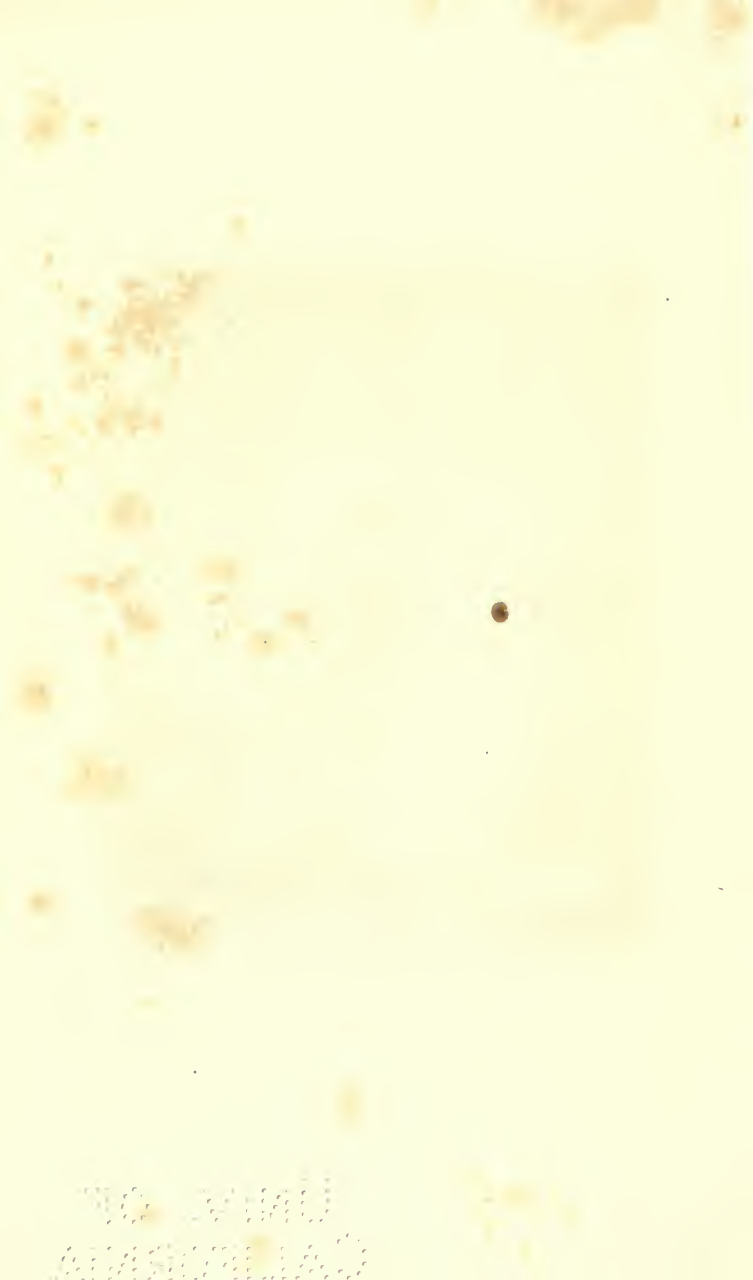
Engraved by Cha. Rollis

## THE ACCEPTED.

New York, Appleton & Co.







female figure wrapped up in a cloak, with her face concealed in a black bonnet. The stranger, whoever she might be, seemed wearied and worn out, and her feet bore witness to a long day's travel across the marshy mountains. Although she could scarcely help considering her an unwelcome visitor at such an hour, yet Mary had too much sweetness of disposition—too much humanity, not to request her to step forward into the hut; for it seemed as if the wearied woman had lost her way, and had come towards the shining window to be put right upon her journey to the low country.

The stranger took off her bonnet on reaching the fire; and Mary Robinson beheld the face of one whom, in youth, she had tenderly loved; although for some years past, the distance at which they lived from each other had kept them from meeting, and only a letter or two, written in their simple way, had given them a few notices of each other's existence. And now Mary had opportunity, in the first speechless gaze of recognition, to mark the altered face of her friend,—and her heart was touched with an ignorant compassion. “For mercy's sake! sit down, Sarah! and tell me what evil has befallen you; for you are as white as a ghost. Fear not to confide any thing to my bosom; we have herded sheep together on the lonesome braes—we have stripped the bark together in the more lonesome woods;—we have played, laughed, sung, danced together;—we have talked merrily and gaily, but inno-

cently enough surely, of sweethearts together ; and, Sarah, graver thoughts, too, have we shared ; for when your poor brother died away like a frosted flower, I wept as if I had been his sister ; nor can I ever be so happy in this world as to forget him. Tell me, my friend, why are you here, and why is your sweet face so ghastly ? ”

The heart of this unexpected visitor died within her at these kind and affectionate inquiries. For she had come on an errand that was likely to dash the joy from that happy countenance. Her heart upbraided her with the meanness of the purpose for which she had paid this visit ; but that was only a passing thought ; for was she, innocent and free from sin, to submit, not only to desertion, but to disgrace, and not trust herself and her wrongs, and her hopes of redress, to her whom she loved as a sister, and whose generous nature, she well knew, not even love, the changer of so many things, could change utterly ; though, indeed, it might render it colder than of old to the anguish of a female friend ?

“ Oh ! Mary, I must speak—yet must my words make you grieve, far less for me than for yourself. Wretch that I am—I bring evil tidings into the dwelling of my dearest friend ! These ribands—they are worn for his sake—they become well, as he thinks, the auburn of your bonny hair ;—that blue gown is worn to-night because he likes it ;—but, Mary, will you curse me to my face, when I declare before the God that made us, that that man is pledged unto

me by all that is sacred between mortal creatures ; and that I have here in my bosom written promises and oaths of love from him who, I was this morning told, is in a few days to be thy husband ? Turn me out of the hut now if you choose, and let me, if you choose, die of hunger and fatigue in the woods where we have so often walked together ; for such death would be mercy to me, in comparison with your marriage with him who is mine for ever, if there be a God who heeds the oaths of the creatures he has made.”

Mary Robinson had led a happy life, but a life of quiet thoughts, tranquil hopes, and meek desires. Tenderly and truly did she love the man to whom she was now betrothed ; but it was because she had thought him gentle, manly, upright, sincere, and one that feared God. His character was unimpeached, —to her his behavior had always been fond, affectionate, and respectful ; that he was a fine-looking man, and could show himself among the best of the country round at church, and market, and fair-day, she saw and felt with pleasure and with pride. But in the heart of this poor, humble, contented, and pious girl, love was not a violent passion, but an affection sweet and profound. She looked forward to her marriage with a joyful sedateness, knowing that she would have to toil for her family, if blest with children ; but happy in the thought of keeping her husband's house clean, of preparing his frugal meals, and welcoming him when wearied at night to her faithful, and affectionate, and grateful bosom.

At first, perhaps, a slight flush of anger towards Sarah tinged her cheek ; then followed in quick succession, or all blended together in one sickening pang, fear, disappointment, the sense of wrong, and the cruel pain of disesteeming and despising one on whom her heart had rested with all its best and purest affections. But though there was a keen struggle between many feelings in her heart, her resolution was formed during that very conflict ; and she said within herself, “ If it be even so, neither will I be so unjust as to deprive poor Sarah of the man who ought to marry her, nor will I be so mean and low-spirited, poor as I am, and dear as he has been unto me, as to become his wife.”

While these thoughts were calmly passing in the soul of this magnanimous girl, all her former affection for Sarah revived ; and, as she sighed for herself, she wept aloud for her friend. “ Be quiet, be quiet, Sarah, and sob not so as if your heart were breaking. It need not be thus with you. Oh ! sob not so sair ! You surely have not walked in this one day from the heart of the parish of Montrath ? ”—“ I have indeed done so, and I am as weak as the wreathed snaw. God knows, little matter if I should die away ; for, after all, I fear he will never think of me for his wife, and you, Mary, will lose a husband with whom you would have been happy. I feel, after all, that I must appear a mean wretch in your eyes.”

There was silence between them ; and Mary Robinson, looking at the clock, saw that it wanted



only about a quarter of an hour from the time of tryst. "Give me the oaths and promises you mentioned, out of your bosom, Sarah, that I may show them to Gabriel when he comes. And once more I promise, by all the sunny and all the snowy days we have sat together in the same plaid on the hill-side, or in the lonesome charcoal plots and nests o' green in the woods, that if my Gabriel—did I say my Gabriel?—has forsaken you and deceived me thus, never shall his lips touch mine again—never shall he put ring on my finger—never shall this head lie in his bosom—no, never, never; notwithstanding all the happy, too happy hours and days I have been with him, near or at a distance—on the corn-rig—among the meadow-hay, in the singing-school—at harvest-home—in this room, and in God's own house. So help me God, but I will keep this vow!"

Poor Sarah told, in a few hurried words, the story of her love and desertion—how Gabriel, whose business as a shepherd often took him into Montrath parish, had wooed her, and fixed every thing about their marriage, nearly a year ago. But that he had become causelessly jealous of a young man whom she scarcely knew; had accused her of want of virtue, and for many months had never once come to see her. "This morning, for the first time, I heard for a certainty, from one who knew Gabriel well and all his concerns, that the banns had been proclaimed in the church between him and you; and that in a day or two you were to be married. And though I

felt drowning, I determined to make a struggle for my life—for Oh ! Mary, Mary, my heart is not like your heart : it wants your wisdom, your meekness, your piety : and if I am to lose Gabriel, will I destroy my miserable life, and face the wrath of God sitting in judgment upon sinners.”

At this burst of passion Sarah hid her face with her hands, as if sensible that she had committed blasphemy. Mary, seeing her wearied, hungry, thirsty and feverish, spoke to her in the most soothing manner, led her into the little parlor called the Spence, then removed into it the table, with the oat-en cakes, butter, and milk ; and telling her to take some refreshment, and then lie down in the bed, but on no account to leave the room till called for, gave her a sisterly kiss, and left her. In a few minutes the outer door opened, and Gabriel entered.

The lover said, “ How is my sweet Mary ? ” with a beaming countenance ; and gently drawing her to his bosom, he kissed her cheek. Mary did not—could not—wished not—at once to release herself from his enfolding arms. Gabriel had always treated her as the woman who was to be his wife ; and though, at this time, her heart knew its own bitterness, yet she repelled not endearments that were so lately delightful, and suffered him to take her almost in his arms to their accustomed seat. He held her hand in his, and began to speak in his usual kind and affectionate language. Kind and affectionate it was, for though he ought not to have done so, he

loved her, as he thought, better than his life. Her heart could not, in one small short hour, forget a whole year of bliss. She could not yet fling away with her own hand what, only a few minutes ago, seemed to her the hope of paradise. Her soul sickened within her, and she wished that she were dead, or never had been born.

“O Gabriel ! Gabriel ! well indeed have I loved you ; nor will I say, after all that has passed between us, that you are not deserving, after all, of a better love than mine. Vain were it to deny my love, either to you or to my own soul. But look me in the face—be not wrathful—think not to hide the truth either from yourself or me, for that now is impossible—but tell me solemnly, as you shall answer to God at the judgment-day, if you know any reason why I must not be your wedded ‘wife.’” She kept her mild moist eyes fixed upon him ; but he hung down his head and uttered not a word, for he was guilty before her, before his own soul, and before God.

“Gabriel, never could we have been happy ; for you often, often told me, that all the secrets of your heart were known unto me, yet never did you tell me this. How could you desert the poor innocent creature that loved you ; and how could you use me so, who loved you perhaps as well as she, but whose heart God will teach, not to forget you, for that may I never do, but to think on you with that friendship and affection which innocently I can bestow upon you, when you are Sarah’s husband. For

Gabriel, I have this night sworn, not in anger or passion—no, no—but in sorrow and pity for another's wrongs—in sorrow also, deny it will I not, for my own—to look on you from this hour, as on one whose life is to be led apart from my life, and whose love must never more meet with my love. Speak not unto me—look not on me with beseeching eyes. Duty and religion forbid us ever to be man and wife. But you know there is one, besides me, whom you loved before you loved me, and therefore, it may be, better too ; and that she loves you, and is faithful, as if God had made you one, I say without fear—I who have known her since she was a child, although, fatally for the peace of us both, we have long lived apart. Sarah is in the house, and I will bring her unto you in tears, but not tears of penitence, for she is as innocent of that sin as I am, who now speak.”

Mary went into the little parlor, and led Sarah forward in her hand. Despairing as she had been, yet when she had heard from poor Mary's voice speaking so fervently, that Gabriel had come, and that her friend was interceding in her behalf—the poor girl had arranged her hair in a small looking-glass—tied it up with a riband which Gabriel had given her, and put into the breast of her gown a little gilt brooch, that contained locks of their blended hair. Pale but beautiful, for Sarah Pringle was the fairest girl in all the country, she advanced with a flush on that paleness of reviving hope, injured pride, and love that was ready to forgive all and forget all, so that once

again she could be restored to the place in his heart that she had lost. "What have I ever done, Gabriel, that you should fling me from you? May my soul never live by the atonement of my Saviour, if I am not innocent of that sin, yea, of all distant thought of that sin with which you, even you, have in your hard-heartedness charged me. Look me in the face, Gabriel, and think of all I have been unto you, and if you say that before God, and in your own soul, you believe me guilty, then will I go away out into the dark night, and, long before morning, my troubles will be at end."

Truth was not only in her fervent and simple words, but in the tone of her voice, the color of her face, and the light of her eyes. Gabriel had long shut up his heart against her. At first he had doubted her virtue, and that doubt gradually weakened his affection. At last he tried to believe her guilty, or to forget her altogether, when his heart turned to Mary Robinson, and he thought of making her his wife. His injustice—his wickedness—his baseness—which he had so long concealed, in some measure, from himself, by a dim feeling of wrong done him, and afterwards by the pleasure of a new love, now appeared to him as they were, and without disguise. Mary took Sarah's hand and placed it within that of her contrite lover, for had the tumult of conflicting passions allowed him to know his own soul, such at that moment he surely was, saying with a voice as com-



posed as the eyes with which she looked upon them, "I restore you to each other ; and I already feel the comfort of being able to do my duty. I will be bride's-maid. And I now implore the blessing of God upon your marriage. Gabriel, your betrothed will sleep this night in my bosom. We will think of you, better, perhaps, than you deserve. It is not for me to tell you what you have to repent of. Let us all three pray for each other this night, and evermore when we are on our knees before our Maker. The old people will soon be at home. Good-night, Gabriel." He kissed Sarah—and giving Mary a look of shame, humility, and reverence, he went home to meditation and repentance.

It was now midsummer ; and before the harvest had been gathered in throughout the higher valleys, or the sheep brought from the mountain-fold, Gabriel and Sarah were man and wife. Time passed on, and a blooming family cheered their board and fireside. Nor did Mary Robinson, the Flower of the Forest, (for so the Woodcutter's daughter was often called,) pass her life in single blessedness. She, too, became a wife and mother ; and the two families, who lived at last on adjacent farms, were remarkable for mutual affection, throughout all the parish, and more than one intermarriage took place between them, at a time when the worthy parents had almost entirely forgotten the trying incident of their youth.







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